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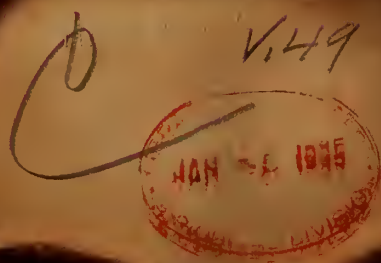


MOTION PICTURE

COMBINED WITH
Golden Screen

15¢

February



FAY WRAY

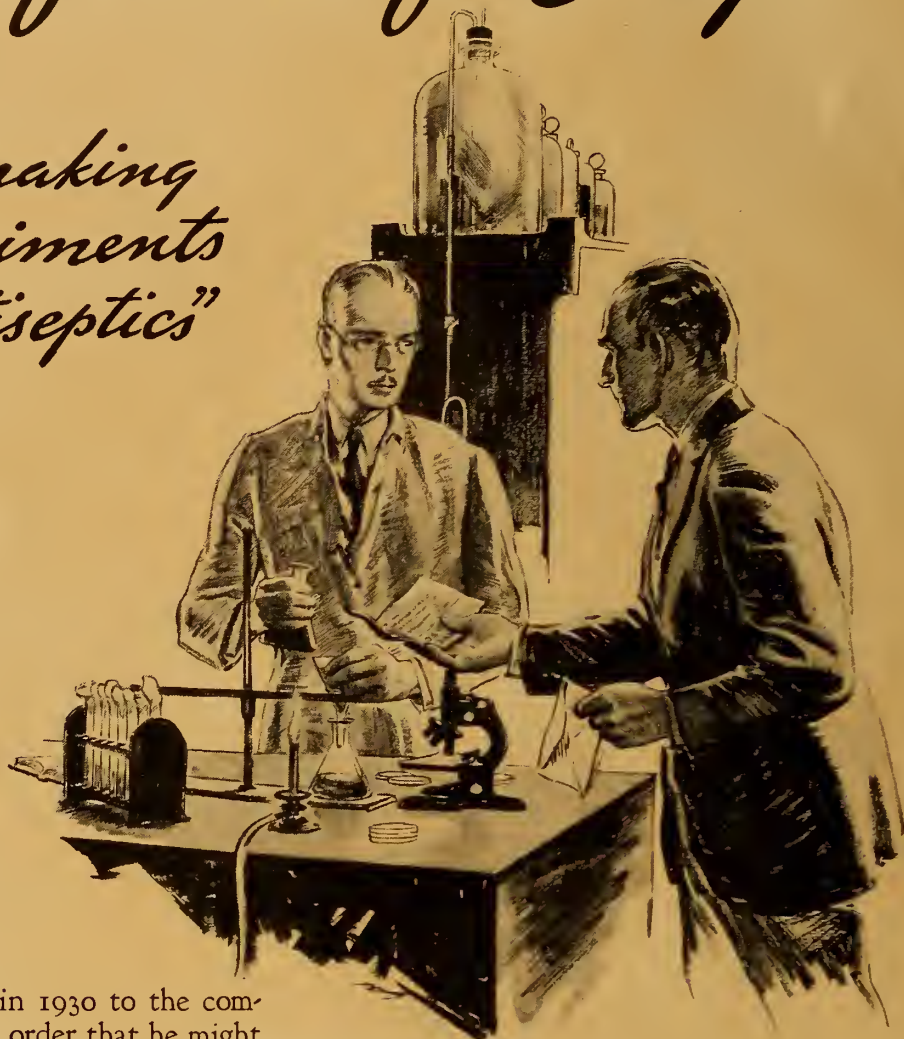
by

MARLAND
STONE

THINGS ARE ALWAYS HAPPENING TO JEAN HARLOW

"Catch the first boat for Europe..."

*they're making
new experiments
with antiseptics"*



A typical order that, given in 1930 to the company's chief bacteriologist, in order that he might be first to learn if the results of foreign antiseptic research could be advantageously applied to Listerine. Negative though his findings were, we would not have been satisfied had we not made a thorough investigation.

Similar studies have frequently been ordered—and will be continued. A brilliant student was rushed South to investigate the effects of antiseptics in treating tooth decay. Another was commissioned to a northern state to note the cruel march of a flu epidemic. A third gave his time for three winters to a detailed and painstaking study of cold prevention among factory workers.

These four assignments alone cost the company many thousands of dollars. But this money, like all money spent for research, was wisely spent. Our first duty, we feel, is to our product and its users. And only by keeping always abreast of the most recent developments in Science, only by comparative tests and endless experiments, can we always

be certain that Listerine will adequately meet the increasing demands made upon it.

A simple enough policy, but one that explains, perhaps, why Listerine is so universally regarded as the outstanding household antiseptic.

Whether you use Listerine to relieve a sore throat, to attack bacteria in the mouth or to render the breath agreeable, you may rest assured you are using a mouthwash of the very highest caliber, since it combines unusual germ-killing power with complete safety.

METROPOLITAN GRAND OPERA direct from its
N. Y. stage Broadcast by LISTERINE announced
by Geraldine Farrar, Every Saturday, all NBC stations

The Safe Antiseptic

LISTERINE

For COLDS and SORE THROAT



"SHOCKING!" —SAYS EDITOR OF VO
"SPLENDID!" —SAYS YOUR OWN DENTIST



IT ISN'T BEING DONE, BUT IT'S *One Way* TO PREVENT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"THE most shocking picture I ever saw," says Edna Woolman Chase, Editor of Vogue. "Any woman who behaved like that would never receive another dinner invitation."

But there's nothing shocking about it to America's dentists.

"Splendid," would be your own dentist's verdict. "This is a true educational picture, a graphic lesson in the proper use of the teeth. If we moderns ate as vigorously, if all of us ate more rough, coarse food, we dentists would hear a lot less about tender, sensitive, ailing gums."

Dental science explains that since soft, creamy foods have displaced coarse, raw fare, gums suffer. They get sluggish and often so tender that "pink tooth brush" has become a very common warning.

DON'T NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"Pink tooth brush" is well known to your dentist. He knows that serious troubles, such as gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease may follow. And he knows that massage is needed to stimulate and firm your gums.

If you are wise you will begin at once to massage your gums every time you brush

your teeth. Each time, rub a little extra Ipana on the gums. For Ipana with massage helps restore gums to healthy firmness.

Start cleaning your teeth and massaging your gums with Ipana—today. Your teeth will be brighter, your gums firmer. And you can forget "pink tooth brush."

WHY WAIT FOR THE TRIAL TUBE?

Send the coupon below, if you like. But a trial tube can be, at best, only an introduction. Why not buy the full-size tube today and begin to get Ipana's definite advantages now—a month of scientific dental care . . . 100 brushings . . . brighter teeth and healthier gums.

BRISTOL-MYERS, Dept. HH-25
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name _____
 Street _____
 City _____



IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

2 YEARS *of waiting*
and now the motion picture
that wins

SCREEN FAM.



Two years ago it was the dream of its producers, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer! The theme was so daring, so exciting that nothing since "Trader Horn" could equal its brilliant novelty. Now it is a stirring reality on the screen. Out of the High Sierras, out of the wilderness that is America's last frontier... roars this amazing drama of the animal revolt against man. A Girl Goddess of Nature! A ferocious mountain lion and a deer with human instincts! Leaders of the wild forest hordes! A production of startling dramatic thrills that defies description on the printed page... that becomes on the screen YOUR GREATEST EXPERIENCE IN A MOTION PICTURE THEATRE!



Pronounced
"SEE-
QUO-
YAH"

SEQUOIA

**A GIRL GODDESS OF NATURE LEADS
THE ANIMAL REVOLT AGAINST MAN**

with
JEAN PARKER

Produced by JOHN W. CONSIDINE, JR.
Directed by CHESTER M. FRANKLIN

Based on the novel "Malibu" by Vance Joseph Hoyt



recent tests and experiments... **METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURES** **THREE**

JAN - 5 1935

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MOTION PICTURE

magazine

Twenty-Fourth Year
Volume XLIX, No. 1

ROSCOE FAWCETT
Editor-In-Chief

COMBINED WITH GOLDEN SCREEN

LAURENCE REID
Editor

FEBRUARY
1935

HERMAN SCHOPPE
Art Director



FAY WRAY Has Done What Few Ever Do

On this month's cover, we pay homage to the only actress besides Myrna Loy who has changed her "type" midway in her career and has made herself a star. It takes courage—and it takes ability—to accomplish a self-imposed task like that!

It wasn't so long ago that Fay's name in the cast of a picture was a guarantee of chills and thrills. She was the unanimous choice of producers as the ideal heroine for terror-and-torture dramas—the frightened feminine love-interest. But now—

She is a subtle comedienne ("The Affairs of Cellini"), a forceful dramatic actress ("The Mills of the Gods")—now in England for "Alias Bulldog Drummond," next to be opposite George Arliss in "Cardinal Richelieu!"

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The Human Side OF HOLLYWOOD



Here's a movie kiss that will go down in history—that of a deer bestowed on a mountain lion in "Sequoia." No one ever heard of such a thing before. But these two "natural enemies" were raised together to be "like that"

BY JERRY HOFFMAN

SO MUCH will be written about Hollywood and its wonderful support of the unknown, crippled little Mary Blackford. And yet—I doubt whether any published paragraph could capture the actual beauty of it all. Certainly no event in years ever portrayed more sentimentally "the human side of Hollywood."

Unimportant, unpublicized, the seventeen-year-old Mary Blackford was honored by the greatest collection of stars ever gathered in one evening in the famous Cocoanut Grove. Here was no banquet for a newly-found success or a testimonial to a newly-discovered celebrity. The little girl whose career consists of having appeared in "Ah, Wilderness" with Will Rogers on the stage; and in one scene of the Fox picture, "Love Time," lies paralyzed with a broken spinal cord, the result of an automobile accident. To the public and to Hollywood, she was no glamorous figure of romance. But to those living in the film colony, Mary Blackford was a girl who deserved a chance at healthy, normal life.

And so the "kids" of Hollywood, Sue Carol, Helen Mack, Anita Louise, Tom Brown, Eddie Rubin (Benny's brother), Stanley Davis, Grace Dur-

kin and brother Trent—ever so many more—decided that their slogan would be "Get Mary Blackford well!" For a beginning, they staged an affair in which Will Rogers, Dick Powell, Joan Crawford, Rudy Vallee and Alice Faye took part. . . .

. . . . All Hollywood watched, with amusement, the results of W. S. Van Dyke's assignment to direct Greta Garbo in added scenes for "The Painted Veil." The versatile Woody Van Dyke, who made "The Thin Man," "Eskimo" and "The Prizefighter and the Lady," has no illusions of grandeur and has seen too much of the unknown parts of this great world to be impressed by any one personality.

"There'll be fireworks," said the wisecracks.

And there were, but not the kind expected. Within a couple of days after they were introduced on the set, Van Dyke was calling to the Great Mysterious Garbo—"Okay, honey? Let's go, Babe!" Others on the set expected Woody to slap the exotic Swede on the back and snap, "Come on, Toots. Let's get into it."

At first Greta didn't know how to take this very matter-of-fact person who seemed entirely unimpressed with her reputed aloofness. Then she suddenly decided that she liked

not only him, but his methods. And so, when W. S. Van Dyke said, after taking a scene, "Swell, honey—that's the stuff," Greta murmured: "Don't call me 'honey.' Call me 'Chocolate'!"

To the Garbo, the appeal in the names wasn't so much mental as dental! Her favorite sweet is chocolate

. . . . The latest thing in Hollywood surprise parties is to surprise the guest (Continued on page 8)



Peggy Shannon has deserted Hollywood temporarily to make a Broadway dramatic debut. The play is "Page Miss Glory"



Aha! Caught napping! Sylvia Sidney, in Indian make-up for "Behold My Wife," snatches forty winks between scenes

Gary Cooper, Fighting Man of all Nations!

by James A. Daniels

He has worn the uniforms of a half-dozen nations and twice that many branches of the various services. He has carried every known form of war weapon from a six-gun to a cavalry lance. He has soldiered in the Sahara, the trenches of France, the mountains of Italy and on the battlefields of our own Civil War. He has fought hand-to-hand, in the air and astride a horse.

That's the unique record of filmdom's best-beloved portrayer of warlike roles—Gary Cooper. Too young to see actual service in the World War, the tall Montana lad nevertheless has earned the screen title of "The Fighting Man of All Nations."

He "enlisted" first as an aviator in that never-to-be-forgotten picture, "Wings."

Then came brief periods of service in the French Foreign Legion in "Beau Sabreur" and again in "Morocco." Who can forget him as the American ambulance driver on the Italian front in "A Farewell to Arms"? Then there were the roles of the British Tommy in "Seven Days Leave," the U. S. Marine in "If I Had a Million" and the American dough-boy in "The Shopworn Angel." More recently he turned time back to don the uniform of an officer of the Confederacy in the Civil War.

Nor is Gary through with uniforms. He has just finished the stellar role in Paramount's "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and both Gary and the studio believe it is the most colorful characterization of them all. As the heroic young captain in this picked British regiment stationed on the northern boundary of India, Gary alternates between the English Army service uniforms and the picturesque Indian dress uniforms worn in honor of the native allies of the British.

But more important than the uniforms he wears is the part he plays. It's the tensely dramatic role of a British officer who goes gayly into danger in order that the honor of the regiment, the Bengal Lancers, may remain unsullied and that a soldier-father may never know that his son betrayed the regiment. Critics who have seen the picture agree that it marks a new high for Cooper and that the picture promises to be to talking pictures what "Beau Geste" was to the silent screen.

Surrounding Cooper in this colorful setting are such excellent actors as Sir Guy Standing, himself an officer in the British Navy in the World War; Richard Cromwell, Franchot Tone, C. Aubrey Smith, Monte Blue and Kathleen Burke. Henry Hathaway directed "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer," a picture which has taken three years to make, and which was partially filmed in India.



The Human Side of Hollywood

(Continued from page 6)

equally as well as the one in whose honor the party is given. The parents of Helen Mack stumbled over this stunt accidentally when they decided to give Helen a surprise party on her twenty-first birthday. All day they tried vainly to get Helen to leave the house. Helen couldn't see any good reason, and insisted upon remaining. Finally, they succeeded in making her dress, the idea being that they would dine, together with Helen's boy-friend, the wealthy Charles Irwin, stock broker, at some exclusive café. At seven-thirty the invited guests began to arrive, amazed at finding Helen there—and Helen bewildered and confused to see so many people drop in, formally attired. She didn't quite believe that it was a party, until a full orchestra arrived. The rugs were taken up and then the fun was on. Incidentally, the same night marked the birthday of Jack Oakie, who came to Helen's alone. Jack was the thrill of the kitchen help, particularly the Filipino maid. She wanted his autograph. Oakie wrote it on everything she owned—and a few that she borrowed

. That dry sense of humor of Charlie Butterworth's isn't always understood by his friends. One is still trying to figure out just what Charlie meant the other night. The sad-faced comedian took this pal, a big star, to one of those many beer-



A foreign star comes back from foreign parts—Lili Damita, who just finished "Brewster's Millions" in England

parlors that dot Santa Monica Boulevard.

"What's the idea of coming to a joint like this?" asked the high-hat friend.

"Sh-hhh!" whispered Butterworth gravely. "It'll do you a lot of good to be seen here".

. The two most nervous people at the Lew Ayres-Ginger Rogers

nuptials were not the bride and groom. No, sir. They were Ben Alexander, the best man, and Walter Woolf, who was to sing during the lovely ceremony that united Ginger and Lew.

Ben later confided to me that his terror was inspired by the thought that he would lose the ring. "But I played safe," he exulted, and, fishing in his pockets, said "Look!"

I looked. Ben had six rings—one in each pocket!

Walter Woolf's nervousness was caused by something else. He was



Meet two famous foreign stars—Merle Oberon and Princess Nathalie Paley, both here for Chevalier's "Folies Bergere de Paris"



Now you know how high up in the world a director sits. This "shot" of Chester Morris and Carole Lombard, giving each other the once-over on the set of "The Gay Bride," was made through director Jack Conway's chair

singing under compulsion. He is genuinely fond of both Lew and Ginger and, when he originally was asked to sing, refused. "I've done the vocal work at three weddings of former friends," he explained. "And each marriage didn't take. I don't want to handicap you kids."

Lew and Ginger laughed. "We're not superstitious, and we want you to sing," they insisted.

So Walter compromised. Instead of singing "Oh, Promise Me," as he did on former occasions, he baritone, "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes".

. And, by the way, is there any precedent for the decree of his new studio (Continued on page 10)



The Picture of the Month

P A U L
MUNI

the fighting fury of the screen
meets his match at last in

BETTE DAVIS

— a hellcat with murder on her
conscience and Muni on her mind

And then things happen! . . . Things
that will burn themselves into your
memory of a drama which combines the
best features of "I Am A Fugitive" and
"Of Human Bondage"—Warner Bros.

"BORDERTOWN"

with Margaret Lindsay and Eugene
Pallete delivering the other standout
performances in a tremendous cast,
superbly directed by Archie Mayo.

The Human Side of Hollywood

(Continued from page 8)

bosses that Walter Woolf, long-established on Broadway under that name, starred in many, many shows, change his name to Walter King? Walter, himself, can't figure it—but, like the good soldier he is, has obeyed orders.

. The latest fad in Hollywood and Los Angeles sport circles is "the Joe E. Brown Yell!" That is not the long "Eee-yoowww!" let out by Joe in his pictures, but an increasing shriek from all fans at fights and other events. Just before the main events at the Hollywood and Olympic stadiums, the shout begins with a murmur in the gallery and reaches a *fortissimo crescendo* at ringside. "We want Joe E. Brown!



"Now, no scenery-chewing, boys!" Dick Powell, Rudy Vallee and Al Jolson—all known on radio, as well as screen—give each other what is known as a ribbing between scenes of "Gold Diggers of 1935," "Sweet Music" and "Casino de Paree"



Watch this girl—newest of the sensations! She is Anne Shirley, once Dawn O'Day, a star overnight in "Anne of Green Gables"

JOE. E. BROWN! JOE E. BROWN!"

And, until Joe enters the ring, takes a fall, or wrestles with one of the boxers (recently, he butted Man Mountain Dean, to the delight of the patrons), the main event cannot go on!

. Rudy Vallee left Hollywood after completing his picture, "Sweet Music," a much more popular boy than the crooner who made "Vagabond Lover" for Radio a few years ago. Then Rudy didn't have the faculty of making people he met warm to him instantly, as he succeeded in doing during this trip to the Warners' studio. This, however, may be vital information to girls

who want to know just what type of femininity Rudy likes best. He told this to Ann Dvorak—still deliriously happy in her marriage to Leslie Fenton.

"I like my girls dumb," Rudy told Ann confidentially. "The dumber they are, the better I like 'em. And—" possibly there was a twinkle

in his eye when he added this, "you're just my type"

. To William Wellman, director of "The President Vanishes," one radio star is no different from any other. When he sat recently in the swanky Clover Club and tried to capture some fleeting thoughts, the voice of Comedian Lou Holtz, at the next table, seemed a bit too loud. He glanced annoyedly at Holtz, who continued in that pitch used by many New Yorkers to drown out subway noises. Finally, Billy Wellman could stand it no longer.

"Hey," he snarled at Lou. Holtz looked over and answered: "Me?"

"Yeah, you—and your blankety-blank duck!"

Joe Penner had left town weeks before.

. W. C. Fields doesn't spend all of his time on golf courses or inventing silly breakaway gags for his pictures. Quite a few hours are occupied by driving around town and noting all the funny names he sees on signs. These names, Bill Fields jots down and uses. Sometimes they reappear as character names in his scripts—other times as the authors of his screen plays. Such a one is "Charles Bogle," named as the writer of "The Man on the Flying Trapeze," the next picture starring Fields. Mr. Bogle is none other than Bill, who won't take credit for authorship

. The selfishness and stupidity of a woman fan was responsi-



Easy on the corners, Janey! Jane Wyatt, of the Social Register and "Great Expectations," skates to work. And why not?

ble for the permanent retirement of little Shirley Temple from personal appearances in public. Shirley wasn't even permitted to go to the Los Angeles department stores to see Santa Claus. All because a waddling moron, who, spying Shirley during one of her rare trips downtown, dashed up and snipped a curl from the golden head before anyone could realize what was happening. The cream of the woman's satisfaction must curdle when she learns that Shirley has been kept in strict privacy ever since. The only playmates the tiny Temple has now are Gloria, Peggy and Harold Lloyd, Jr. She is taken to the Lloyd estate during playtime. The Harold Lloyd children worship her—in fact, Harold admits, she is the only movie star who has ever made them movie fans

. Since the season of giving and good-wishes is still with us, a bow to some of the stars for the things-they-don't-want-known should not be misplaced. And so, to Al Jolson—who annually seeks out Dr. Martin, gives him several hundred dollars with the orders to "Give ten dollars to as many families as need it and don't tell 'em where it's from"—many bouquets. All praise to Jean Harlow, who returned from a trip to the High Sierras, where she heard a forest ranger boast of his sixteen-year-old boy. The ranger wasn't seeking anything, he was simply proud of his son's sacrifice.

"We had saved up enough for his college tuition," he told the party, "when his ma became ill. It was a matter of his college—or taking her to certain doctors and hospitals. The lad beat me to the thought of asking and insisted upon Ma getting the treatment."

A few weeks after Jean returned to town, the ranger's son had his university tuition all paid—in full.

. Just a few of the acts stars do for the happiness of others to give happiness to themselves Just a couple of stories among hundreds similar, which go to make Hollywood a grand place in which to live.



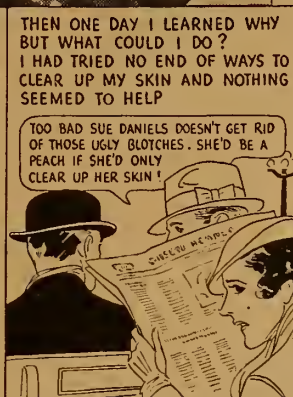
June Knight, who recently became Mrs. Paul Ames, is shown wearing a novel negligee, with a cowl collar, which may be worn hood fashion

So Beautiful Now!

A NEGLECTED GIRL 3 MONTHS AGO



Posed by Dorothy Page and Lee Bennett—Stars of Jan Garber's Supper Club



You, Too, Can Have New Beauty of Skin and Complexion

WHAT Yeast Foam Tablets did for Sue, they should do for you. A muddy, blotchy or pimply skin results from a disordered condition of your system—usually constipation or nervous fatigue. Both of these common ailments are often caused by the recently recognized shortage of vitamins B and G in the average diet. To correct this shortage, you need a food super-rich in these health-building elements.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply these precious substances in great abundance. They are pure, pasteurized yeast — and pure yeast is the richest known food source of vitamins B and G. These tablets strengthen the digestive and intestinal organs, give tone and vigor to your ner-

vous system. With the true causes of your trouble corrected, you enjoy new health and new beauty. Eruptions and blemishes vanish. Your complexion becomes clear and glowing. Your skin is the envy of men and women everywhere.

You can get Yeast Foam Tablets at any druggist's. The ten-day bottle costs 50c—only a few cents a day. Get a bottle now. Then watch the improvement in the way you look and feel! Northwestern Yeast Co., 1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.



YOU KNOW YOUR MOVIES?

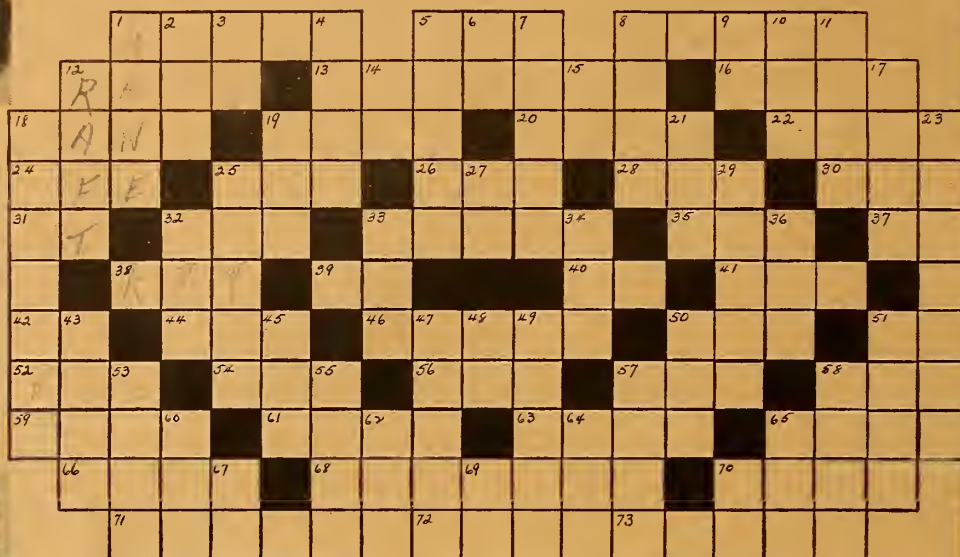
Puzzle This One Out!



No. 38



No. 57



No. 61



No. 18

by L. R. R.

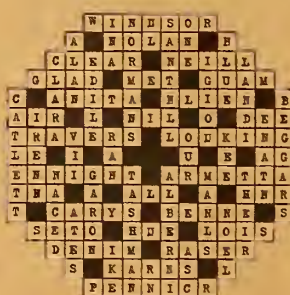
HORIZONTAL

1. Kathryn Phillips in "Wednesday's Child"
5. "--- to Handle Women"
8. Captain Smollett in "Treasure Island"
12. "---- Happy Returns"
13. Egbert in "The Gay Divorcée"
16. Myrna Loy's character in "The Thin Man"
18. Jimmie Dale in "365 Nights in Hollywood"
19. Judge Priest
20. Bob Wilson in "Crimson Romance"
22. He's a Western picture hero (poss.)
24. "--- More River"
25. His last name is Le Roy
26. Short for Harvey's first name
28. Valerie in "Love Time"
30. "Drag ---"
31. Lloyd's initials
32. William --- num is making a big comeback
33. Tony is a famous one
35. Elmer in "Imitation of Life"
37. Johnnie Smith in "Chained" (init.)
38. See illustration above
39. "You Belong -- Me"
40. "-- Your Duty"
41. Director of "Kid Millions"
42. Eddie Dowling's home state (abbr.)
44. "She Had to Say --"
46. Helen has a dozen of them
50. Vase
51. Layton in "The Captain Hates the Sea" (init.)
52. "Ever Since ---"
54. "--- of a Sailor"
56. You can't enjoy the talkies with a tin one
57. Tom Mix made T--- famous
58. Remember comical John ---ny?
59. She took her name from an operetta
61. See illustration above
63. Her last name is La Roy
65. Sophie White in "There's Always Tomorrow"
66. Norma Shearer's rôle in "Strange Interlude"
68. His last name is Nugent
70. "---- of the Desert"
71. She is the only adult Sue in films
72. Short for Eilers' first name
73. Prince Achmed in "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back"

VERTICAL

1. The original "Boop-boop-a-doop" girl
2. Jane Larrabee in "Kid Millions"
3. Larry in "Death on the Diamond" (init.)
4. The hero of "One Exciting Adventure"
5. "---, Everybody"
6. "Tonight—Never"
7. Her first name is Jacqueline
8. At right angles to "Go"
9. "Death -- on the Diamond"
10. "She Loves Me --"
11. Maureen O'Sullivan comes from this isle
12. He made his first big screen hit in "Scarface"
14. Initials of a famous orchestra leader
15. Gump in "The Old Fashioned Way" (init.)
17. The heroine of "Gigolette"
18. See illustration above
19. "The First World ---"
21. Short for Carroll's first name
23. Lyn Durland in "Affairs of a Gentleman"
25. Maggie in "What Every Woman Knows"
27. Irene's initials
29. Pat O'Brien's rôle in "I've Got Your Number"
32. Barbara Stanwyck's married name
33. "--- Saturday"
34. Kennedy's nickname (poss.)
36. Nickname of a radio and screen singer
43. Doctor Pitnikoff in "Kansas City Princess"
45. Drunkard of the kind no actor likes to play
47. Spools of film
48. I'cnice in "Outcast Lady" (init.)
49. A comedian with leg trouble
50. Joan in "Have a Heart"
51. Giovanni in "One Night of Love"
53. The Waiter in "The Gay Divorcée"
55. There are a Madison and a Francis with this first name
57. See illustration above
58. Carlotta in "Affairs of a Gentleman"
60. The long-absent Claire
62. Nora's initials
64. "I'll Fix --"
65. He was called "the man of a thousand faces"
67. Roscoe's initials
69. Harry Langdon's home state (abbr.)
70. Glamour—in two letters

SOLUTION TO LAST PUZZLE



The GIBSON FAMILY

SWEET DREAMS SALLY . . . your skin, cleansed of all make-up, by Ivory's foam, lives up to Jack Hamilton's loving praise . . .

Sally's skin has that "Ivory-baby" look because she *never* goes to bed without an Ivory beauty treatment.

Ivory's clear fresh foam clears the pores of dust, powder and make-up—gives the skin its real chance to grow lovelier! No oily foam that's hard to rinse away! No dry shiny-faced feeling! Ivory's way of cleansing is so soothing that doctors advise it even for babies' sensitive skins—and it's the gentlest, surest way for *your* complexion to find spring-freshness and satin-smoothness!

IVORY SOAP : • 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE



"**YOU'RE LIKE A FLOWER, SALLY,**" says Jack Hamilton's note. To tell the truth, Sally's skin *is* flowerlike. It's been kept fine-pored and smooth as a baby's—by the babies' pure soap.



"**GOOD AT DISH-WASHING,** Empty-top?" inquires Bobby Gibson. "No wedding bells will ring for you in 1939, unless I find you useful."

"Okay, Mugsy darling," agrees Dottie Marsh, "but you'll have to furnish plenty of Ivory Soap before my fair hands will work in your dishpan!" (Even young Dot knows that Ivory Soap keeps busy hands smooth as silk.)

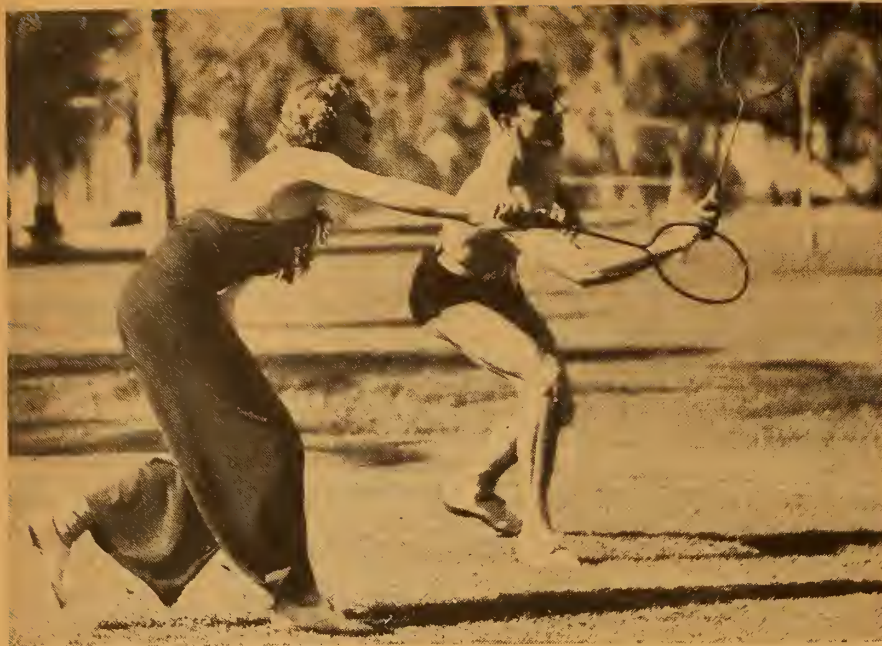
PURE IVORY SOAP PREVENTS "HOUSEWORK HANDS"



"**HE CRIES A LOT,** Mrs. Gibson," says Miss Bowes of the parish day nursery, "his skin is so chafed. It's some fancy soap his mother uses."

"What a pity when pure Ivory Soap costs so little," sighs Mrs. Gibson. Her kind motherly heart remembers her own Ivory babies of twenty years ago. If she could manage it, every baby in America would have a smooth, Ivory-comforted skin.

DOCTORS, TOO, SAY "IVORY FOR BABIES"



Wide World

10. How did the rumors that a popular movie star was about to be married start?

11. What well-known film star was presented with an object of art by President Rodriguez and the people of Mexico?

12. Can you name the screen star who is scheduled to play the lead in "The Divine Sarah?"

13. Ann Sothern is always seen escorted to public places by what handsome screen leading man?

14. Do you know the Hollywood pair who were married during the month of November?

15. The husband of what popular screen star recently brought suit for divorce against his wife in London?

16. Who is the screen character actor who was an elephant trainer before he became a film star?

17. Which twelve Hollywood girls did Rudy Vallee name as the most beautiful in the movie city?



18. Can you name the motion picture player, shown above, wearing the turban of an Afridi Tribesman?

(You will find the Answers to these Questions on page 97)

Who Is the Screen Star Playing Badminton with Fred Perry, the Tennis Star?

And How Many of These Other
Questions Can You Answer Correctly?

Give Yourself This Movie News Test

BY MARION MARTONE

2. What stage and screen star's dancing feet have been insured for \$1,000,000?

3. Do you know the motion picture player whose legs are called the most perfect in Hollywood?

4. Why has Ann Harding temporarily retired from motion picture work?

5. Can you name the popular star of the screen who recently eloped with her director?

6. Which screen star and her cameraman-husband became the parents of a baby boy on November 2nd?

7. Do you know the stage and screen musical comedy star who recently became Mrs. Paul Ames?

8. Who is the film star who recently won a divorce decree from her husband on grounds of cruelty?

9. Do you know William Penn Adair by any other name?

"Charlie Ruggles Destined for Bigger Things,"

Says MOTION PICTURE Reader

FIRST PRIZE LETTER

Takes Off His Hat to Ruggles

Maybe because I happen to be a disciple of the go-bareheaded-in-the-summer fad, I have waited until now to take off my hat to Charlie Ruggles for his humorous portrayals, especially in "Friends of Mr. Sweeney." It clearly indicates that he is destined for bigger things in the laugh-producing business.

I see all sorts of comedies whenever possible—anything for a laugh. However, Charlie's brand of humor has a special appeal. It is not of the raving nut-house class, nothing artificial, but, instead, mild (sensibly) and philosophical and clever, and, above all, sincere in application.

The pipe-smoking comedian has a certain genius for inlaying commonplace situations with sparkling bits of wit and humor. And if Charlie doesn't watch out, his pipe, symbol of his droll characterizations will take its place alongside of the Lloyd glasses, the Chaplin cane, and the Rogers slouch hat.

CARL A. JOHNSON,
Chicago, Ill.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER

An Old Colonial Custom Brought to Light by Films

It took "The Pursuit of Happiness" to bring to me my first knowledge of "bundling." Historians, whom I have read, failed ever to mention this Colonial custom. We think of early Americans as stern, sturdy old pioneers who hewed a great nation out of a wilderness. Films like this one remind us that they possessed some very human qualities, along with the patriotism that caused them to fight for freedom and territory for new frontiers.

Our forefathers practised such things as "bundling" because they enjoyed it and its convenience. In films, these things count for entertainment value, against a historical background, and should never be overlooked. I am hoping for more such efforts from picture producers.

CLARENCE GILSTRAP, Neosho, Mo.

THIRD PRIZE LETTER

"Anne of Green Gables" Will Remain a Treasured Memory

I have just returned from seeing "Anne of Green Gables," with Anne Shirley, play-

ing so genuinely the difficult rôle of Anne—the sweet, lovable, orphan girl with such preposterous adolescent imaginings, combined with unadulterated innocence and belief in others.

The most sophisticated around me, men and women alike, old and young, appreciated her excruciating moments, which Miss Shirley so splendidly presents. And who can help but love Marilla, so expertly characterized by Helen Westley, as she tries to cover over her real emotions with harshness, or the naive Matthew (O. P. Heggie) who has learned to manage his sister so adroitly?

There is no sensuality, no suggestive remarks; whimsicality and cleanliness pervade the story. And what a joy it is to see a picture that is not built around a triangle! No matter how real these situations may be, it is a pleasure to leave the theatre occasionally with a feeling of wholesomeness, rather than feel overwhelmed by the morbidity of sordid reality.

This is a picture none should miss seeing, for it will remain as a sweet and treasured memory.
GWENDOLIN TAYLOR,
Washington, D.C.

HONORABLE MENTION

Talkies Never Let You Down

There is one thing that must be said for the art of the talking picture. It never lets you down entirely. And it is the only form of art that does not. Haven't you read—or tried to read—books that were hopelessly dull from every angle? Haven't you seen plays that were so poorly cast and produced that they were a waste of time? And haven't you walked past miles of uninteresting paintings at art galleries?

Not so with motion pictures. Even in those that do not come up to par, there is sure to be some feature that is worth while. It may be background, it may be a single character or situation, it may be a dance or a bit of unusual acting, it may be humor or a song. But there will always be something that will pay you for having seen it.

On the other hand, when the production is up to the high standard we have set for ourselves, there is everything to pay you—many times over—for your small expenditure of money.

So be fair. Think twice before you complain of having been "gypped." Because you haven't. You have received full value in some way.

HARVEY PEAKE, Louisville, Ky.

To the Lovely Lady IN THIS PICTURE



LADY, you're lovely!

Radiant, fresh, and in the bloom of young womanhood. And behind that young and lovely face is a mind full of an old wisdom... old as womankind itself... and it decrees "keep lovely."

So your dressing table is laden with fine creams and lotions and cosmetics fragrant as a garden in June... and every other aid devised to make lovely woman lovelier still... and to keep her that way!

Among these aids... and you're very wise... is a certain little blue box.

It won't be on your dressing table, but discreetly placed in your medicine chest. Its name is Ex-Lax. Its purpose... to combat that ancient enemy to loveliness and health... constipation... to relieve it gently, pleasantly, painlessly.

You see, while Ex-Lax is an ideal laxative for anyone of any age or either sex, it is especially good for women. You should never shock your delicate feminine system with harsh laxatives. They cause pain, upset you, leave you weak. Ex-Lax is gentle in action. Yet it is as thorough as any laxative you could take. And... this is so important!... Ex-Lax won't form a habit. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. And it's so charmingly easy to take—for it tastes just like delicious chocolate.

In 10c and 25c boxes—at any drug store. Or use the coupon below for free sample.

When Nature forgets—
remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
MP25 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name _____

Address _____

Watch
**MOTION
PICTURE**
in
1935

WITH this issue, **MOTION PICTURE** begins its twenty-fourth year.

Also, with this issue, **MOTION PICTURE** comes under the new ownership of **FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS, INC.**

Simultaneously, a famous magazine reaches two significant milestones . . . and a magazine with a famous past becomes a magazine with an even brighter future.

MOTION PICTURE, the *first* screen magazine, has been read by millions of moviegoers in its long and notable career—and has been the most imitated magazine in America.

From the beginning, it has been *the* confidant of stars, *the* glamorous authority on the movies—honest, entertaining, informative, responsible first, last and always to its readers.

From the beginning, in February, 1911, its guiding purpose has been one of *service* to its readers. Under the **FAWCETT** leadership, it will continue to carry on this *service*.

MOTION PICTURE is proud of its past. In its twenty-three years it has brought the romance and glamour of the screen—of Hollywood into millions of homes. It has discovered stars and helped them up the ladder to fame. It always has been the champion of deserving causes. It will continue to carry on its policy of *fair play*.

FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS, INC., publishers of a large number of magazines, plan new and vital improvements for the benefit of readers—improvements that will be the talk of the movie world.

Watch **MOTION PICTURE** in 1935. . . .

You've been waiting to see her in a picture like this

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

in *Bright Eyes*

with
JAMES DUNN

Produced by
SOL M. WURTZEL

Directed by
DAVID BUTLER



FOX

Both for Beauty's Sake

HER COAT, \$25.00

HER TOOTH PASTE, 25¢



**All women welcome the
cleanliness and brilliance
this tooth paste affords**

SURPRISING to some but not to us were the results of a survey recently made in several midwestern cities. Listerine Tooth Paste was revealed as the constant preference of many of the wealthiest people.

The 25¢ price obviously could not be the deciding factor with women able to buy clothes worth a fortune, or men rich enough to maintain large estates. No, indeed; these people were won to this dentifrice by its merits and held by its permanent results in keeping teeth healthy, clean, and sparkling.

They, like three million others, have discovered that Listerine Tooth Paste pretty nearly approaches the ideal.

If you haven't tried it, we urge you to do so now. Note how swiftly and how thoroughly it cleans teeth—enters hard-to-reach crevices.

See how quickly it attacks unsightly tartar and discolorations—particularly those due to smoking. Observe the flashing brilliance and lustre it gives to your teeth—modern polishing ingredients so gentle in action are responsible.

Look also for that wonderful feeling of mouth freshness and exhilaration that this tooth paste gives; the sensation you associate with the use of Listerine itself. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

REGULAR SIZE 25¢ NEW DOUBLE SIZE 40¢



METROPOLITAN GRAND OPERA



direct from its N. Y. Stage.

Broadcast by **LISTERINE**,

announced by *Geraldine Farrar*

Complete operas . . . 3 hours . . . Every Saturday . . . all
NBC stations . . . see your newspaper for time



ROCHELLE HUDSON

In Our Hollywood Spotlight Because She:
... is Will Rogers' favorite ingénue, having appeared in three of his pictures ... was a Baby Star at fifteen, and is only eighteen now ... has one of the loveliest figures in filmdom, and two of the clearest eyes ... is P. T.'s ward in "The Mighty Barnum" ... *and because* she is leading lady to Chester Morris in "I've Been Around"



Jean Cadell, as Mrs. Micawber



W. C. Fields, as Mr. Micawber



Madge Evans, as Agnes Wickfield



Roland Young, as Uriah Heep



Elizabeth Allan, as
David's mother

Elsa Lanchester, as
Clickett

Hugh Williams, as
J. Steerforth

Frank Lawton, as
David Copperfield

DICKENS' "DAVID COPPERFIELD"



Freddie Bartholomew, as
Little David



Lewis Stone, as *Mr. Wickfield*



Herbert Mundin, as *Barkis*



Edna May Oliver, as *Aunt Betsy*



Lionel Barrymore, as *Dan Peggotty*



Lennox Pawle, as
Mr. Dick

Basil Rathbone, as
Edward Murdstone

Jessie Ralph, as
Clara Peggotty

Maureen O'Sullivan, as
Dora Spenlow



Marilyn Knowlden, as
Little Agnes

"David Copperfield" was the book that made Charles Dickens one of the immortals—and it still is one of the greatest stories ever written. Now, in a new form—as a talking picture—it is destined for new glory, new affection. One of the most notable casts ever assembled will bring it to speaking life. Just look them over!



REUNION—AND NEW UNION

GENE RAYMOND and SYLVIA SIDNEY (above) are in Our Hollywood Spotlight *because*: . . . when they both were new to films, they both scored hits as the tragic convict couple in "Ladies of the Big House" . . . they are dramatic contrasts . . . *and because* they look into each other's eyes again in "Behold My Wife," as a white man and the modern Indian girl he loves . . . MYRNA LOY and CARY GRANT (right) are in Our Hollywood Spotlight *because*: . . . each of them has progressed fast and far in the past year, each winning stardom . . . *and because* they are together for the first time as flying co-stars in "Wings in the Dark"





TWO REDHEADS- NEW ROMANCES

KATHARINE HEPBURN and JOHN BEAL (left) are in *Our Hollywood Spotlight because*: . . . each, in turn, was called (by critics) "the most promising young player on the American stage" before leaving for Hollywood and wider opportunities . . . *and because* they are the ideal young lovers for Barrie's sentimental saga, "The Little Minister" . . . NANCY CARROLL and GEORGE MURPHY (below) are in *Our Hollywood Spotlight because*: . . . Nancy, titian-haired like Katharine, is vivid in her comeback, while George is making a big impression for a beginner . . . *and because* they make love's young dream look so real in "Jealousy"





Dyar

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

*In Our Hollywood Spotlight
Because She: . . . stays healthily,
happily normal . . . has just been
elected to the select company of
Will Rogers, Janet Gaynor and
Warner Baxter as a Fox star . . .
and because she acts with Lionel
Barrymore in "The Little Colonel"*

Printed in U.S.A.

That Sullavan Marriage

Was it "an impulse" that led Margaret Sullavan to elope with Director William Wyler just after they filmed a wedding scene? . . . Here is the complete, true story — told by the elopers!

BY DELL HOGARTH

"JUST an impulse!" That's the only answer Hollywood could find for the surprise elopement of Margaret Sullavan and Director William Wyler. "Another Sullavan impulse!" Nothing could be further from the truth. And yet—it occurred with such breath-taking unexpectedness that Hollywood could hardly be blamed for its first assumption.

How could a romance develop right under its nose with no one suspecting? How could one of its most glamorous and temperamental stars fall in love, steal off and marry without a single whisper of suspicion? And if just one person suspects in the film colony, the "secret" is on every tongue.

So the radio was still cackling out the astounding news when Hollywood recovered its breath to gasp: "An impulse!"

What the reaction will be to the truth of the case, it is still too early to say. Probably utter astonishment.

I talked with the newlyweds the first day after they returned from Yuma, Arizona, whither they had flown to be married. I had to visit with them on the set. There, between shots, the story of the romance gradually unfolded.

After stammering my congratulations to the bride, I did what all their fellow-actors had been doing all morning. I mentioned, still a bit excited, how surprised I had been. "Oh, yes," smiled Margaret, "everyone was surprised, including my husband. I was the only one who knew. I've been after him for a month."

And Willie, her husband-director, was almost inarticulate. Aside from concentration on his work, all he could do was to beam his happiness. When a few close friends clustered around and mentioned impressively that they had known all about it a week before, Willie looked up, arching his brows, and smiled: "How did you know? I didn't know, myself."

So I got the story, as I've already said, gradually—whenever they could sneak a few minutes off from the press of work.

A marriage scene in a picture brought the unexpected romance to a sudden bloom. In "The Good Fairy," in which Margaret is starring, with Willie directing the magnolia girl from Virginia, she was married to Herbert Marshall. It was a glamorous ceremony. And Margaret wore an exquisite gown—silver cloth with a long train and a spume of white tulle caught at the neck. "Strange as it may seem," said Margaret, "it was the first wedding gown I've ever worn." (A few years ago, she was married in her street clothes, to Henry Fonda, young stage actor, from whom she was subsequently divorced.)

Well, Margaret loved that scene and loved that gown. When, afterwards, they went to see the "rushes," the star and the director sat together. The various shots of that scene were run over and over. Both sat enraptured, (Continued on page 93)



THEY GOT to become

Back of every Hollywood success story, there is some experience that turned dreamers into doers, that made them mad enough to "show the world." They couldn't—and wouldn't—take it. Would you?

BY HARRY T. BRUNDIDGE

LITTLE LILY CHAUCHOIN yawned as she took the elevator to the ninth floor of a Park Avenue apartment in New York; she yawned again as she punched the bell and handed the suit-box to the maid. "Package for madame," she said. "Sign here." With brown bangs slipping down from a saucy hat, Lily bent a trifle so that her big brown eyes could peer into the spacious living room as the maid signed the book.

"Pretty swell joint," observed Lily.

"Listen, freshie," said the maid, "you mind your packages and keep your nose out of *nice* people's houses. You'll never see the likes of one of your own."

"Is that so?" retorted Lily. "Well, I'll be *somebody* some day and have a bigger and better place of my own than you'll ever even work in."

Claudette Colbert turned those big brown eyes upon me.

"I was little Lily Chauchoin," she explained, "and it was the insulting remark of that servant that made a picture star of me. Up to that moment I was devoid of ambition. But she made me so mad that I decided to become a movie star, just to spite her."

"I snatched my book out of her hand and hurried to the elevator, already dreaming of the day when I would have a much better apartment, a limousine, servants, and a charge account at the dress-making establishment where I was the girl-of-all-work. Up to that moment, I had never had even a passing thought about the stage or screen; from that moment on, I thought of nothing else. Seriously, that maid was a big influence in the shaping of my career."

I have related the foregoing incident in the life of Claudette Colbert for a purpose. The purpose was to present a typical illustration of what, to me, is a startling fact—the fact that, in nine cases out of ten, every star in Hollywood had an eventful experience, an inspiration to determination, in childhood or in youth that started him (or her) along the uphill road.

Take the case of Carole Lombard. As little Jane Alice Peters, she played around the studios, doing "bits" and "extra" work, for the fun of it. "I had never given a serious thought to my career in pictures," she told me, "until I was fired while doing a bit in a Clara Bow epic."

"'Why am I getting the gate?' I demanded.

"'Do you really want to know?' an assistant director asked.

"'I certainly do,' I answered.

"'Well, it's because you're too short, too fat and too d—— funny-looking.'"

"I was outraged. I was furious, and I made up my mind that I'd show that guy, if it took all the rest of my life," said Carole. "He was never out of my thoughts in the years of struggle that followed before I could 'show him.'"

It was a nice old lady in Onset Bay, Cape

Top to bottom, Gary Cooper, who went West because of a girl; Carole Lombard, belittled by a director; Neil Hamilton, who hated Plymouth Rock; Myrna Loy, who lost a coveted part



MAD ENOUGH f a m o u s !

Cod, Massachusetts, who made a movie star of Charles Farrell.

Farrell sat dozing in the box-office of his dad's little picture theatre in Onset one evening. He was dog-tired; school had been tough enough, but he had to hurry home, chop wood, go to his dad's short-order restaurant, peel the spuds, help cook, serve, wash dishes, and then rush to the theatre in time to get it swept out before starting on his job as ticket-seller. Farrell was dozing when the old lady pushed her dime at him. He didn't even see her. She banged the window with the palm of her hand and Charlie rubbed his eyes.

"Young man," she said, in a stern voice, "you'll never get anywhere in this world, sitting there day-dreaming like that."

"Madam," said the irate Charlie, "some day you'll have to stand in line to buy a ticket to get into this theatre to see me—a big star in pictures."

Farrell looked at me and grinned. "Do you know," he said, "in the years that followed, whenever I got in the dumps, I thought about what I had said to that little old lady? And thoughts of my boast to her always spurred me on."

Doris Sent Gary West

IT was pretty little Doris who pointed the way to the greater glory for Gary Cooper.

"I had never been interested in any one girl until I met Doris at Grinnell College," said Gary Cooper. "Until A. D. (After Doris) I had no particular ambition of any kind; but Doris fired me with ambition, and is, indirectly, responsible for my career in pictures. Doris told me, after we had talked of marriage, that she could never live in a cold climate, and she urged me to go to California and seek fame and fortune. I followed her advice. In the months that followed, during which I made a house-to-house canvass of Los Angeles homes for a photographer, I had letters from Doris to cheer me up, and on. Starvation, finally, forced me into the movies." (And whatever became of Doris? She suddenly married someone else—perhaps giving up hope that Gary would ever be a success. And wondering if she had doubted his resourcefulness *must* have egged him on to prove himself.)

A story in MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, which Miriam Hopkins chanced to read, is responsible for La Hopkins' career. Miriam was a young girl in Georgia, with plenty of family and no money, and very unhappy in her inactive life, when she read an article about a glamorous dancer who was finding fame in Hollywood. This dancer had come from just such a conventional atmosphere as that in which Miriam was living.

"Why can't I be glamorous, too?" I asked myself, and I began turning it on. That story sold me an idea and the moment my family moved to New York, my dancing career began."

His Nickname Was "Sickly"

IT'S a far cry from Miriam Hopkins to Johnny Weissmuller, but Johnny's tale is worth telling—especially to the anemic.

"I was a skinny, sickly kid, in Chicago," said Johnny. "I was forever being tested for tuberculosis. My dad was a brew-master, but even his good beer didn't help me put on weight. However, I did nothing about it until a nickname was tacked on me. That nickname was 'Sickly.'"

"I detested the name. I cried about it. That was all I could do, for I was too weak to fight. Then, (Continued on page 81)

Top to bottom, Claudette Colbert, high-hatted by a maid; Charles Farrell, accused of dreaming; Miriam Hopkins, "bored" in a small town; Robert Montgomery, fired as an oiler





THINGS ARE ALWAYS

IN THE folklore of old Ireland, there is a saying, "If the little 'fellies' are parading in the garden when ye are born, ye will never know a dull moment so long as ye shall live. They'll plague and dodge yer footsteps the rest of yer days." The "littl fellies," of course, are the elves and fairies without which Ireland wouldn't be Ireland.

Jean Harlow isn't Irish, but those little fellies must have been marching in the garden twenty-three years ago when she was born. Certainly, they have plagued and dogged her footsteps ever since. Jean is one of the exciting people to whom things are always happening and she stands practically unchallenged as Hollywood's champion hard-luck girl.

Yet she has never been other than a passive figure in the whirl of gossip and innuendo in which she has found herself since her first screen break in "Hell's Angels." She invites rumors just because she is Jean Harlow, startling beauty, and not because of anything she has done. So it must be the little fellies.

It is Jean's misfortune to be the object of many women's envy, and jealous women are never kind. Her physical appearance and, naturally, her screen reputation count heavily against her in their minds. Even that, the cataclysmic state of affairs in which she finds herself constantly involved might be more bearable if she had a valid means of defense.

She can't go about, continually saying to everyone she meets, "I'm really not the kind of person you think I am." It is her destiny to remain passive even in the face of the most outrageous rumors.

Perhaps you may question my use of the word "outrageous." But if newspaper headlines screamed your every move, if you were unable to escape, even for a moment, the relentless spotlight of publicity, you would have reason to quarrel with the word—for not being strong enough.

Newspaper headlines do scream at Jean Harlow all the time. I am not leading up to a rehash of the details of the tragedy of her three marriages. Too much has been said about them already. I merely ask you to hold in mind the fact that Jean has been in no hurry to divorce Hal Rosson since their separation some months ago. She is still legally his wife—and will be until she has a final decree of divorce—yet the latest gossip would have you believe that she is upon the brink of marrying William Powell. Don't the gossipers know that a girl can't marry a second man while she has a husband, without committing bigamy? Or are they suggesting that the statutes might be circumvented, somehow? It's all pretty confusing—and upsetting.

Here, in her own words, is the first story of the almost incredible circumstances that have been employed to give credulity to the rumor of a Harlow-Powell romance.

"As you know, Mother and I went to Arrowhead Hot Springs for a vacation," Jean told me. "I was badly in need

By

of us together except at formal Hollywood parties.

"It was later disclosed that this particular photograph was a composite. Someone had found an old picture of Bill with Carole Lombard shortly after they were married. The man had then put my face on Carole's body and had it published."

Now what about my word "outrageous?" Jean's studio, of course, investigated and has a letter from the individual who made the composite. Such tampering with

photographs without explanation that the result is a composite is against the law and the matter may be taken to court.

With the impetus given it at its beginning, the rumor that Jean and Bill are in love has gained wide circulation. Someone remembered that about two years ago in an interview, Powell had named Jean as his favorite screen actress. Much has been made of this. Can't you see how malignant is the fate that constantly casts Jean as the girl to whom things happen? She seems always the center of a vicious circle of gossip beyond her control. (Continued on page 94)

Headlines and hard luck—these have been Jean Harlow's fate ever since she first became a screen sensation. They still are. But she is still keeping her chin up and fighting the good fight!



HAPPENING TO JEAN

At Last— an Answer to What the

BY JACK GRANT

JANET GAYNOR is Hollywood's greatest money-making star. Seven of her pictures have earned more than one million dollars. In five of these, she was co-starred with Charles Farrell. And there can be just one explanation: Janet, more than any other star, must have given the public the kind of pictures it wants.

Harold Lloyd is the second highest money-maker of all times, having five productions in the more-than-a-million classification. Tied for third place are Charles Chaplin, the late Rudolph Valentino and Warner Baxter, with a total of three each. Edmund Lowe has contributed to the success of four, but in only two was he given star rating—in both cases sharing honors with Victor McLaglen.

Other stars with two pictures that have earned a million dollars or more for their producers are Richard Barthelmess,



Charlie Chaplin



Wallace Beery, the late Lon Chaney, Ronald Colman, Bebe Daniels, Dolores Del Rio, Richard Dix, Marie Dressler, Greta Garbo, John Gilbert, Lillian Gish, Al Jolson, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, Will Rogers, Norma Talmadge and Mae West. Four stars—Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Katharine Hepburn and Constance Bennett—can be credited with one apiece. Many, indeed a great many, do not appear at all.

Now, millions is a word used loosely and lavishly by Hollywood in connection with motion pictures. Everywhere you go, you hear, "It's a million-dollar production," or, "It will make millions," or one of the million variations of this sort of statement. The first thing you know, a million becomes as comparatively small to you as it certainly has to Hollywood.

Actually, in its entire history, Hollywood has produced only seventy-three motion pictures that have returned more than a million dollars to the producers! This startling fact is revealed in a statistical survey recently made by the Quigley Publishing Company, publishers of the highly regarded *Motion Picture Herald* and other trade periodicals. In the 1934 *Motion Picture Almanac*, the Quigley annual, appears the list of Hollywood's million-dollar makers as reprinted at the end of this article.

This survey differs from previous computations of the earnings of feature pictures in that it confines it-



Al Jolson's second talkie, "The Singing Fool" (above), is the only picture that has made \$5,000,000. "Birth of a Nation" (left) has made \$3,500,000 . . . The most popular stars of all time? Gaynor, Lloyd, Chaplin, Valentino, Baxter

What have been the best-selling pictures of all time? Who have been the stars of those pictures? This article tells you—and then analyzes their popularity!

Movie Public Really Wants!

self to rentals. A picture frequently grosses more than a million—that is, the public pays a million and more in admissions to theatres throughout the world showing a certain motion picture. But the Hollywood producer of that picture receives only a percentage of the million-dollar gross. And what the producers receive is called rentals, computed upon the basis of flat sums per week, according to the size and importance of the theatres.

Now, let's examine in detail the seventy-three pictures that earned, really earned, a million dollars for their producers. Let's try to arrive at the reasons why they made such huge sums.

Of the total list of seventy-three, thirty-two pictures, or nearly forty-four per cent, presented spectacle as only the screen can. Of this number, eleven have been musicals, ten have dealt with war, four with the conquest of the West, and three with Biblical subjects. The others are "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," "The Thief of Bagdad," "The Lost World" and "Passion," and cannot be classified as similar in subject matter. "Passion," by the way, is the only foreign-made feature that earned a million dollars in America. "Cavalcade," on the other hand, owes nearly three-quarters of its \$3,500,000 to rentals from Great Britain and Canada.

In direct contrast to the thirty-two movie spectacles is a total of thirty-one pictures (forty-two and

a half per cent) having definitely simple, down-to-earth themes—both comic and dramatic. Harold Lloyd has often said that he owes his success to the fact that everyone is personally acquainted with the bespectacled youth he portrays.

There are ten other films on the list that are neither spectacular nor simple in theme. Three of these can be classed only as novelties. "Bring 'Em Back Alive" was a jungle picture featuring the exploits of Frank Buck.

"Syncopation" and "Amos and Andy in Check and Double Check" drew their stars from the radio broadcasting studios.

Novelty, of course, was a factor in the high rentals piled up by several other pictures. "Sunny Side Up," for example, did more than three million dollars, topping all of Janet Gaynor's films. Although far from being her best story, it was her initial talking effort. (Continued on page 74)



Harold Lloyd



It is an avenue of extremes. Here, disaster keeps step with success; wealth and beggary shoulder each other; fate strolls nonchalantly beside good and bad luck

THE DIRT TRAIL THAT BECAME **The World's Most Famous Street**

BY WINIFRED AYDELOTTE

HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD is an avenue of extremes. Here, romance rubs elbows with comedy. Here, disaster keeps step with success; wealth and beggary shoulder each other; fate strolls nonchalantly beside good and bad luck. It is the Main Street of hope, policed by tragedy, bombast, heart-break and happiness.

Twenty years ago, Hollywood Boulevard was a dirt trail, winding through pungent groves of lemon and orange trees.

To-day it is the most famous thoroughfare in the world—far more glamorous than Fifth Avenue, the Strand, the Champs Élysée, which also are lined with shining little shops, towering hotels, great piles of office buildings. Furs, jewels and gowns are spread in lavish display to tempt the sophisticated, the beautiful, the distinguished, who are gathered from the ends of the

Twenty years ago, Hollywood Boulevard was just a road between citrus groves. Today, it is the mecca of the world's dreams . . . dreams that paint it in a thousand colors. What is it really like? Come along with Winifred Aydelotte and see for yourself.

earth to lend their talents to the making of movies.

But, in spite of the brilliant company on its pavements; in spite of the sophisticated demands of its patrons, there is an overtone of the small-town shopping center about Hollywood Boulevard. Its polished front has something of the artificial grandeur of a movie set about it, for the suave little shops present only a thin-lipped line of commerce on the Boulevard. Behind them are residences. Here and there shops may straggle for a few doors down some of the side streets, but, for the most part, there is nothing but the sleepy quiet found in any small town, if you take more than a few steps off the busy stir of the Boulevard.

The lemon and orange groves are gone, but the air of the countryside still remains. Under the smooth pavement, under the gleaming street-car rails, under the swiftly-moving stream of traffic, the little dirt trail is buried not so deep.

In actuality, Hollywood Boulevard begins in Los Angeles, where you can rent a furnished apartment for \$18.50, and ends a few miles away in the low hills that flank Laurel Canyon . . . where you can rent a house for \$4000.00. But the real heart of Hollywood is only about twelve blocks long. (In those dozen blocks, however, is concentrated for sale anything you may desire of glamour, of practical utility, of temptation, at prices ranging from a penny to a prince's ransom.)

Boul' Hollywood, famous for extreme fashions, does a roaring business in \$5.98 dresses and 59c socks.

Boul' Hollywood . . . where you may see a millionaire shopping in a nickel-and-dime store, and a beggar in ermine riding in a limousine.

Boul' Hollywood . . . where threadbare finery brushes against sables near a five-cent hot-dog counter . . . where a once-famous movie star runs a newsstand.

Boul' Hollywood . . . where every block boasts a drug store, and where banks and shoe-repair shops are legion.

Boul' Hollywood . . . high road of ever-new dreams, and of lost hopes.

Take a stroll in the mid-Winter sunshine with me. Let us start at La Brea, where the old palm trees raise spreading fans far above spacious lawns.

We might be on the edge of the older residential section of any small town, for Hollywood changes from city to suburb with the abruptness typical of all small places.

To your right is a drug store, of course. Practically anywhere you stop, a drug store is to your right. The charming little cottage beyond it on La Brea is the studio of Josephine Dillon, the first Mrs. Clark Gable. The little black-and-gold sign, "Voice Coach," announces her



Under the swiftly-moving stream of traffic, the little dirt trail is buried not so deep—despite the banks, the towering buildings, the theatres devoted to fame-and-fashion parades



What will the Boulevard be in another twenty years? New shops may rise, new stars may shine, but there will still be places for the re-bottoming of the shoes of the marching "extras"

gallant independence. That long, low car parked in front belongs to Raquel Torres, or Lupe Valez, or Johnny Weissmuller, or to any one of a score of the great who learn from her how to tame the ferocious "s's" or the career-wrecking lisp.

Standing sentinel on the corner is a church. There are five on Boul' Hollywood. On the next corner is the Gotham Delicatessen, one of the most famous places in Hollywood, rated by star patronage. It is noted for its whole, roasted, stuffed chickens, chicken à la King, and for salads that may be delivered on a moment's notice if you find yourself in a culinary pinch. Many of the stars patronize this shop for imported delicacies . . . caviar, paté-de-foi-gras and conserves.

Ah! A drug store!

And in the building beside it are the offices of the famous Dr. Josif Ginsberg, who has made a fortune remodeling famous faces. (Continued on page 90)

Intimate News

FROM HOLLYWOOD



Rudy Vallee's dog also knows a pretty girl when he sees one. Like Gloria Stuart, who is in "Gold Diggers of 1935." Rudy just finished "Sweet Music"

BY WALTER RAMSEY

With a Bit of a Brogue

PERHAPS you have heard that Gloria Swanson cried all the way home from the courthouse the day she got her divorce from Michael Farmer on "mental cruelty" charges. But maybe you don't know the real reason. It wasn't grief over losing the debonair Irishman and it wasn't nervousness as reported. It was those brogues on her feet!

For years, Gloria's feet have been a matter of pride with her . . . and considerable envy from other stars. Size 2½C is a small foot in any language. But all of a sudden, Gloria began having terrific aches and pains in her feet, and finally in her back and shoulders as well. Doctors needed but one look-see to warn: "No more high heels for a long time." And to add insult to the injury they sent Hollywood's prettiest feet to a corrective shoe concern for *brogues*! And I mean BROGUES . . . the kind with big, round, stubby toes and no heels at all.

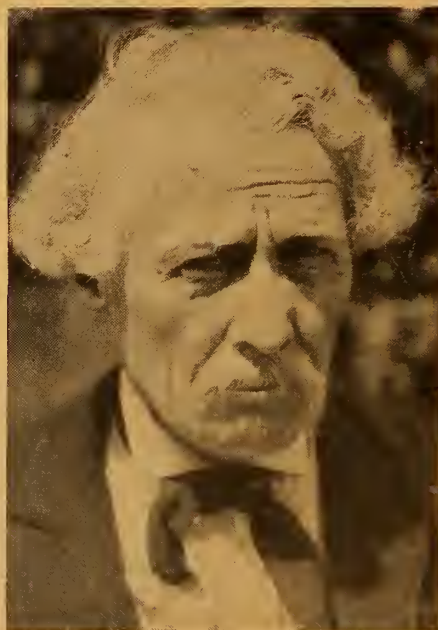
The day of her divorce, Gloria went *clump-clumping* into the courtroom in what she now refers to as her "canal-boats." Somebody tittered.

So Gloria wept all the way home. And (P. S.) we hear that Anita Loos has put in a bid to buy all Gloria's

beautiful, gay high-heeled slippers . . . being the only gal in town, aside from La Swanson, who can yip for 2½C and not have to depend on the shoe salesman to bring 6's along with his shoe-horn.

Next Car, Please!

ONE of those Walter Winchell Flashes was almost born in the arcade of the Ambassador Hotel immediately after the wedding of Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres. Because of a packed elevator, the beautiful bride and the glowing groom just missed riding up to the main lobby with the groom's ex-wife, Lola



The movie public *does* have a memory. It has called back Henry B. Walthall—and will see him thus in "Hellorado"

Lane, now married to director Alexander Hall. All parties concerned were innocent. There was Lola, casually strolling about, looking in shop windows, stopping now and then to purchase something . . . all unaware that the wedding party of her ex-mate was practically on the verge of arriving at the hotel for the reception. She stepped on the elevator and was whisked upstairs just as Lew came through the revolving doors with Ginger on his arm. . . .

Wanta Piece of Wedding Gown?

THE wedding of Ginger and Lew was an altogether simple and lovely ceremony. At five o'clock the

soloist, Walter Woolf, began softly singing "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes," and as the hush of the love song faded, the organ began the wedding march. First came Janet Gaynor and Mary Brian—and two prettier bridesmaids couldn't be imagined—with Janet in soft brown and yellow, and Mary in blue. Then came Ginger's maid-of-honor, her cousin, Phyllis Fraser, in a gown of green-blue crêpe.

Last of all, and radiantly beautiful, came the bride in pastel-green chantilly lace. Just before leaving for the honeymoon, Ginger told us that she had bought all the supply of that color of chantilly lace in New York and was going to send small squares to her fans who asked for it. A piece of Ginger's wedding gown! The line forms on the right . . . don't crowd.

It'll Be Like Ginger's

WE caught up with bridesmaid Janet Gaynor just after the Lew-Ginger wedding and her eyes were suspiciously dewy. She told us: "If I ever marry again, I shall not run away to do it! I'll have a church, a soloist and friends . . . just as Ginger did. A wedding like hers must be the sweetest memory of a girl's life!"

Well, Janet, how about it?? And would the groom be that handsome



How can that fox even think of being blue, when it adorns Raquel Torres? She has been vacationing in the East

dentist we've seen you with lately?

Can't Fool Dixie

WHEN Bing looks self-conscious and ill-at-ease in a finished picture," smiled Dixie Lee, his wife, "I know he hasn't enjoyed his screen romance! But if he's just himself . . . and natural . . . I know they got on wonderfully together."

Which is by way of warning a pal (who needs it less than any person in Hollywood) that his wife can TELL.

It isn't any secret, we hope, that Bing liked working with Kitty Carlisle . . . in fact, more than any actress he can think of, off-hand.

Jean's Secret Dress

WE almost promised we wouldn't tell this story . . . but it's too good to keep. The other day we



Did you ever see any of the famous ballet paintings of Degas, the French artist? The dancing dolls of the Ramon Novarro-Evalyn Laye picture, "The Night Is Young," are making them come to life . . .



Wide World

Something new in sun-suits! It's Tahitian—and worn at Palm Springs by Paulette Goddard, Chaplin's leading lady

dropped up to see Jean Harlow at noon . . . and while she wasn't expecting callers, we weren't expecting to be greeted by the vision we saw, either. There was Jean, in her own living room, arrayed in the most gorgeous evening gown of platinum satin! What's more, her famous mop of platinum hair had just been freshly-shampooed and waved—and to cap the climax, her nails were platinum-polished, too! If this all-platinum

gal wasn't a vision, we've never seen one.

But WHY in the middle of the day??

"You would have to catch me in my secret dress," laughed Jean. "Yes, it really is a secret. You see, some time ago, I had this evening gown of platinum satin designed . . . but when it came out, it seemed too sensationally theatrical with my hair and nails and I haven't had the nerve to wear it. On two different occasions, I've put it on . . . only to change hurriedly to something else at the last minute. It has hung in my closet for six months . . . but every once in a while I get it out and try it on for my own amazement!" Will this start a fad, or NOT???

Picking Names

THOSE blessed-eventing Thalbergs (Norma Shearer and her executive husband, to you) would like very much to have ol' Doc Stork leave them a little girl when he drops by their beach home, sometime next spring. They're already "picking out names" . . . and so far, all have been feminine. To date, *Iris* leads. Pretty name, *Iris* Thalberg. It sounds cute coupled with the name of their son and heir, Irving, Jr.

Please, Jean, Another Picture Soon!

HOLLYWOOD is beginning to wonder about Jean Harlow! What is this business, anyway? A whole year has elapsed since her last production. Mae West, Garbo, Shearer and Dietrich have made one or two pictures since Jean faced a camera.

"The Girl From Missouri" was in production more than ten months ago and in spite of the fact that the studio keeps announcing "China Seas," with Clark Gable, as her *next*, nothing seems to be done about it rather regularly. (P.S. She is *now* starting "Reckless" with William Powell.)

Clark Back With Connie

REMEMBER the first time you saw Clark Gable in a picture with Connie Bennett? He played the part of the *milkman* in "The Easiest Way." And if you will recall how good he was and how this started him off to stardom, you'll have to admit it *was* the easiest way.

SOOooooOOO . . . Time Marches On! Skip a few years and here we have Gable in another picture with Bennett . . . it's called "Town Talk" and we'd wager a few doughnuts that there will be at least one critic who will refer to it as a "Gable Picture" *with* Connie Bennett! Tsch, tsch . . . how times do change!

Encore for Terpsichore

JUST before leaving for New York radio appearances, Mary Pickford gave a theatre party in honor of Harriet Hctor, premier danseuse. Mary and Harriet have been friends for years—a friendship founded upon an interest in philosophy. In Mary's party at the ballet were the Charles Farrells (Virginia Valli), the John Mack Browns and two or three non-professional couples. Also glimpsed in the star-studded audience were Billie Burke, Loretta Young with Carter Herman, the Pasadena millionaire,



Here he is—Norman Scott Barnes, new son of Joan Blondell Barnes and occupant of a "kidnap-proof" nursery . . .

Ruby Keeler with her sister and mother, Dolores Del Rio, Ann Harding, Jeanette MacDonald, Myrna Loy and the Ricardo Cortez family.

After the performance, Mary and her party went backstage to congratulate the gifted dancer. Johnny Mack Brown and Charlie Farrell went immediately into an "Off-to-Buffalo," explaining to a hysterical audience that "this is the first time we've ever had a chance to dance on a stage." They almost tore down the scenery, what with planting their number 11's all over the place. It was good fun.

Open House For Shirley

THE Harold Lloyd kids are happy these days . . . they've made a pal out of Shirley Temple! She is their guest at the big house on the hill two or three times a week. The other day, the Lloyd brood extended an invitation to Shirley to move in and spend the holidays. It's really an inspiration to watch them together. All famous, yet with nary the slightest bit of snobbishness about them. They play together just as do the kids in your block . . . except, of course, that they have a pool, a doll house, and a golf course.

Altar Bound?

OUR private tipper-offer out at Warner Brothers reports that Rudy Vallee had a time getting through a single scene for "Sweet Music" without at least one interruption from Alice Faye!

Funny. When they had no idea of romance, Hollywood had them practically married every week-end . . . and now, when there's really something to the story, no one is paying the slightest attention! It begins to look as though Hollywood likes to

start things, but it is satisfied to let someone else finish the deal.

Since Fay Webb lost her appeal in the New York courts, it's our humble guess (just by way of starting things again) that Rudy and Alice will be ordering "one salad for TWO" very soon.

Ann Will Rest

ANN Harding is one degree over the boiling point about those reports that she is planning to walk out on her RKO contract and desert the moom-pictures! So angry in fact, that she almost broke down and gave out a couple of interviews, denying the story that quoted her as saying: "I am in the movies only for the money . . . I hate working in them."



Steffi Duna, who made "La Cucaracha" famous, is now strumming a ukulele to Regis Toomey in "Girl of the Islands"

"But what's the use of denying stories in Hollywood?" she sighed. "They go ahead and believe what they want to believe, anyway. What's the good of explaining that my health requires a six months' chance to rest and recuperate from studio lights?"

Off the Record

TED HEALY says: "I once played in a theatre so small that every time I took a bow I filled the foyer with dandruff!"

Fred Astaire's tootsies have been insured for a MILLION—by way of covering a seven-year contract he just signed. The critics exclaim that Fred is quite an actor and an excellent comedian . . . but the studio executives still like his dancing.

Columbia's "Carnival" will give you some idea of what it costs to "have" a baby. Four were needed and the law says they must receive a mere \$75.00 per day. They can

"work" only two hours a day—and not over twenty minutes at a stretch! Of course, these babies were all under 30 (days). Over 30, it comes lower: \$50.00 a day.

Which might go to prove that Claudette Colbert is under 30 . . . she just signed a new contract for two years at Paramount that calls for \$100,000 per picture!

Some gal around town is having herself a *time*, dressing and wiggling herself out like Garbo and appearing places! At the opera last week, all the news cameramen were taken in by the gag and the country was flooded with pictures of "Garbo" at the sing-fest.

Mary Pickford, during her absence in New York, working on radio contracts, asked Lady Mountbatten to take over Pickfair while in Hollywood. And her ladyship has Douglas Fairbanks as her first guest at dinner!

Pulling Their Punches

THESE café arguments between actors in Hollywood are certainly being kidded by the press. Nothing more serious than a good-sized shove has taken place in six months. Jack Oakie and Rex Lease slapped wrists just recently at the Derby . . . and Frank Fay and his "Unknown Antagonist" didn't even get *that* far. All of which reminds us of a funny story about the two inebriated fellows who finished a row as follows:

The first says: "I demand that you take back what you said within twenty minutes!"

Second Duelist: "Yeah?? And what happens if I don't . . . what'll you do?"

First Duelist: "Extend the time . . . !"



They're back from England—George Arliss and his monocle. The picture he made in Blighty—"The Iron Duke"—will soon follow



FRANCHOT ANSWERS HIS CRITICS —in a Gentlemanly Tone

So people call him "aloof" and "high-hat"? They've got him wrong. But they'll know him after they read this self-revelation!

BY JERRY ASHER

UP TO NOW Franchot Tone has kept a discreet silence. Like all true artists with a single-mindedness of purpose, he has been unduly criticized since coming to Hollywood. His natural reserve has been mistaken for conceit and self-satisfaction. The serious manner in which he takes his work has been misinterpreted, stamping him as being aloof and a poor mixer. They've even gone so far as to inject the word "gentleman" into every phrase referring to Franchot. In most parts of the world, this would be deemed a great compliment. Hollywood seems to have found a new definition. Franchot does happen to be a well-bred person. But he never thought he would live to see the day when good manners would single him out for criticism.

In all probability, if Franchot hadn't signed a five-year contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, he would have returned to his success on Broadway and never have come to his own rescue. But now that he has become a permanent fixture in Hollywood, it's time that he did a little talking back. But it isn't easy to get Franchot to commit himself. He's one of those persons somewhat sufficient unto himself. He's built up enough inside not to find it necessary to depend too much on

anyone or anything else for his peace of mind and happiness.

I believe I can safely say that I am Franchot's closest friend in Hollywood—with the exception of Joan Crawford, of course. Franchot doesn't give a friendship easily. But once he does, the recipient can indeed consider himself fortunate. There is no limit to his enthusiasm. His knowledge is unlimited. He can converse intelligently on any subject. If he's at the dinner table and runs into an argumentative snag, he'll excuse himself, go into the library and drag out an encyclopedia to prove his point. His thirst for knowledge is unquenchable. And in the same breath he can tell a joke that gives him a permanent camaraderie with a stage electrician.

Franchot Tone never thought he would remain when he came to Hollywood. He had no friends, no close connections there. He did not know if he would go over on the screen. As a member of the Group Theatre, he wanted to raise enough money to go back and help them with their great work in experimental drama. He planned to remain away a year and in that time hoped to make enough to return to them once more. His love for their traditions, his great desire to help them in their ideals, was the only thing that sufficed (*Continued on page 85*)

A Miracle is Filmed...

In "Life Returns," you will see a dog's life stop—then, with the aid of science, begin again. You will watch Dr. Robert E. Cornish pierce the mystery that has baffled mankind through the ages . . . perform a miracle before your startled eyes . . .

By FRANC DILLON

WITHIN a few weeks, the world will see the strangest sight that human beings have ever looked upon since that day almost two thousand years ago when a quiet Voice commanded, "Lazarus, come forth." On a motion picture screen, you will see life actually return to a dead body.

The scene photographed in a research laboratory when the famous scientist, Dr. Robert E. Cornish, restored life to a little black dog, which had been dead for eight minutes from an overdose of ether, is undoubtedly the most dramatic moment ever caught by a camera. Surrounding the operating table, a number of eminent doctors and scientists watch Dr. Cornish inhaling oxygen from a can and breathing it into the mouth of the dead dog, while another doctor gives a blood transfusion and injects the life-giving serum into his veins. And then humanity, enslaved by the fear of Death, will see history made when the rise and fall of the dog's chest shows that he is breathing naturally and his heart has begun to beat!

Before your eyes, a miracle has been performed!

For six months, a brave, far-seeing movie company has been working on the

Dr. Eugen Frenke (right), producer-husband of Anna Sten (with dogs), is the man who has brought Dr. Cornish's life-reviving miracle to the screen in "Life Returns"



Alexander

picture, "Life Returns," details of which were kept an absolute secret in Hollywood, where there are no secrets. The fact that the news did not leak out is almost a miracle in itself.

The making of this picture, however, was not accomplished as easily as it sounds. There were many obstacles in the way and it was only due to the foresight and untiring efforts of Dr. Eugen Frenke, German producer (and, in private, the husband of Anna Sten), that the



←© Universal Pictures



Top left, Dr. Robert E. Cornish, in his laboratory, listens to the first faint heart-beats of a dog he has brought back to life. Top right, "Lazarus the 3rd," the dog revived in "Life Returns." Above, Onslow Stevens, who plays the scientist in the picture

feat was accomplished. How this was done; how, for six months, it was kept a secret is one of the most interesting stories ever to come out of Hollywood.

Dr. Frenke was only one of millions of people who were startled by the announcement, early in 1934, that Dr. Cornish, young scientist of Berkeley, California, had succeeded in bringing back life to a dog. Since time began, scientists have searched in vain for a method of restoring life to the dead, but it was only Dr. Frenke who saw in the news

item possibilities for a great dramatic picture.

Around the experiment he wrote a poignant story—a tale of the love of a man for his son and the son's love for his dog, together with the struggle of the scientist who is willing to give up everything for the possibility of some day giving to humanity the hope of restoring life. As his hero, he created a character whose aims were similar to those of Dr. Cornish in real life. He then gained the backing of Universal Pictures Corporation.

The next, and hardest, step was to secure the consent and coöperation of Dr. Cornish to photograph his second experiment. Dr. Frenke visited him many times on this quest. He spent days in the laboratory with him. The young scientist hesitated to do anything that would seem to commercialize his work, although badly in need of finances to continue his experiments. And he did not want to be bothered with actors and cameramen.

"One day it would be 'Yes'; the next day, 'No'; 'Yes'; 'No'; 'Yes'; 'No'. Every day a different answer," explains Dr. Frenke, waving his arms about, excitedly. But he persevered and on the ninth day told Dr. Cornish: "If you say 'No' once more, you will have to resuscitate *me*."

Dr. Cornish gave his consent and, having once been won over, was enthusiastic in his efforts to give every assistance. He found in Dr. Frenke a kindred soul, a man who spoke his language, a man who was interested in his experiment for the sake of humanity; and he spared no effort to be of the greatest assistance in making a film

of his second experiment. Other producers offered him fabulous sums of money to grant them the privilege of having a camera in his laboratory—one company offering as high as fifty thousand dollars—but he refused them all.

Details having been arranged. (Continued on page 78)

By GRANT JACKSON

FOLLOWING the amazing success of little six-year-old Shirley Temple, all of the studios in Hollywood have entered into competition—as all of the studios always do—hoping to discover another child box-office sensation. Into every nursery in the land, talent scouts are poking inquiring noses. "The public wants juvenile stars," is the cry. "We must give the public what it wants." (*And what ever became of Jackie Coogan?*)

Child prodigies are literally over-running the town these days. Proud mothers, with little Cuthelbert or Gwendolynne in tow, buttonhole you on street corners and you must listen to a glowing account of the cleverness of the offspring who sings with the voice of McCormack, tap-dances better than Bill Robinson, and recites "Casey at the Bat" with more pathos than DeWolf Hopper. Ah, these wonder children! (*Once there was one named Jackie Coogan.*)

Contracts have already been arranged for a number of them—the ones with real talent. Paramount, home of fast-growing Baby LeRoy, has added seven-year-old David Holt to the roster. Mickey Rooney has joined Jackie Cooper at M-G-M. RKO-Radio has Frankie Thomas, Jr., under seven-year contract. Universal boasts of the acquisition of Juanita Quigley, a three-year-old, said to be the youngest contract player to speak lines in any talking picture. Fox, of course, has Shirley Temple, neatly tied up with a new agreement paying her a thousand a week. Cora Sue Collins free-lances at a handsome salary. There are others and will be still others in the current cycle. (*But will there ever be another Jackie Coogan?*)

And there will be the inevitable reaction. The public, surfeited with an over-



JACKIE COOGAN- 14 YEARS LATER

**A Former Child Star Exposes
the Fable of "Lost Childhood"**



dose of cuteness, will yawn. But before the public turns away will come another inevitability—the accusation that normal childhoods are being sacrificed on the altar of the Great God Movies. From all sides will arise a cry that these children are being robbed of their natural heritage. Editorials will be written upon the subject, women's clubs will gather to hear lectures, and debates will rage furiously throughout the entire civilized world. (*Even as they raged in Jackie Coogan's day.*)

We thought it might be interesting to hear from a former baby star—the most famous, by far, of all time. Fourteen years ago, he made "The Kid." To-day Jackie Coogan, now nineteen and a junior in college, is emerging from retirement to resume his acting career in Paramount's "Home on the Range." Certainly, he is extremely well qualified to settle this question of a childhood lost in the movies.

"Don't talk to me about the sacrifice of childhood," said Jackie, now Jack, his tone more than a little scornful. "Let's leave such fables to the fiction writers and confine ourselves to facts. A child in the movies has *nothing to lose and everything to gain.*"

"Acting comes naturally to every youngster. He is an actor in nearly every game he plays. He is constantly devising new games so that he can cast himself in a rôle of his own imagining. He runs around the yard in his little cowboy suit. But in his mind, he isn't running. He is astride a charging horse, chasing Indians and killing them with his cap pistol or, lacking a pistol, his forefinger and thumb. Or maybe the boy has an Indian suit. In that event, he is still a hero in his own eyes, a good Injun, chasing the intruders from his lands, scalping the evil white men.

"A little girl is the same. Give her a doll and she becomes a mother; she (*Continued on page 83*)



MARGARET SULLAVAN

Peggy is more than a clever actress; she is a far-sighted one. That's why she demands the right to a private life. The less that people know about her as a person, the more readily they will accept her as the characters she plays. She prefers, in short, to be an actress, more than a personality. And her preference seems to be paying dividends. With just two pictures—"Only the Lonely" and "Little Man, What Now?"—behind her, she already ranks as one of the screen great. In her new picture, "The Good Fairy," she tries something new—wistful, romantic comedy. (Did you read anything about her romance with director William Wyler?)



THE ONLY ONE OF HIS KIND IN HOLLYWOOD!

FRANCIS LEDERER is more than a personality—he's a phenomenon!

BY JOAN BAILEY

A CERTAIN Hollywood writer was walking into the Roosevelt Hotel one day behind a young man with curly hair and a very jaunty back. That was all of the young man that the writer could see. But what the writer saw the young man do just before entering the lobby of the hotel made him rub his eyes and gape—then have a great urge to rush to the nearest telegraph office and send a wire to "Believe It Or Not" Ripley.

For the young man with the debonair back and unruly hair reached into his pocket, pulled out something that was wrapped in white paper and looked like a legal document, knelt down and touched the threshold of the hotel with whatever it was that was wrapped so carefully in that white paper. Then he rose and walked into the hotel.

The mysterious young man who performed these curious antics is a screen star whose bewitching smile is proclaimed on two continents as one guaranteed to make the ladies temporarily forget home, husband, bargain sales and bridge games. Since the enormous success of his two most recent pictures, "The Pursuit of Happiness" and "Romance in Manhattan," he has been hurled to the fore as the captivating Lothario who has brought "a new kind of love-making to the screen."

Oddly enough, it irks this young man to be regarded as "another matinee idol." He far prefers to be known for his plan to establish World Peace—to which he devotes all his spare time and all his money above his living expenses. Which plan, incidentally, has made groups of university professors and thinking people throughout the nation sit up and take serious notice.

In other words, this fervent young man whose name on a

theatre marquee assures a play a record run from four months to two years, this incredible personality—half-gipsy, half-monk—is the strangest human paradox who has yet struck Hollywood. A fascinating and bewildering mixture of medieval superstition, deep religiousness, brilliant mentality, shrewd common sense, and devastating charm. The way he bends over a woman's hand and pauses for a breathless fraction of a second to look into her eyes is—oh, well!

The paper that he took out of his pocket that day was his contract with RKO-Radio Studios. (In salary terms and special advantages, it happens to be one of the most precious of its kind in Hollywood.) Wrapped in it was a fragment of his native soil—yes, just a bit of earth from Czechoslovakia. And he wouldn't think of entering a building in which he was to keep an important appointment (we're speaking of business now), without first going through this astounding performance!

All of which proves that you can be ever so charming, ever so intelligent—and ever so superstitious. Francis Lederer is all three—and a most remarkable young man besides.

The above superstition is not his only one. He has inherited several others from the quaint folkways of Central Europe.

For instance, always before rehearsing a love scene on set or stage, he takes a certain charm from his pocket and studies it concentratedly for a moment. No one has ever discovered what that secret symbol is, beyond the fact that it is white. Francis sees to it that this, like so many other things about him, remains a mystery.

If he happens to be reading a letter (Cont. on page. S7)



"THE PUBLIC NEVER FORGETS"

says Ann Dvorak

That was Ann's big discovery when she returned from her long truant tour of Europe. Now, in gratitude, she tells what the experience has done for her, and says, jubilantly, "I am beginning my career all over again"

By GLADYS HALL

ANN DVORAK, who always reminds me, somehow, of Estelle Taylor, leaned across the table in the Warner Brothers' Green Room, where we were lunching together, and said, "The Public never forgets. You could really," she laughed, "call this story either 'The Public Never Forget's' or 'I Am Beginning My Career All Over Again,' because both are true stories about me.

"I am amused and incredulous and really indignant now when I hear people moan about the fact that this business of pictures is a fickle business, a short-lived business, an ungrateful and short-memoried business; when they say—whoever 'they' are—that the screen life of an actor or actress is something like five years or a little more. Absurd.

"You have heard how, in Paris, the audiences rise to their feet and cheer when Mistinguette or any other beloved old-timer appears on the stage. We are told, reproachfully, that the loyalty of other countries to their entertainers is beautiful and puts ours to shame. I don't agree. I feel sure that if I should hobble on the screen forty years from now, my fans would rise up and give me some rousing hosannas! And others would fare the same.

"All we have to do is look about us—at the (Continued on page 88)



ANN DVORAK

Did you know that Ann was a dancer before she ever was an actress? She is both, simultaneously—for the first time—in "Sweet Music," with Rudy Vallee. He names Ann as one of the twelve most beautiful women in Hollywood . . . She is also one of the twelve frankest—talking about life, careers and emotions in the interview just one page back



GINGER ROGERS

Ginger, like Ann, is one of the Delicious Dozen on Rudy Vallee's list—or anyone's list . . . A beauty, a comedienne, a dancer, a singer, she is the queen of musical comedy, with "Roberta" next on her regal program. Yes, she is Fred Astaire's partner again. Also, she is the bride of Lew Ayres. (Wait till you see her trousseau two pages hence!)



LORETTA YOUNG JEAN ARTHUR

Beautiful, poised, unaffected, sincere—all of these adjectives (or their superlatives) fit Loretta, as they fit few. And "ambitious" is another. She would rather glorify a rôle than have a rôle glorified. And she did just that as the nurse in "Parade." Now, in "Clive of India" she plays a woman of thirty

Jean is back from Broadway, and all is forgiven. On both sides. For the reason why Jean deserted films, went behind the footlights and made a new name for herself was to impress producers with the fact that she should have more dramatic rôles. Now she is leading lady to the always-dramatic Edward G. Robinson in "Passport to Fame"

THE BRIDE — GINGER ROGERS — DESCRIBES HER TROUSSEAU

In an exclusive interview, accompanied by exclusive photographs, Ginger tells what new gowns were in her wardrobe for her wedding to Lew Ayres

By RITA JEAN D'ARCY

"Something old, something new,
Something borrowed, something blue"

—Old Saw about Bridal Costumes

THE 'something old' and 'something new' have been easy enough," grinned Ginger Rogers, "and 'the something borrowed' will be a locket from a girl-friend. But that 'something blue' has me stumped. I just can't figure how anything blue is going to fit in with a pale-green wedding dress. Unless, maybe, I wore this under the whole outfit," and blue eyes sparkled above Ginger Rogers' famous grin.

"This" was indicated by running the palms of her hands

down the romper-like blue practice suit she was wearing.

We were standing in an enormous sound-stage—barren except for the piano that two huskies were bringing through the big door. Ginger was taking her last dance rehearsal before her marriage—for it takes some rehearsing to keep step with the nimble Fred Astaire. With production of "Roberta" under way, and only two days left in which to find a house for herself and Lew Ayres before the wedding, Ginger had scant time to indulge in the day-dreams so precious to prospective brides. So, not to lose time, she tried a practice step or two before continuing:

"I imagine I'll have to limit my ingenuity to a blue garter—though that seems rather lacking in originality. Someone suggested a blue ribbon on a purple orchid wedding bouquet—but that didn't appeal to me. What I would like to carry is a bouquet of calla lilies and gardenias—but even now I don't know what we will finally decide upon."

"Did you have any difficulty deciding upon your wedding dress?" I asked.

"Not particularly. I had it made in New York, by Kiviette.

Left, the bride and her attendants (whose dresses are also described): Jonet Gaynor, bridesmaid; the bride, Mory Brion, bridesmaid; and Phyllis Fraser, maid of honor



Above, "it's gold cloth, with a butterfly jocket"; right, without the jocket



Above, "a street frock with an Italian line collar against the black crepe"



I love pale-green. Of my whole trousseau, however, I think my favorite is the gold evening gown. I think that's adorable. But the way Lew and I love to rough it and knock about in sport clothes, I don't know how much chance I'll have to wear it."

"What is the wedding dress like?"

"It's of chantilly lace, floor-length, made in two pieces. The skirt and the waist are separate. The waist is bodice style, with long sleeves and ruffled peplum at the waist—and a ruffled collar around a high neck. The skirt is robe de style fashion with a train, and, being full and sheer, has the undergarment very tight and close to the body. Down the front of the waist, from the neck to the waistline, are little jeweled buttons a half-inch apart.

"The whole is a modernized version of the 1849 costume, with plain pale-green crêpe pumps. A picture hat to match has a short veil attached at the back."

"And the evening gown that fascinates you?"

Ginger's blue eyes sparkled. "It's gorgeous; a sort of coming true of a dream I've often had. It sort of makes me feel like somebody new. In fact, my whole trousseau has that effect on me. It makes me look forward—to something wonderful, to many happy, busy years. Most girls look forward to their marriage—and I'm looking forward from it.

"But you want to know about that gown. It's gold cloth, with a little butterfly slip jacket that fastens around the neck and waist with henna-colored buckles. It's toe-length—with the cutest gold sandals peeping out below it. And you should see how it flatters me. I'm just dying to show it off."

"How many dresses did you have made in New York?"

"The wedding dress is chantilly lace—a modernized version of an 1849 costume"



Below, "a stunning butcher-boy outfit in figured silver lamé and black velvet"




"About ten. I would have liked more—but I wouldn't know where to put them. As it is, my wardrobe is so large that we can't live in Lew's house up in the hills. That's one reason why I've been scouring Westwood and Beverly Hills and Bel-Air, hunting for a house for us. House-hunting was a thrill at first, but I've had more than my share of it now. And we haven't found a place yet—though I've been around enough these last few days to qualify as a real-estate guide. In fact, I'm getting groggy from it."

"Aren't you going to build?"

Ginger shook her head violently. "Not now," she replied. "Later—after we know just what we want in a house. Lew's idea is to design something just to fit our needs—when we know what they are."

"Tell me some more about your (Continued on page 94)

Above, "a cocktail dress of stratosphere-blue crêpe . . . has a bright shawl collar." Right, "a cocktail frock of black crêpe, with floral appliqué"



RONALD COLMAN

Ronnie without his mustache—did you ever anticipate it? That mustache seemed as safe as his English accent, as well established as his habit of dodging romance rumors . . . But then came the title rôle of "Clive of India," the chance to portray the young clerk who became one of Britain's great empire-builders—and Clive was smooth-shaven . . . In forfeiting his facial trade-mark, though, who knows what he may win? Knighthood, perhaps?

FREDRIC MARCH LIVES IN A FRENCH "FARMHOUSE"



The new house of the Marches might be "somewhere in France," instead of Beverly Hills—it's that French. It has all the virtues of a chateau, all the comforts of home . . .

BY DOROTHY CALHOUN

ONCE you step inside the huge courtyard walls of Fredric March's new Norman-French "farmhouse" in Beverly Hills, California fades from sight, even from mind. Surely, beyond that cobbled wall is a village church and a duck pond and a road with blue-pinafored, apple-cheeked children driving geese!

The outside of the house is sparkling white, with the characteristic corner tower and sprawling wings, and even more characteristic flower pots perched on every vantage point. Dark wood doors usher the visitor into a circular foyer in the formal French manner. No Frenchman would dream of opening his living room to the view of strangers from the street. Beyond, at the left, there is a dim shimmer of green, with painted wood walls, and slatted sunlight falling through green Venetian blinds along one wall. Living room? Library? It's charming, whatever the proper name of the room is!

On either side of the fireplace, love-seats covered in greenish coppery cretonne, with dull roses scattered over it, face each other across the autumn-leaf carpet. The wall surfaces are books. In one corner, the grand piano is covered with a blazing yellow velvet throw, which is like sudden sunlight in a forest. A yellow wing-chair repeats the sunlight across the room. The whole feeling of this utterly lovely room is restfulness. But it did not just happen so. It is the result of careful planning.

Taking the out-of-doors for a color chart, the decorator—Henry Sleeper, who died soon after finishing the March house—has kept the walls and floor the neutral shades of earth and leaves, and added vivid patches of light here and there, in yellow (this color persists throughout the house), in copper and brass, and especially in flaming flowers, the brightest that the season offers.



The candid camera finds Fredric March relaxing (left) on the terrace, from which steps lead down (above) to the swimming pool. Below, at the left, is Florence Eldridge March's bedroom; below, at the right, the library-living room





There is no "period" furnishing. There are old prints and there are paintings of the newer schools. There are books both printed and un-apologetically popular. The chairs are comfortable and sturdy, no sticky antiques. The long table under the narrow windows is strewn with magazines. Lamps with soft shades stand at one's elbow wherever that elbow happens to be. It's a man's room that women will love.

A curving hall lined with bookcases leads to the playroom beyond. Fortunately, the Marches have plenty of friends to enjoy such a room, for it is a place not only to play, but to loaf, read, rest, live and dream. A "cathedral" roof with dark rafters gives a sense of great space. Dark, polished floors are sprinkled with oval braided rugs, whose predominating colors are rust and yellow. The fireplace might have been brought in toto from a French peasant's cottage, with its ruffled petticoat across the mantel, its hob and recessed hearth, its copper and brass and pewter pots and pans.

At the farther end, a long bench upholstered in blazing yellow faces the room, with a recessed, copper-countered bar at one side. Above it, wooden shutters may be moved aside to expose the projection machine. At the opposite end of the room a trap in the floor may be raised to shoot up a full-sized motion picture screen. Scattered about the long room are bits of well-rubbed furniture, benches,



The charm of the Marches' new French-Norman home comes out and greets you at the very entrance (top right). The foyer (in circle) prepares you for other rooms—such as the dining room (left) and the "Old Provincial" playroom (above)

maple chairs, cretonned chairs, oak tables with a time-nibbled look. A tall oak chest stands against one wall, an open-faced dresser against another.

There is nothing in this room that thrifty small-home owners could not afford. Furniture of at least similar shape and size can be bought, for the most part, in department stores of the better sort. Rugs, curtains, lamps (with dull pewter bases and white woolly (Continued on page 79))





—THE FLOWER OF MY HEART



"FOR YOU I PINE"

No doubt inspired by that stack in the background, Donald Woods is making hay while the moon shines . . . an 1890 moon that makes a fair face like Irene Dunne's beam', . . . and the chances are that she'll sing, "Don't Ever Leave Me"

Have you ever longed for the good old days when there weren't any crooners? Ah, you'll know what they were like in "Sweet Adeline," when Hugh Herbert, Ned Sparks and Joseph Cawthorn—all born comics—form a trio!

MY AD-E-LINE"

"—SWEET ADELINE"

"Sweet Adeline" . . . the very name of Warners' newest musical conjures up the Gay Nineties . . . singing, laughing . . . cabarets . . . toasts in slippers (Hugh Herbert is singing "I Get That Way" to Winifred Shaw) . . . and a belle like Irene Dunne (who sings seven Jerome Kern songs)



"I HATE FLATTERY AND FLATTERERS"

—Joan Crawford

She has frequently been criticized for dropping people she once called "friends."
This story-interview explains it for the first time

BY ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT

AN informal dinner at Joan Crawford's . . . six young celebrities of the screen, sipping their coffee and talking . . . talking earnestly, intently, **SINCERELY**.

"That was a raw thing to do," Joan comments, leaning forward and looking directly into the eyes of the young man across the table. There is understanding, rather than accusation, in her voice.

On his part, surprisingly, there is neither resentment nor embarrassment. He puffs his cigarette thoughtfully and regards her with equal candor.

"Of course, it was," he agrees calmly. "A very raw thing to do. I'm afraid I have an inconsiderate, selfish streak in my nature—and I'm really concerned about it."

An unusual dinner-table conversation, you must admit! Such complete frankness would appal the average hostess, particularly in this thin-skinned town of Hollywood, where face-to-face criticism is seldom indulged. But:

"Sincerity," says Joan Crawford, "is the most precious thing in life! Without it, there's nothing but shallowness, sham and pretense. A friendship that does not invite straight-from-the-shoulder conversation is a bitter travesty. The man I spoke to is my friend—why shouldn't we be honest with one another? Certainly, as a friend, I would demand the same frank criticism from him."

"I welcome sincere criticism. If I can be called successful, it is because I have accepted and tried to profit by every sincere criticism of my personality and my work. I came here handicapped, without background, without friends and without experience in friendship, without any clear idea of how to accomplish the tasks I had set for myself. I made many mistakes—and no one has ever been criticized more severely or more frequently than I have been. My personal appearance, my dress, my conduct—everything about me was criticized. And sometimes the fault-finding cut me to the heart. But I am deeply grateful. (Continued on page 80)



BY
WILLIAM
F. FRENCH

To Bing Crosby, this business of becoming movie-famous is "ninety per cent luck"—and he was lucky. Anyway, he has no use for high hats, isn't moanin' low about the troubles of a star, and isn't even talking retirement

"IT'S A MATTER OF B-B-BREAKS,"

says Bing

"THERE, but for the grace of God, go I." That, according to Bing Crosby, is the thought that should enter the mind of the average Hollywood star every time he sees a down-and-out tramping the streets, or a discouraged "extra" turning from a casting office window.

For Bing is thoroughly convinced that the difference between being on the top and being on the bottom is, nine times out of ten, merely a matter of breaks. If those breaks happen to be good, you are one of the fortunate few. If they are bad, you are one of the unfortunate many. And, generally, Bing maintains, it isn't your fault, whichever way the pendulum of luck swings.

That's why Bing Crosby is never high-hat, and why you can be as "regular" in his eyes, chauffeuring a push-cart, as you can by driving a Rolls-Royce. Because, according to Bing's experience, you can be doing one to-day and the other

to-morrow. Especially in Hollywood, where being in the dough is often only one step from being in the soup. And, as a usual thing, outside of salting away something for a rainy day, you can't do much about it.

The more you keep your feet on (Cont. on page 80)

"Anyone with any common sense ought

to know more than to be cocky these

days. . . . It's a precarious pastime to

imagine yourself better than the next

fellow. . . . No man knows how long his

good fortune will last. . . . It burns me

up to see some lucky individual in radio

or pictures putting on airs. . . ."

EVELYN LAYE

She is, so travelers tell, the greatest beauty of the English stage. She pronounces her name "Eve-lyn." She is now in America in shadow form as the songstress of "Evensong"—and in person, as the ballet-dancer and co-star of Ramon Novarro in "The Night Is Young." Hail 1935's first authentic thrill!



Russell Ball

"We had some good hard bumps to make us cling together," says Buck Jones, one arm about his wife and one about their daughter, Maxine. Which is which? Maxine is on the left



McLean

UNTOLD STORIES OF LOVES that have lasted

3. Marriages can—and do—last in Hollywood. For example: Buck Jones and Odille Osborne, who married before he was either in the movies or in the money, and are just as much in love to-day. Those early uphill years made them pals for life!

By WILLIAM F. FRENCH

For sweet sensation's sake, headline-hunters may try to give the impression that marriage can't last in Hollywood. But the statistics don't bear them out. The happy couples far outnumber the restless ones—in Hollywood as anywhere else. And MOTION PICTURE is presenting the intimate, inside stories of some of these enduring romances, to prove it. This month, we urge you to read the colorful, dramatic story of Buck Jones and Odille Osborne, still happy after nineteen years, who tell you why.—Editor.

"MARRIAGE is like anything else; it ought to be built from the ground up—with a good solid foundation of hard knocks and teamwork to stand on. At least," and Buck Jones grinned sheepishly, "that's my way of figuring. I don't think Dell and I would ever had had this," indicating his beautiful valley ranch, with its spacious house, its stables, barbecue pit, swimming pool and acres of bearing fruit trees, "if we hadn't learned to fight for things, and if we hadn't had some good hard bumps to make us cling together.

"To my mind, there's nothing like a couple of empty

stomachs, a little worry and some good, old-fashioned hard luck to make a marriage stick. With the wolf scratching at the door, incompatibility just naturally flies out the window.

"Of course, when we married, we were only kids, full of romance and with the bright eyes of adventure egging us on. Hard knocks sort of bounced off us, and our darkest hours only made the future look brighter. That's one of the advantages of starting young—and at the bottom."

And there is no doubt about those two facts, for when Buck first laid eyes on the little redhead who has been steering his ship for the past nineteen years, she was only fifteen and he didn't own a saddle to sit in.

"I was bronco-busting and rough-riding for the '101 Ranch' show, back in 1914, when I first saw Dell," reminisces Buck. "She was trick-riding for the show. She looked so small and slender and graceful, with her long red hair streaming out behind as she rode, that I used to stand by the entrance curtain and watch her, every performance. I knew she was only fifteen, and I just couldn't get over the spunk of her."

Buck didn't spend all his time by that curtain for he had a man's job to do each per- (Continued on page 86)



W O M E N S C R E A M AT THE SIGHT OF HIM

Introducing PETER LORRE—who terrified the Continent, and now has come to Hollywood. As a horror star, this friendly young actor has no peers—and this story-interview tells how he works his dark magic

BY FAITH SERVICE

WOMEN SCREAM at sight of him. Parents snatch their children out of sight and touch of him as they pass him on the street. A woman died in the audience one night,

He said, "I am Peter Lorre,"—and waited with a strange expression in his eyes. I could tell that, patiently, he was expecting me to scream: to have a fainting spell, perhaps.

(Continued on page 82)

watching him. Men turn pale and draw aside as they meet him. Restaurants, theatre lobbies, churches empty as he enters them. He is a marked man on the Continent. He cannot enter any public place without finding himself, almost immediately, alone. Wherever he goes he is surrounded by shrill cries and curdled screams, as though the air about him might be spiked with knives.

Peter Lorre made "M" in Berlin, in 1931. And wherever he goes, that frightful letter "M" frames him with macabre horror. The "M" stands in audiences' minds for "Madman" or "Murderer"—a madman who murdered children.

Every perverse and twisted man and woman in Europe wrote him after the release of that picture. He will not make those letters public. "They are too pitiful," he says.

He went, after "M," to the homes of old friends, old familiar friends, to dine with them and with their wives and children. He would arrive, his pockets bulging with sweetmeats, as had been his wont, and the old familiar friends would take their children out of the room as he entered.

In one home a nurse, meeting him as he entered, fell on the floor in a cataleptic fit.

His wife saw "M" and regarded her husband, for days afterward, with distended, stranger-eyes...

I went, the other day, to interview this Peter Lorre. I had not seen "M." I had not chanced to see any pictures of him. I had no real idea of what he might look like. I sat in his dressing-room, waiting tensely for—I know not what. In my fevered imagination, fed on the weird tales I had heard about him, I visualized a super-Frankenstein—a gaunt ashen man, perhaps, with burning eyes and skull-like head and long, white predatory fingers. My throat ached. My fingers and toes curled inward. My spine was cold.

People kept coming in and out of the dressing-room. I felt that I would know him when I saw him. I thought: "Men have fainted, women have died at sight of him—actually at sight of him, not just his presence on the screen."

A shortish, plumpish man came gently and pleasantly into the room. A rotund man of about five foot five inches, with apple-red cheeks, a little-boy sort of haircut, very bright protruding brown eyes, a genial smile and a courteous manner. Everything about him was round—his cheeks, his eyes, his nose, his figure.

PHILIP REED is a young man who's going to have to spend his life living down his shoulders. You'll understand what I mean when you take a look at them. Philip has the broadest, squarest, most padded-looking shoulders in Hollywood—and the fantastic thing about them is that they're real. You can poke them, and they don't give. Only bone and muscle meet the skeptical finger. And, incidentally, Philip has had to put up with considerable shoulder-poking from padded cynics.

His chief concern is to rise above the frivolous impression created by those shoulders. Of course, he has the other things that go with them—the youth (he's twenty-six), the height, practically no hips, rich, smooth black hair, and a boyishly romantic face that has all the adjuncts of even teeth, warm dark eyes, and—need I go on? You really can't blame Hollywood for carelessly thinking of Philip as a big, good-looking lad with a nice physique whose date-book must be crowded and whose self-confidence must be out-of-the-ordinary—since he acquired a swanky car and a house at Malibu in his first Summer, when most newcomers are still living at the Hollywood Athletic Club.

That isn't by a long shot what Philip wants people to think of him, or what he thinks of himself. Little do the casual observers realize that life for Philip is a soul-struggle between his shoulders and the head set upon them. He really inclines toward intellect and the finer things of life. Elissa Landi, for instance, and classical music, and books and thoughts and violins (he really fiddled in "Glamour"), the company of distinguished people, and a private life devoid of ballyhoo.

Above all, he repudiates the idea that he is romantically interested in every beauty with whom he is seen driving, dining or dancing. On the contrary, beginning with Pola Negri and going right on through Margaret Lindsay, Genevieve Tobin, Virginia Bruce, Elissa Landi and the many other famous women in his life, he categorically denies that there has been a romance in any case.

"I'm normal," he argues. "I'm not—neglected. But I do think it's possible to be friends with a woman and to be interested in her mind, as well as her beauty. I have never claimed to be an intellectual, but I am intellectual to the extent that I can know women and be friends with them without having romance enter into it.

"I get along better, conversationally, with women than I do with men—though I have some very good men-friends. But if you go out with men, you either talk about the fights or women. You are conversationally limited. I find women better com-

panions—more responsive and sympathetic and with a much wider range of interests.

"But sometimes I get tired of women. They have to be entertained every minute. You never can ignore them, and just sit around with your (Continued on page 92)

W O M E N B E A M AT THE SIGHT OF HIM

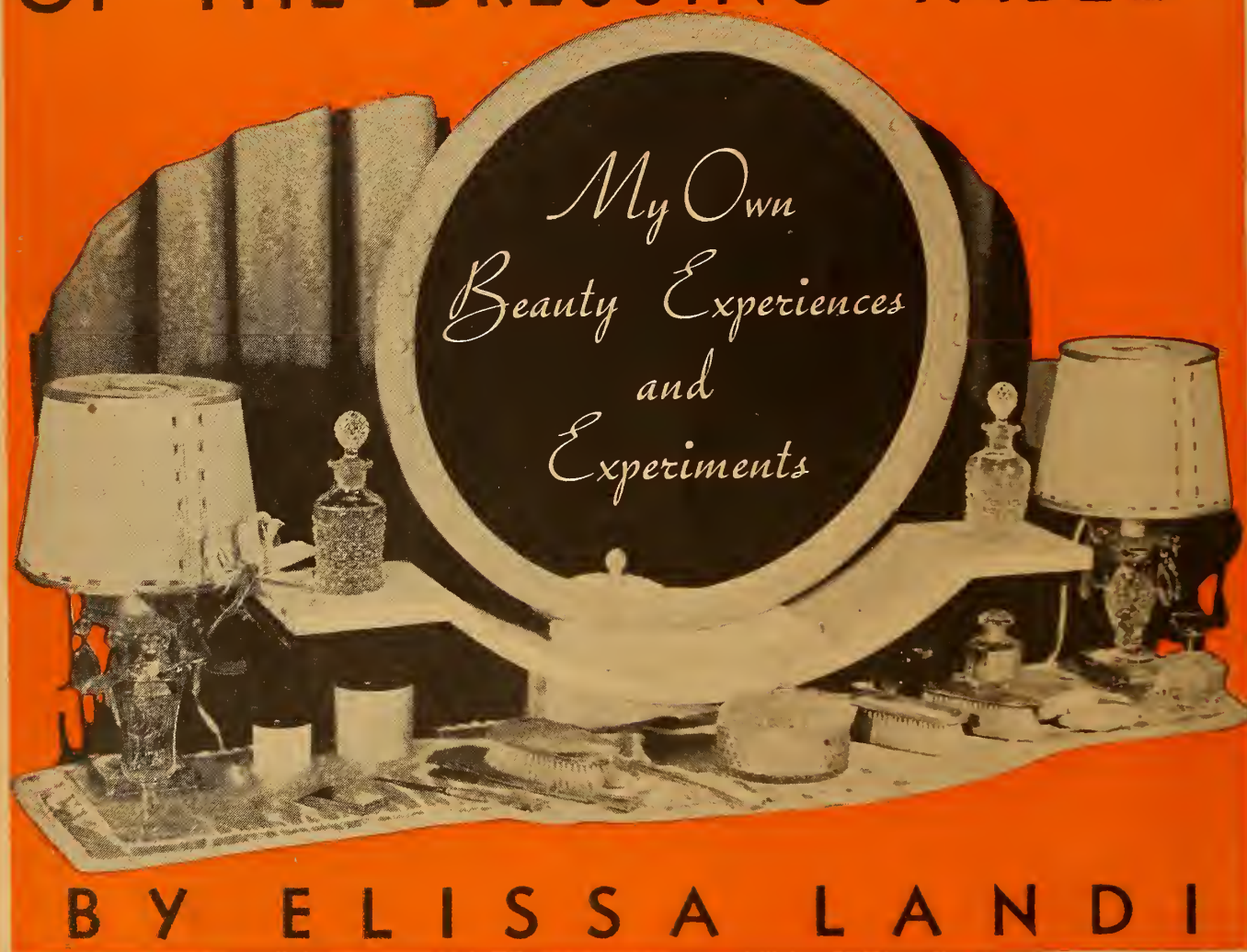
PHILIP REED, of the famous shoulders, also has had—and still has—some famous women-friends. There's a multitude of reasons, all worth noting!

By ELIZABETH GOLDBECK



The Secrets

OF THE DRESSING TABLE



BY ELISSA LANDI

There are beauty secrets—and charm secrets—and Hollywood knows them all. This month, Elissa Landi reveals—exclusively for MOTION PICTURE—several of her own. Every feminine reader will value them.—Editor.

WHEN MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE first asked me to write on "beauty," I was horrified. "Oh, please don't ask me to set myself up as an example for that sort of thing," I begged. "I feel the same way about it, when I am asked to pose for fashion pictures. I'm an actress—at least, I hope I am—not a gown model."

"But an actress must know about beauty—much more about it than other people," they said. "It's part of your job. Just give us your own beauty 'experiences' and 'experiments' . . ."

So, as long as it's clear that I'm not setting myself up

as an example of what other girls should do and be, I'm glad to tell you my dressing-table routine. Perhaps some of the things will be helpful to you. And other things that I do may not be at all practical for your particular case—because beauty to-day is so much a matter of individual requirements and tastes. So, as even a beauty specialist would probably say to you, I say, "Let your good sense be your guide."

You see, my ideas may be a bit unconventional. For example, I have read that "you should always minimize your bad points and exaggerate your good ones," but I do not agree with that theory at all. And perhaps that, too, is because my business is that of being an actress. I believe, instead, that unusual features like a long neck, or a "cat nose," or slanty eyes are usually an asset, not a liability. Too many people to-day look like too many other people—it is very sad, I think. So while I have the three "unusual" (I'm just being nice to myself, for what I really should say is "bad") features I just men-

tioned, I don't try to do anything to camouflage them. In fact, if anything, I accentuate them.

My neck, for example. It's long and not exactly "swan-like"—but I hold my head even higher because of it. If you're going to have a long neck, have a long neck. My eyes, sort of slanty, I allow to stay that way—and I do not use special make-up to change their appearance. Even my nose, which is broad at the top like a cat's, still looks like a cat's when I get through with it. So you understand why I demurred when I was asked to write on beauty.

I'm also going to tell you that I don't like bright nail polish—for me. That I like eyeshadow only when it doesn't show. That I think a lot of lipstick looks repulsive. That I dislike any make-up that is too obvious. But wait, I can be constructive, and I will be.

Make-up is so secondary to the really basic beauty principle—a good skin. For if you have a lovely, fresh, clear, youthful skin, there is no need of wearing make-up. There is nothing so attractive as natural loveliness. And most of us have to do things to get it and keep it. For every five minutes I spend on applying make-up, I spend a half-hour in cleansing, stimulating and refreshing my complexion.

I'm sure there is no need to go into the subject of cleansing, for everyone realizes its importance, and how to go about it. But that is only half the story (though it may be the first and most important half). It's what comes next that counts. Every pore in our faces, as we grow older, has a tendency to grow larger. That is the thing we must guard against, for coarse pores, even more than lines, rob a face of its youth. Here is my daily attack on this problem.

In the morning, I first cleanse my face. (But I use no soap, and cold water, in the mornings. You need only to *freshen* your face after a night's sleep; it can't get dirty in bed!) I give my face a five-minute slapping with a light massage cream, working it well into the pores. Then I remove that with tissue, and apply an astringent or lotion that will close the pores. After dabbing this all over my face with cotton, I pat it dry.

Then I pat a very fine-grained, natural-tone powder on my nose, chin and forehead. (It is wise to cover your hair while you "make up," or it will get either greasy or dusty and look unkempt.) I try to keep my cheeks free of powder. Then I brush off the outer film of

Right—"I pat powder on my nose, chin and forehead. I try to keep my cheeks free of powder." Bottom left—"Then I brush off the outer film of powder with a very soft powder puff." Bottom right—"There's a new little gadget called a lip pencil."

powder from my face with a very soft powder puff or the softest brush I can find. Wally Westmore, the make-up expert, gave me this tip about how to add an alluring finish to make-up. One of my personal idiosyncrasies is that I don't go in for foundation creams. I prefer that child-like look of a tightly-stretched skin with particular coloring (my hair is titian, you know), than that "gardenia" look of having lived indoors all one's life. However, for brunettes or certain blondes, a wan, even complexion can give a most intriguing air of fragility or exoticism. And the manufacturers are now making these "foundations" in shades to match individual complexions. The old ones, usually white, were difficult to use, because they were



apt to leave a white, pasty look under the powder. But now you can buy them in about four shades—white, flesh, cream and tan. (They may call them by more fancy names, but this is the general line-up.) Incidentally, for the best results, always be sure to let the foundation cream dry completely before applying powder.

Particular about Powder

IN order to achieve the best results when aiming at the new fashion of "child-like"-looking faces, powder rightly applied is still a woman's best friend. But only when rightly applied. For years I thought that just "putting it on" was all that there was to powder. But I discovered differently. It's the way you put it on that matters. (Continued on page 96)



RADIO TELLS MOVIE STARS: "Come On and Be Dramatic!"



Frank Buck

The broadcasting barons have finally found the way to interest the film-famous in a big way. Mary Pickford gave them the cue!

By LOUIS REID, Radio Editor of the New York American

THE radio rajahs are no longer interested in leading the monarchs of Europe to the microphones. Time was when the radio parade of the monarchs provided the most spectacular moments of the broadcasting show. To-day, the novelty has worn off. It has worn off because the procession had nothing new to offer after the initial march past the arm-chairs. And the march wasn't long. After all, there are only a few monarchs on the job . . . To-day the rajahs' chief thoughts of conquest are centered upon the cinema citadel. The crowned heads of Europe have given way to the more versatile kings and queens of the screen.

It is the restlessness of the arm-chair audiences that is, of course, responsible—the ceaseless desire of listeners for something new, something different.

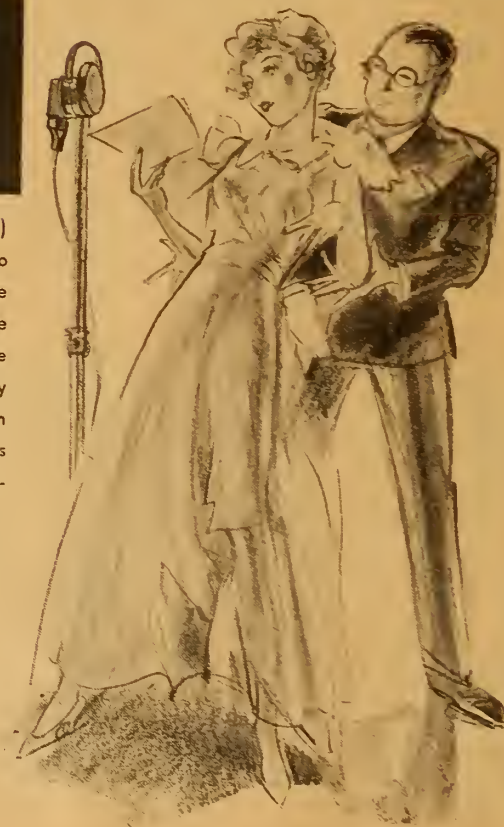
The definite trend of the new broadcasting season to drama gave the rajahs of radio the long-awaited opportunity to bring the Hollywood sovereigns into their corral. No week passes that the microphone does not present one or more of the film-famous as a special star of radio drama. And the list is constantly increasing.

Who is missing? Off-hand, I can think of only a scant half-dozen—Chaplin, Arliss, Garbo, Dietrich, Mae West, the infant Temple. Even Lionel of the royal family has capitulated, giving a special illumination to the Christmas season by impersonating *Scrooge* in Dickens' "A Christmas Carol." The news was welcome to the parlors, if only because it meant that his appearance succeeded in scaring off a hundred and one other impersonators. Heretofore, old *Scrooge*, next to "Silent Night," has been the broadcasters' most dependable Yuletide offering.



Rudy Vallee (above) was one of the radio pioneers who gave movie stars the chance to be dramatic on the air—so that now they can be pushed in front of microphones with practically no effort at all

With drama as the medium, the radio men are bringing an imposing army of screen stars past the arm-chairs. A Sunday afternoon series of programs has given listeners the voices and the sure art of such players as Walter Huston, Ethel Barrymore, Ruth Chatterton, Helen Hayes, Miriam Hopkins. A series of periods under the not inappropriate listing of "The Hall of Fame" has brought into the sitting-rooms the voices of Helen Hayes, Katharine Hepburn, Clark Gable, Leslie Howard, Ann Harding, Claudette Colbert, Charlie Ruggles,



Drawing
by
O. F. Howard



Mary Pickford



Mary Boland, Chic Sale, Adolphe Menjou, Verree Teasdale, Lee Tracy, Noah Beery, Wheeler and Woolsey.

As one of the custodians, along with Dick Powell, of "Hollywood Hotel," columnist Louella Parsons has recently introduced—and talked with—such stars as Constance Bennett, Herbert Marshall, Ronald Colman, Loretta Young, Jean Harlow, Gloria Swanson, John Boles and numerous others, who have then given dramatic excerpts from their most recent pictures.

Mary Pickford's entrance into the broadcasting gates was unquestionably the signal for a new and potent alliance of screen and radio. Miss Pickford has rummaged through a large and varied assortment of dramatic rôles, ranging from "Coquette" to "The Girl of the Golden West," and has convinced Hollywood and the radio empire that the experience of screen stars before movie microphones makes them sure broadcasting bets.

Nor are the great names of Hollywood resting merely upon their own renown to catch the wary sofas of the land that still may be heeding the crooners and comics and torch-singers and jazz bands—most reliable fixtures of the radio machine. They are selecting first-rate dramas, summoning first-class actors for their supporting casts—such actors, indeed, as Walter Connolly, Walter Abel, Frankie Thomas, Jr., Gale Gordon, Ralph Forbes.

Then there are such occasional appearances on the air waves as given by Grace Moore, Al Jolson and Frank Buck—to mention three personalities whose film labors are widely differentiated. Since her triumph in "One Night of Love," Miss Moore has bobbed up as the soloist of several symphonic concert programs. Massa Jolson, in his more recent air engagements, has abandoned ol'



On the air, now, the trio at the top—Al Jolson, Helen Hayes and Jack Benny—can all "play-act," and only Benny makes light of it . . . Can you name five stars besides Shirley Temple, above, who aren't broadcast-conscious?

Mammy at the cabin door, has gone in for dramatic impersonations. They brought not only new fame to one of America's most versatile entertainers, but new prestige to radio. Frank Buck served as a substitute for a team of entertainers during their vacation last Summer and subsequently

(Continued on page 75)



WICKED WOMAN

Rather Heavy But Has Its Moments

THIS is the sort of dramatic material an emotional actress can really sink her teeth into. So elemental and strong are the emotions involved in this story of mother love, sacrifice and remorse that there can hardly be such a thing as over-acting. But Mady Christians, who reminds one faintly of Ruth Chatterton, certainly does not err on the side of restraint. As the poor white mother of many children who kills her worthless husband to save her young from his influence, she is a robust new personality on the screen, and her promise is greater than her actual performance. It is unfortunate that such a heavy, melodramatic picture was chosen to introduce a newcomer. Several ages and sizes of children and young people work out the destinies of the family for whose sake the mother has become a murderess, notable among them Jean Parker. A happy ending somewhat redeems the somberness.

Highlights: The scene in which the mother promises that when her children are grown up and safe she will return and take her punishment for her crime. The big scene between mother and daughter when the older woman disowns her girl for a clandestine love affair. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)



FATHER BROWN, DETECTIVE

Fine Acting—Clever Picture

WITHOUT the warmth and humor of the always satisfying Walter Connolly this odd story of a criminal captured by conscience might seem slow. But *Father Brown*, the rotund, tender-hearted, shrewd priest is a joy to watch and listen to, and his methods of playing detective are, to say the least, amazing. The plot revolves about ten diamonds known as the Flying Stars, four of which are in a crucifix. A famous thief, *Flambeau* (Paul Lukas) warns the owners of these diamonds that he is going to steal them to give to a beautiful girl. Gently, whimsically, *Father Brown* handles diamonds, and souls. One of the hardest things an actor can be called on to do is to play a good and prayerful man without mawkishness. Connolly's versatility stands this test.

Highlights: The strangest chase ever pictured, wherein Father Brown leaves as clues for the police a series of eccentric and absurd acts. Father Brown and the girl (Gertrude Michael) plotting to save Flambeau from himself, rather than from the police. (Paramount)

The PICTURE PARADE

REVIEWS OF THE LATEST PICTURES



BROADWAY BILL

Most Exciting Picture of the Year

IN other hands than Frank Capra's this might have been just another race-track story. But "Broadway Bill" is very much more than that. It is, for one thing, the most exciting picture of the year. Into a conventional family consisting of a small town manufacturer (Walter Connolly is superb in his tyranny), his daughters and stodgy sons-in-law, comes a romantic outsider (Warner Baxter) whose only asset is a race horse. When revolt against humdrum respectability drives him back to his old life the youngest daughter follows him. The build-up for the race is superbly handled. Through agonizing misfortunes the lovers finally see their horse—their only hope for happiness—off at the post. By directorial magic, their suspense and anxiety are translated to the audience. You will watch that race and its startling climax with dry throats, pounding hearts, and clammy palms. Don't miss it—or Baxter and Myrna Loy as a love team.

Highlights: The family dinner, of dreadful memory to half the onlookers. The struggle of the two desperate runaways of romance to keep Broadway Bill dry in his leaky stable. The grand tag. The excitement and suspense. (Columbia)

BEST PICTURES

- "BROADWAY BILL"
- "THE MIGHTY BARNUM"
- "THE PRESIDENT VANISHES"
- "THE PAINTED VEIL"
- "SEQUOIA"
- "ROMANCE IN MANHATTAN"
- "BABES IN TOYLAND"

BEST PERFORMANCES

- WALTER CONNOLLY in both "Broadway Bill" and "Father Brown, Detective"
- ARTHUR BYRON in "The President Vanishes"
- PAUL KELLY in "The President Vanishes"
- GARBO in "The Painted Veil"
- HERBERT MARSHALL in "The Painted Veil"
- FRANCIS LEDERER in "Romance in Manhattan"



THE PAINTED VEIL

Garbo-Marshall Make It Worth Seeing

A RAMBLING story and confused motivation only serve to throw into greater relief the fine and sincere work of the three principals. Garbo and Herbert Marshall give us emotions so real that they hurt. Snatching at a loveless marriage as an escape from an intolerably dull existence, the heroine and her doctor husband (Marshall) go to China. In the exotic, colorful atmosphere which throws a painted veil over reality the wife finds the illusion of love in the gay, careless admiration of an embassy attaché (George Brent). Up to this point dragging dialogue, with the slow-moving plot, has given none of the characters an opportunity. The rest of the picture, however, is tense with emotions which really seem to matter. Garbo has moments of authentic greatness and Marshall's sensitive handling of a love so great that it has no words is the best thing he has done.

Highlights: The proposal on the balcony. The scene in the kitchen of the bungalow in the cholera-stricken Chinese colony when the husband and wife come to understanding. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)



IT'S A GIFT

Bill Fields Makes You Laugh Plenty

A COLLECTION of gags (not very fresh ones) and jokes (some of which are not so new) succeed in making this picture sufficiently funny, particularly since it projects W. C. Fields, one of the screen's most gifted funmakers. And W. C. is the reason for seeing it. The preview audience was in hysterics from the opening scene to the final fade-out. A roller skate left elaborately in the dark hallway brought screams of anticipatory laughter long before Fields skidded over it, and the shaving sequence is really quite funny, too. A shiftless grocery-keeper gets notice that he has inherited an orange ranch in California. So he piles his family into a "break-away" car and starts out to claim it. That, in substance, is the plot. The interest, however, stems from Bill Fields' familiar comedy, which is none the less good for long service. W. C. has a way with him.

Highlights: Fields' contortions trying to look into the shaving mirror attached to the electric cord. His first glimpse of his "inheritance." Bill's fine sense of timing. The Baby LeRoy scenes. The laughs. (Paramount)



THE MIGHTY BARNUM

Worth Seeing—Clever Cast

ALMOST too big to crowd into the few words of a review, this biographical picture traces the great showman, Phineas T. Barnum, from a grocery store where he trades crackers for three-headed frogs, through his museum of freaks, through the ups, and, especially, the spectacular downs of his strange career to a memorable, stirring ending. As *Barnum*, Wallace Berry is lovable, clumsy, slightly grotesque, but hardly as clever as the historical character demands. Without a definite story plot the picture becomes a series of episodes each lavishly displayed, the whole keeping the interest at high pitch. The fight when the bearded lady is revealed as a fake, the dinner to Jenny Lind, the fire in Barnum's new American Museum—these give anybody his money's worth. Menjou, as the reformed drunkard, *Walsh* is grand, and Virginia Bruce is beautiful as *Jenny Lind*.

Highlights: The charming work of the midgets, George and Ollie Brasno, the amazing love scene between Menjou and Rochelle Hudson while he is recovering from the D.T.'s. The colorful detail and settings. (20th Century)



THE PRESIDENT VANISHES

Well Worth Your Time and Money

IT takes a brave producer to step into new fields for his movie plots, and politics, pacifism, and patriotism are distinctly untried fields. With brilliant timeliness this Walter Wanger production bravely seizes on the moment's headlines and turns them into thrilling drama. On the verge of a war, engineered by profiteers, a President of the United States vanishes. The nation, horrified by such super-kidnaping, forgets the war fever which threatened to sweep it into bloodshed. The most exciting man hunt ever filmed roars across the screen and effectively counteracts the danger of propaganda from the discussions between Communists, Gray Shirts, belligerents and pacifists. A cast, capable throughout, gives realism to situations which might otherwise approach absurdity. This provocative, daring picture will cause heated discussions.

Highlights: Arthur Byron's fine, thoughtful study of a President burdened with responsibility. Paul Kelly, as Chick Moffet, the detective. Edward Arnold as the Secretary of War who takes over the government. The suspense. (Paramount)



SEQUOIA

Really Different—Don't Miss It

HERE is one of the most charming novelties that has come along in many a day. The overworked term, "epic," must be invoked to cover adequately this strange tale of the lifelong friendship between *Malibon*, the deer, and *Gato*, the puma, who fight each other's battles in the wild. Human characters are incidental to the drama of the four-footed herds, although Jean Parker is lovely as the daughter of the scientist-writer who tests out his theory that wild animals kill each other from necessity and not from hate—with the puma cub and baby deer, the girl rescues. All audiences will watch, breathlessly, the thrilling story enacted by these animals—a story so natural and simple that the miracle of its taking will hardly be realized. It took a year to film it, and it's worth it.

Highlights: The teary scene where the starving Gato creeps up on the drinking deer, only to recognize him as his long lost friend. The scene where the father deer takes his baby to the home where he was brought up. Gorgeous out-of-door photography. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)



BABES IN TOYLAND

Okay For All—From Six to Sixty

STRICTLY for the kiddies from six to sixty, this elaborate and whimsical carnival of nursery characters and Victor Herbert's melodic tunes should be a great success everywhere. Against a charming set—a street in Toyland—*Little Bo Peep* (Charlotte Henry) her lover, *Tom Tom*, the villainous *Barnaby*, *Oliver Dum* and *Stanley Dee* (Laurel and Hardy) and half a hundred other *Mother Goose* characters work out their amazing adventures which culminate when the *Bogies* attack the city and are driven away by the life-size wooden soldiers, the creation of *Dum and Dee*, who made them by mistake, in Santa Claus' workshop. There is enough satire to make this very palatable film fare for the more sophisticated. It's a fair example of a type of entertainment which the movies can do better than anything else.

Highlights: The wedding of the wicked Barnaby to Stanley Dee, dressed in the bride's clothes. The march of the wooden soldiers. The Toyland atmosphere. The lilting melodies of Victor Herbert's score. (Roach-M-G-M)

(Continued on page 95)

movie names

IN THE NEWS

BY LEE HUNTER



● Worth \$500,000 per foot . . .

"**M**ILLION-dollar feet" is no mere publicity paeon about the pedal extremities of **Fred Astaire**, America's most gifted dancer, newest screen star, and creator of the fancy footwork of "The Carioca" and "The Continental." It's a fact. They have just been insured for \$1,000,000, the huge premium being paid by RKO-Radio Studios, which consider it a sound investment, preferring to be expensively safe, rather than expensively sorry. His contract has seven years to run—or should we say "glide," in this particular case?



● Her disguise "availed not" . . .

ANNA STEN, Russian star in American films, who was carefully shielded from interviewers for almost two years, making her a mysterious figure, goes to New York to attend the opening of her latest picture, un-self-consciously meets metropolitan reporters, explains her long silence by saying: "I knew no English . . . I came here to work, to study. Not to give a monkey exhibition." She reveals that she wants to attend her pictures incognito, to obtain frank audience reactions. At "Nana," she says, "I stood in line with my collar high and my hat pulled down and the season cold. But out they found me, and my disguise availed not." A *New York Times* reporter finds her "jolly

rather than exotic . . . thoroughly likable, unpretentious and unspoiled . . . sick unto death of being considered a veiled, inscrutable, silent and mysterious stranger from another planet." (Mental query: And what of **Garbo**?)

GENEVIEVE TOBIN, blonde screen sophisticate, driving with her mother to the Montecito (Cal.) home of her actress-sister, **Vivian**, skids on wet pavement, spins around, crashes into a palm tree. Miraculously escaping serious injury, Miss Tobin and her mother both suffer dislocated shoulders, bruises, shattered nerves.



● Richer by two million . . .

HAZEL FORBES, screen newcomer and well-guarded recent victim of kidnap threats, becomes one of the wealthiest young women in America. The "Follies" girl-widow of Paul Owen Richmond, youthful "toothpaste king," she cashes in on her inheritance—stock in his company, which she has managed since his death in 1932—and collects \$2,208,000. She may, or may not, continue her screen career, the proceeds of which she has donated to charity. She acts for pleasure, not profit.

GEORGE O'BRIEN, Western star, and his actress-wife, **Marguerite Churchill**, return from an extensive tour of Russia, which was in the nature of a recuperative holiday for Mrs. O'Brien, following her grave illness and the death of their new-born baby last June. They tell ship news reporters of having to stand one night to see a performance at the Moscow Opera House, and add, with a laugh, "Seated comfortably in the royal box was our chambermaid. The workers get all the attention in Russia."



● Has him "for keeps" now . . .

EIGHTEEN days after the birth of her son, who has been named Norman Scott Barnes, **Joan Blondell**, blonde star-comedienne and wife of cameraman **George Barnes**, takes the baby home from the hospital to a "kidnap-proof" nursery, guarded by an electrified (and electrifying) system of alarms. She expresses her emotions: "This is the first time I've had the feeling he is really mine. Before, he has just been brought in for a few minutes and then whisked right out. But now they've given him to me for keeps, and am I happy!"



● Alice headed his list . . .

RUDY VALLEE, screen and radio star who was recently called the Croon Prince of Hollywood, is inveigled by a reporter to join the beauty experts and name the ten "most beautiful" screen actresses. He names twelve. ("They're all so beautiful, charming and lovely that I couldn't possibly leave any one off the list.") At the head of the blondes, diplomatically, he places **Alice Faye**, whom he introduced to films; at the head of the brunettes, **Dolores Del Rio**. The remaining ten: **Fay Wray** (who has just gone to England to star in a picture), **Ginger Rogers** (newly wed to **Lew Ayres**), **Marlene Dietrich** (who has just signed a new film contract), **Greta Garbo** (who has just done

likewise, to be effective after a vacation in Sweden), Carole Lombard, Ann Sothorn, Barbara Stanwyck, Marion Davies (who has just changed studios), Joan Crawford and Ann Dvorak (who is with him in his new picture).

MARIE DRESSLER'S autobiography, "My Own Story," completed several months before her death last July and published by Little, Brown and Company with a foreword by Will Rogers, appears in the bookstalls and creates such an impression that it receives full-page reviews in the literary supplements of New York newspapers. Colorful, salty, humorous, like Marie herself, it sketches vividly her life, her personality, her homely philosophy, her famous friends.

THE New York Social Register for 1935 appears, minus several names of socialites who have acquired movie enthusiasms. Notable omissions: Jane Wyatt, Henry Hull's leading lady in "Great Expectations"; Whitney Bourne, the blonde girl in "Crime Without Passion"; Stephen ("Laddie") Sanford, who married cinemactress Mary Duncan; Rosamond Pinchot, who recently signed a big film contract; Mrs. Madeline Force Astor Dick, mother of John Jacob Astor III and 1933 bride of Enzo Fiermonte, handsome young Italian boxer recently interested in films. Will B. Johnstone, *New York World-Telegram* cartoonist, jibes at those who omitted these names, satirically suggests that socialites will be penalized if they go to work.

GRACE MOORE, Metropolitan Opera, screen and radio star, receives the accolade of fame: newspapers break out in a rash of headlines when she falls ill. Overtaken in Omaha by acute indigestion and a cold, she gives a concert against doctors' advice, and boards train for Chicago the next day, again contrary to doctors' advice. Accompanied by her Spanish actor-husband, Valentin Parera, she tells reporters: "I am in a complete state of fatigue and in a very nervous condition from overwork. I have not had a vacation in three years and I must get somewhere for a complete rest."

ON board the *S. S. Paris*, as it docks in New York, is Merle Oberon, brunette and exotic French-Irish actress, who is Leslie Howard's
(Continued on page 73)



Why endure needless chafing

WHEN WONDERSOFT KOTEX PREVENTS IT

by sides filmed in downy cotton; by a special center that prevents roping, pulling and twisting

"If only you could join me in reading the many personal letters I receive daily, you would realize how Wondersoft Kotex is changing women's lives," says Mary Pauline Callender, author of "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday."

Wondersoft just won't chafe!

You see, the sides of this pad are covered with a film of oh, so soft cotton. Where these sides touch the body, Wondersoft stays soft and dry. Yet the top and bottom are left free to take up moisture.

And no twisting, thank goodness! Wondersoft Kotex never pulls or "ropes" out of shape like ordinary pads. Instead, it adjusts itself *naturally* to every movement of the body. That's because the center of Wondersoft prevents twisting.

At the same time, it protects you from accidents. That means greater security against soiled lingerie. Even the ends are flat and smooth so that they can't show under clinging dresses. You'll find even the package, itself, is different. And Super Kotex is now priced the same as Regular—at all dealers.

ONE WOMAN TELLS ANOTHER ABOUT THIS NEW COMFORT



Free Booklets!

Write for either or both of two authoritative booklets on Feminine Hygiene—"Health Facts on Menstruation"; and "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday", for a child. Address KOTEX COMPANY, Room 1409, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.



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OF COURSE, I USE
COSMETICS, BUT I NEVER
WORRY ABOUT **COSMETIC
SKIN** — THANKS TO
LUX TOILET SOAP.
IT'S EASY TO HAVE A
GORGEOUS SKIN THIS WAY

GINGER ROGERS
STAR OF RKO-RADIO'S "ROMANCE IN MANHATTAN"

YOU..."

THRILLING WORDS ... BUT NOBODY SAYS THEM TO THE GIRL WHO HAS COSMETIC SKIN

You can use cosmetics all you wish, yet guard against this danger the way the screen stars do . . .

SOFT, LOVELY SKIN is thrilling to a man. Every girl should have it—and *keep* it!

So what a shame when a girl lets unattractive Cosmetic Skin rob her of this charm! It's so easy to guard against this modern complexion trouble the way the Hollywood screen stars do.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to *choke the pores*. Many a woman who *thinks* she removes make-up thoroughly is actually leaving bits of stale rouge and powder in the pores day after day. Gradually the pores become enlarged—tiny blemishes appear, blackheads, perhaps. These are the warning signals of Cosmetic Skin.

Gentle Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its rich, ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, gently removes every hidden trace of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Before you apply fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, protect *your* skin with this safe, sure care 9 out of 10 screen stars use!

To guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin, thousands of girls all over the country are adopting the screen stars' complexion care. The ACTIVE lather of Lux Toilet Soap removes cosmetics *thoroughly* — protects the skin, keeps it lovely.



NRA
CODE

HE Takes Pictures Right Away from STARS

ALAN HALE is a sensation—the champion scene-stealer of them all. And back of him is one of Hollywood's most dramatic success stories . . . the story of an actor who was "all through" five years ago, a man who had lost his voice!

By DOROTHY MANNERS



WHEN the latest New York or European "sensation" arrives in Hollywood with a blare of publicity trumpets, steps into a carefully selected, actor-proof role and makes a hit . . . it is no longer news. Hollywood has always welcomed the stranger within its gates.

But when a Hollywood citizen of fifteen years' standing suddenly steps off his own vine-covered porch, and, without benefit of special stories, special direction, or special dispensation, makes them sit up and take notice as Alan Hale did in "Little Man, What Now?" . . . that is, indeed, NEWS!

For the past nine or ten months, something strange has been going on in Hollywood, and in movie audiences throughout the country. People have been going to see pictures starring such artists as Margaret Sullavan, Douglass Montgomery, Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert, and have come out of theatres saying: "That fellow, Alan Hale, was swell in a small part, wasn't he?" In "The Lost Patrol"—which started this "unforgettable" business—he had a minor rôle. In "It Happened One Night," he had one sequence on the screen. In "Of Human Bondage," he had an equally small part. Even in his biggest hit, "Little Man, What Now?," he was fifth on the cast-sheet in the rôle of the gay rogue. Yet people have talked about him and remembered the character he portrayed.

The answer isn't physical appeal, either! It's just good, old-fashioned acting ability from an experienced actor, who knows his job, inside and out. In knowing his job and in possessing personality, he makes his art look easy.

He has taken difficult and unsympathetic rôles and imbued them with intelligence so that even the "horrible heavy" has become a human being in his capable hands. He has stolen more scenes from our foremost scene-stealers than any unstarred player ever has before. Strictly speaking, Hollywood actors should be jealous of Alan Hale. But they aren't. They may kid him with mock cries of "Help! Burglar!"—but they say it with a chuckle, for they realize that a very fine actor and a very regular guy is just now getting the break he has long deserved. Because, back of Alan's new recognition, there is a dramatic story of heart-break and near-tragedy. . . .

Old friends, seeing him now and complimenting him on his work, ask him: "Where have you been keeping yourself? How did it happen that all this recognition didn't come sooner—with the very beginning of talking pictures?" Usually, Alan laughs it off with a joking remark, such as: "Oh, I've been taking it easy, so that Charlie Laughton and a couple of the boys could get a break!" In the first place, he's a laughing man. He hasn't any use for whiners or calamity-howlers. He hates a sob story where a wisecrack will serve. But it just happens that I *know* what Alan went through for three years.

The other day, we were talking over old times in Hollywood, when I told him that I knew of the accident that had robbed him of his voice just a little while after talking pictures came in. I don't think he would have brought it up, himself. He isn't built that way. He has more physical bulk than any man (Continued on page 92)

Movie Names in the News

(Continued from page 69)

co-star in his new picture, "The Scarlet Pimpernel," producer Joseph Schenck's recent fiancée, and Maurice Chevalier's co-star-to-be in "Folies Bergere de Paris." She tells inquisitive reporters: "My contract does not permit me to marry for three years." . . . Also: Lili Damita, long-absent French star returning to Hollywood, who fends off reporters asking when she is to marry Hugo Brassie, wealthy Australian, with: "I have a bad memory" . . . Also: Princess Nathalie Paley, one of Douglas Fairbanks' leading ladies (like Merle Oberon) in "The Private Life of Don Juan," who will play in the French version of "Folies Bergere de Paris." She is wearing a "bell-hop" hat designed by her stylist-husband, Lucien Lelong of Paris . . . Also: Constance Cummings, screen actress, and her playwright-husband, Benn W. Levy, returning from their annual half-year holiday in his native England.

WHEN ANN HARDING, screen star and natural blonde, is reported ill and not averse to thoughts of temporary retirement, her former husband and good friend, **Harry Bannister**, flies to Hollywood from New York to be with her. Rumors of re-marriage, seldom dormant, blaze anew—only to flicker out a few days later when Ann sues for complete custody of their 6-year-old daughter, Jane.

MRS. Morton Downey, wife of the tenor, but better known to cinema shoppers as **Barbara Bennett**, sister of **Constance** and **Joan** and daughter of **Richard**, joins the rapidly increasing ranks of movie mothers—for the third time. The newcomer to the Downey nursery—already occupied by Michael, 4, and Morton, Jr., 2—is promptly named **Lorelle Ann**.

FOUND at last: an American star who can speak the King's English—**Norma Shearer**, born in Montreal, Canada, but now a naturalized American citizen. The discovery occurs during the London showing of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," in which she plays the verra, verra English Elizabeth Barrett. Seton Marggreave, writing in the *London Daily Mail*, even goes so far as to say that a study of her accent might benefit some of the more affected British stars.



SKINNY?

HEY SKINNY

PUT ON 5 to 15 POUNDS Quick — NEW EASY WAY

Astonishing gains with new double tonic. Richest imported brewers' ale yeast now concentrated 7 times and iron added. Gives 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks

NOW there's no need to have people calling you "skinny", and losing all your chances of making and keeping friends. Here's a new, easy treatment that is giving thousands healthy flesh, attractive curves—in just a few weeks.

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health for rundown people. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of solid, good-looking flesh—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful!

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then *ironized* with 3 special kinds of strengthening iron.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin clear to beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the

results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Special FREE Offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by an authority. Remember, results guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. All druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 192, Atlanta, Ga.

YOU'D NEVER THINK THEY
ONCE CALLED ME SKINNY



Posed by professional models

At Last—an Answer to What the Movie Public Really Wants!

(Continued from page 33)

Similarly, in "Anna Christie," the deep voice of Garbo was first heard. The advertising cleverly capitalized upon the slogan "Garbo Talks," thereby lifting "Anna Christie" into a million and a half rental—the only time Garbo has made more than a million except in the star-studded "Grand Hotel."

Even at the danger of weakening my argument that picture rentals are the one conclusive way of reaching a basis of comparison upon the best-selling pictures of all times, it must be pointed out that the amazing five-million-dollar mark reached by Al Jolson in "The Singing Fool" is partly due to a splendid advertising campaign. Produced in 1928, "The Singing Fool" was Jolson's second talking picture. It was sold at increased rentals and carried a million and a half more than his first, "The Jazz Singer," filmed a year before and one of the very earliest talkers. A like situation can be found if you note that "I'm No Angel," Mae West's second film, drew some fifty thousand dollars more than her starring debut in "She Done Him Wrong."

Silent Pictures Went Farther

SOME of the old-timers on our list did not have the same advantage of modern selling methods. Nor were such high rentals charged in their day. Yet as silent pictures, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," "Ben-Hur," "Birth of a Nation," "The Big Parade" and "The Covered Wagon"—all running behind the "The Singing Fool"—had a less limited world market and a greater longevity. Too, all five of these leaders were road-showed at increased admissions and, furthermore, all are still being shown in various parts of the world. Perhaps "Birth of a Nation" deserves first place because the public undoubtedly paid more money *per capita* to see D. W. Griffith's masterpiece than any other picture ever made, but in final analysis, we are more concerned with the entire list of million-dollar makers than with which film should rank first. Let's move on to another revealing fact in our search for the answer to what the public really wants in movie entertainment.

We find that twenty-seven pictures on the list are highly dramatic in theme, twenty-one deal with romance, eighteen are out-and-out comedies, and seven can be classed only as comedy-dramas. The total, then, is nearly two to one in favor of lighter fare. It is significant to note that not one of the seventy-three had an unhappy ending, unless the death and disaster in "Grand Hotel" made for an unhappy finale. In "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "Beau Geste," among others, there was also death. But the central character escaped destruction. Only three of the films touched upon the problems of marriage. There isn't a single gangster drama listed.

And what were the sources of our best-selling pictures? Twenty-nine were adaptations of popular novels and plays. Thirteen came from classics of literature and the stage. The rest were either screen originals or were inspired by contemporary short stories. The number of silent films is thirty-seven or one more than half of the total.

In summation, it appears that the movie public has definite ideas as to what it

wants in screen entertainment. It wants arresting spectacle or simple, human stories. It favors light and comedy themes at a ratio of two to one. It prefers plots of more importance than the personalities of the actors—with the notable exceptions of Gaynor, Lloyd, Chaplin and the much-mourned Valentino. It doesn't like cycles. It hails a novelty with due acclaim, but refuses to be inveigled into patronizing pale carbon copies.

Only One Two-Time Hit

YOU make have noticed that twelve of the best-sellers have been filmed more than once, calling for identification of the version that made a million. Only one, "Daddy Long Legs," is cited for both versions, starring Mary Pickford in 1919 and Janet Gaynor in 1931. The majority of the remakes have seldom been as profitable as the originals. Norma Shearer did a beautiful piece of work in "Smilin' Through," yet failed to reach the rental mark set by Norma Talmadge ten years earlier. Mary Pickford's "Secrets" wasn't even a runner-up to the Talmadge version. The second "Miracle Man," with Sylvia Sidney and Chester Morris, and "The Spoilers," remade a second and third time, were only moderately successful as compared with the first versions. "East Lynne" has gone into five versions, including one starring Ann Harding, but the Alma Rubens edition was the money-maker.

Just as the public reaction against imitations is strongly marked, so is its disinclination to patronize in a big way the ribald type of pictures. Four films, and four only, among the seventy-three best sellers had sexily mirthful plots or dialogue. All were comedies, the two with Mae West, "She Done Him Wrong" and "I'm No Angel," and the two with Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen, "What Price Glory?" and "The Cock-Eyed World," and the personalities—as much as the plots and dialogue—made these best-sellers. Could you ask for a better indication of public taste than this? And, as I said before, there isn't a single gangster anywhere on the list.

A similar good taste displayed by the public is discernible in the compilation of best-selling books of all times, another part of the survey conducted by *The 1934 Motion Picture Almanac*. The complete listing comprises sixty-five titles that have sold more than five hundred thousand copies (any book that sells over a hundred thousand copies is a "best-seller"); twenty of them were in excess of the million mark. Of the total number, forty-eight have been produced as motion pictures. The Bible, which has gone into some fourteen million editions in the last fifty years, is not included, nor is "Little Women," known to have sold more than a million copies, but because of expiration of copyright, the exact total is unknown.

The leaders in the book field are.

"In His Steps," by Charles Monroe Sheldon—8,000,000 copies.
"Freckles," by Gene Stratton Porter—2,000,000
"Ben-Hur," by Lew Wallace—1,950,000
"Girl of the Limberlost," by Gene Stratton Porter—1,700,000

"The Harvester," by Gene Stratton Porter—1,600,000
"Tom Sawyer," by Mark Twain—1,500,000
"The Winning of Barbara Worth," by Harold Bell Wright—1,500,000
"Laddie," by Gene Stratton Porter—1,500,000
"The Virginian," by Owen Wister—1,454,000
"The Call of the Wild," by Jack London—1,412,000
"Story of the Bible," by Jesse Lyman Hurlbut—1,321,000
"Trail of the Lonesome Pine," by John Fox—1,255,000
"David Harum," by Edward Noyes Westcott—1,200,000
"Five Little Peppers and How They Grew," by Margaret Sidney—1,090,000
"Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," by John Fox—1,000,100
"Huckleberry Finn," by Mark Twain—1,000,000
"Pollyanna," by Eleanor Stewart—1,000,000
"Black Beauty," by Anna Sewell—1,000,000
"Treasure Island," by Robert Louis Stevenson—1,000,000
"Trilby," by George du Maurier—1,000,000
"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," by Kate Douglass Wiggin—989,000

There can be no more authoritative proof than this that public morals are not being endangered by either motion pictures or book publishers. The public knows what it wants and will accept no substitutes. Very definitely, it does not want salaciousness in any form. Professional reformers, please copy.

THE MOVIE BEST-SELLERS

(Compiled by *The 1934 Motion Picture Almanac*, copyright by The Quigley Publishing Company. All amounts are net earnings from film rentals, not theatre grosses. Note: When star names appear with titles, it is to mark the best-selling version of pictures made more than once.)

\$5,000,000
"The Singing Fool"
\$4,500,000
"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse"
\$4,000,000
"Ben-Hur"
\$3,500,000
"The Big Parade"
"Birth of a Nation"
"Cavalcade"
"The Covered Wagon"
"The Jazz Singer"
\$3,300,000
"Sunny Side Up"
\$3,000,000
"Broadway Melody"
\$2,700,000
"The Cock-Eyed World"
\$2,600,000
"The Freshman"
\$2,500,000
"The Gold Rush"
"The Kid"
"The Ten Commandments"
\$2,250,000
"42nd Street"
"Gold-Diggers of Broadway"
"Grand Hotel"

"I'm No Angel"—
 "Little Women"—
 \$2,200,000
 "She Done Him Wrong"—
 \$2,000,000
 "Cimarron"—
 "Emma"—
 "Min and Bill"—
 "Rio Rita"—
 "The Sea Hawk"—
 "Way Down East"—
 "What Price Glory?"—
 \$1,800,000
 "State Fair"—
 \$1,750,000
 "Footlight Parade"—
 "Seventh Heaven"—
 \$1,700,000
 "Common Clay" (Constance Bennett)
 "Street Angel"—
 \$1,550,000
 "Girl Shy"—
 \$1,500,000
 "All Quiet on the Western Front"—
 "Anna Christie" (Garbo)
 "Beau Geste"—
 "The Champ"—
 "City Lights"—
 "Daddy Long Legs" (Gaynor-Baxter)
 "Four Sons"—
 "Hunchback of Notre Dame"—
 "The King of Kings"—
 "The Merry Widow" (Murray-Gilbert)
 "Safety Last"—
 "Secrets" (Norma Talmadge)
 "The Sheik"—
 "Stella Dallas"—
 "The Thief of Bagdad"—
 \$1,400,000
 "The Man Who Came Back" (Gaynor-Farrell)
 \$1,350,000
 "Hot Water"—
 \$1,300,000
 "In Old Arizona"—
 "The Lost World"—
 "Merely Mary Ann" (Gaynor-Farrell)
 "Red Dance"—
 \$1,250,000
 "Arrowsmith"—
 "Blood and Sand"—
 "Bring 'Em Back Alive"—
 "Connecticut Yankee" (Rogers)
 "Daddy Long Legs" (Pickford)
 "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (March)
 "Flying Down to Rio"—
 "Syncopation"—
 \$1,200,000
 "The Patent-Leather Kid"—
 "Song O' My Heart"—
 \$1,100,000
 "East Lynne" (Alma Rubens)
 "Grandma's Boy"—
 "Bad Girl"—
 \$1,000,000
 "Amos 'n' Andy in Check and Double Check"—
 "The Miracle Man" (Meighan-Compson-Chaney)
 "Passion" (Pola Negri)
 "Smilin' Through" (Norma Talmadge)
 "The Spoilers" (William Farnum-Tom Santschi)

Radio Tells Movie Stars: "Come On and Be Dramatic!"

(Continued from page 65)

was handed a quarter-hour program of his own, on which to dramatize, with that effective voice of his, the experiences he has had in the world's jungles.

The Cameras' Radio Captives

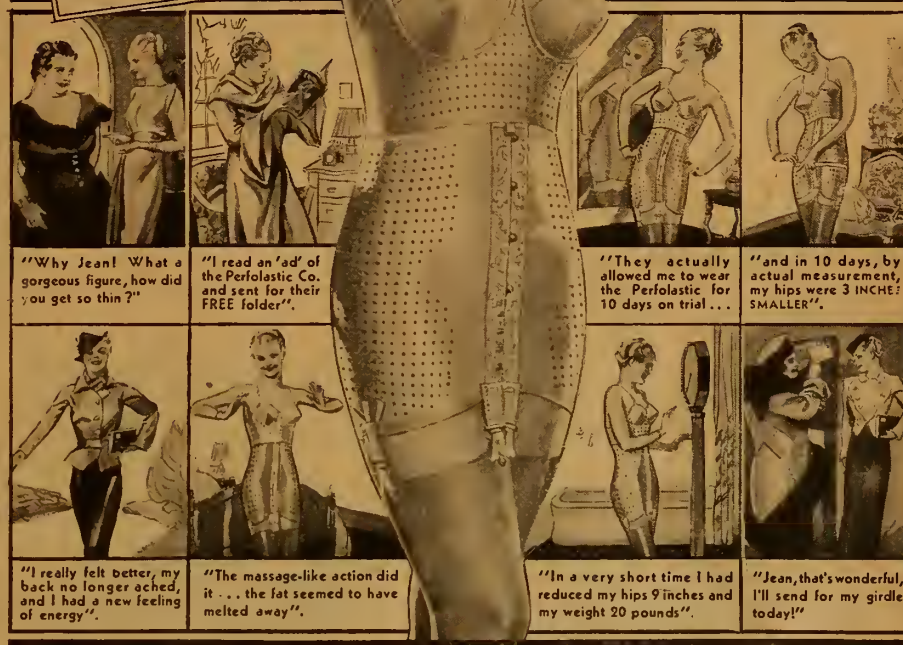
MEANWHILE, the movies continue to snare leading figures of the broadcasting salons. Bing Crosby, the most

(on page 77)

Reduce your WAIST AND HIPS THREE INCHES IN TEN DAYS

.... Read how
 Miss Jean Healy
 reduced her hips
 9 INCHES!

with the
PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
 or it won't cost
 you one cent!



You can TEST the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE and BRASSIERE For 10 DAYS at our expense!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

THE MESSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY, EASILY, and SAFELY

■ The massage-like action of these famous Perfolastic Reducing Garments takes the place of months of tiring exercises. It removes surplus fat and stimulates the body once more into energetic health.

KEEPS YOUR BODY COOL AND FRESH

■ The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all

times. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

■ The Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere knead away the fat at only those places where you want to reduce, in order to regain your youthful slimness. Beware of reducing agents that take the weight off the *entire* body... for a scrawny neck and face are as unattractive as a too-fat figure.

SEND FOR 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce *you*. You do not need to risk one penny... try them for 10 days... then send them back if you are not completely astonished at the results. Don't wait any longer... act today!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
 41 EAST 42nd ST., Dept. 162, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE booklet describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your

10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name

Address

City..... State.....

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

Dishes Fit for Movie Queens

How about a tasty, non-fattening luncheon—the kind that keeps movie beauties healthy, slender and contented? . . . You'll get hungry, and you'll get new ideas, looking over the menu and the recipes we present this month—with each dish sponsored by a star . . .

BY DOROTHY CALHOUN



Evelyn Venable looks for walnuts . . .



Jean Muir and Verree Teasdale lunch on the set . . .

Doris Kenyon Cocktail
Spinach Soup à la Marian Marsh
Meat Balls Mary Brian Style
or
Walnut Loaf Evelyn Venable
Loretta Young Salad
or
Stuffed Tomato Ring Joan Bennett
Luncheon rolls
Ann Sothorn's Daffodil Cake
with Adrienne Ames Sherbet
Tea or coffee

Would you like the recipes?
 (Turn to page 89)

HOW would you like to entertain friends at luncheon with the dishes of your favorite stars? Think how much more interesting, when guests exclaim over the soup, to say "Marian Marsh gave me the recipe," than to reveal that a cookbook told you how to make it. Or when someone says, "I never ate such delicious salad," how would you like to answer, "I just took a hint from Loretta Young"? And you could add, "All the way through, this is one of those safe, sensible, non-fattening Hollywood lunches." And you can be sure the menu is correct in every way.

In the past, MOTION PICTURE has given you complete menus for luncheon, dinner, Sunday supper, or afternoon tea, with every dish supplied by some movie star. Look over the recipes given this month, and see if you aren't tempted to send out invitations for a Hollywood luncheon, printing a menu something like this—which would be especially popular with ladies who are interested in the subject of calories:



After the sherbet, Adrienne Ames serves tea on the lawn . . .

Radio Tells Movie Stars: "Come On and Be Dramatic"

(Continued from page 75)

successful of all the double-duty stars, has been followed from radio to films by Jack Benny, Joe Penner, Ben Bernie, Phil Baker, Burns and Allen, Block and Sully, Lanny Ross, the Boswell Sisters, the Mills Brothers, Ted Fio-Rito, Cab Calloway, Alexander Woolcott, Frank Parker, Ruth Etting, Ethel Merman, Joe Morrison, Phil Regan, Jessica Dragonette, Ed Wynn, Jack Pearl—and, for a return visit, Rudy Vallee. Hollywood seems to scan the skyways for signs of singing or comedy, rather than dramatic, talent.

Monsieur Vallee was the pioneer in variety entertainment for the loud-speakers, with dramatic players bringing dramatic playlets to unseen audiences during his hour of music, singing and clowning. He was the first to have "guest stars" on his program, to make leading lights of both stage and screen radio-conscious, to prove to them that air appearances would help, not harm, their popularity. In Hollywood to make "Sweet Music," he has lately been leading a procession of stars to the microphone for dramatic moments—such stars as James Cagney, Barbara Stanwyck (in a dramatic skit written by her husband, Frank Fay), Bette Davis, Carmel Myers (one of the best—and most strangely neglected—dramatic blues singers of the day). And it looks as if Rudy henceforth will be more often in Hollywood than out of it, which means that the Personality Parade on his hour will continue.

The call of Hollywood continues to be heard in the radio world—particularly for those gifted in the art of balladry. It seems that the radio singer, experienced in the technique of the microphone, is an answer to the prayers of the movie musical director. Most recently—and most significantly—Hollywood's call has been answered by Gladys Swarthout, Metropolitan opera star and best of the air's regular sopranos. Miss Swarthout's dark beauty and slender youthfulness, coupled with a glorious voice and uncommon dramatic talent, should be radio's most important contribution to the movies next Spring. The screen's most important recent contribution to the singing ranks of radio has been Jeanette MacDonald.

A Good Penner Always Comes Back

JACK BENNY, Joe Penner and Ben Bernie have all scored in their recent pictures—a success that has already meant a return engagement for the "Old Maestro" and will no doubt result in similar recalls for the first two.

Benny, Bernie and Wynn—three of the most individual air stars—all have performed a service for humanity, as well as for radio, in bringing levity to bear on those apparently necessary advertising interruptions. Wynn—whose hilarious nonsense has not yet been adequately presented on the screen—tries to rattle Graham McNamee during his sales talks. Benny (voted the most popular comedian on the air last year) kids his sponsor, works the company's name into his program in a sophisticated, punny manner—a manner that catches the audience unaware and amused and amiably disposed to listen. Both Wynn and Benny go in for burlesqued dramatic skits, of which they are the foremost exponents. Bernie, as if contentedly amused by his job as a salesman, also insinuates advertising into his announcements in puns (the favorite form of radio wit), and in chuckling, con-

fidential, vocal splurges, in which he frequently coins words. He has done a very successful job of dramatizing the personality of Ben Bernie.

Perhaps the most individual, least imitated program on the air is "The March of Time." Another orchid, however, must go to the shrewd authors of the "Show Boat" program, who have presented Lanny Ross not only as a singer, but as the principal character of a romantic story that is continued from week to week—adding a fillip of suspense and "drama" to a program that would otherwise be almost entirely musical.

Yet, for every radio star summoned to Hollywood, there are a dozen beckoned to the air castles.

The Big Three in Popularity

THE movie stars who have won the largest radio audiences are Eddie Cantor, Will Rogers and Mary Pickford. Helen Hayes' new and dramatic radio series may do as much for her as Mary Pickford's did for Mary—if Mary and the Sunday afternoon players haven't grabbed up the radio rights to all of the available better plays. In that case, her playwright-husband, Charles MacArthur, might write some new ones.

Cantor's popularity is phenomenal, considering that he has varied the style of his programs very little since their inception. He has mastered the art of projecting his personality into a microphone, of making himself sound as if he is having the time of his life, of infecting his listeners with his enthusiasm. Will Rogers is in a class by himself, playing the down-to-earth American who watches the passing show with philosophic amusement, and has a knack of phrasing that amusement extemporaneously in dryly witty words; he says what millions are thinking or are willing to think, if urged a bit. Mary Pickford's first radio listeners may have tuned in because of her screen renown, but they have continued to tune in because of her effectiveness as a radio actress, her vocal vividness, her whole-hearted dramatics.

While awaiting whatever destiny broadcasting holds for them, the stars of the screen cherish pet little idiosyncrasies in approaching the microphones. What are some of these habits? To list a few:

How They Overcome the Jitters

MARY PICKFORD likes costumes and mood-inducing lights for the sake of theatrical realism. Jimmy Durante wears a hat in the radio studio, keeps a chair between himself and the microphone. Boris Karloff likes soft music as a background for his lines. Ralph Forbes has a habit of twisting a handkerchief into knots while broadcasting. Lionel Barrymore holds a cigarette butt. Hugh Walpole—the famous English author who turns actor in the role of the *Vicar* in "David Copperfield"—likes to "ad lib."

Victor McLaglen clenches and unclenches his fists. Eddie Cantor generally eats a box of cough drops during a broadcast. Rudy Vallee pulls at the lobe of his ear with one hand and keeps the other hand in his coat pocket.

Joe E. Brown likes to pull gags on the cast and technicians. Ruth Etting keeps her eye on her husband, Col. Snyder, who stations himself in the control room and signals her on the control of her vocal tones, her position at the microphone. Jack LaRue adjusts his necktie.

"Mother, I'll pass things if you're 'shamed of your hands—"



"—at my bridge party, even my little daughter noticed how embarrassed I was over my red, rough hands.

"Later she said, 'Mother, don't you think maybe your hands would look as nice as Mrs. Nugent's if you used Lux when you do dishes? She says anybody can have nice hands by using Lux instead of harsh soaps that make people's hands rough and red.'

"And it's true! Since I've changed to Lux for dishes, I'm actually proud of my hands! It takes so little to make rich suds that a big box lasts more than a month for all the dishes."

Murken Sayles
(Mrs. R. W. SAYLES)



LUX
for dishes
keeps hands
YOUNG



A Miracle Is Filmed . . .

(Continued from page 41)

the picture was made under the direction of Dr. Frenke and Friday, April 13, 1934, Lazarus the Third, now the most famous dog in the world, experienced the Great Adventure before a Universal cameraman.

Onslow Stevens, Universal's handsome young leading man who made a name for himself when he played opposite Marion Davies in "Peg O' My Heart," was chosen to portray the scientist in the picture. And he admits that the rôle has given him the greatest opportunity he has had in his motion picture career.

How Picture Will Appeal

"**B**ECAUSE," he explains, "it is a picture that is entirely original in theme; it is a picture that will interest people of all ages, all walks of life. This picture will, in reality, bring the romance and drama of science to the layman who does not ordinarily understand science. Every small boy who owns a dog will look to his local veterinarian to restore life to his pet in case of accident. It will start the young mind thinking on an interesting subject."

"I never believed before in mixing actualities with illusion in a picture—building up a fictional story and then suddenly coming into a scene that the audience knows is actually happening. But I am thrilled with the result."

"I would like to have Dr. Cornish try his experiment on me," he says, enthusiastically. "Of course, I wouldn't give up my life voluntarily, but if I were to die, I would be very happy to be experimented on."

"I realize the risks—that a mortal might come back in a mental fog; that he might never be right again—but still I would take a chance. Indeed if I were free of ambition and responsibility, I would like to be experimented on now. I'd take the risk. I think it would be a wonderful experience."

"Is there a more wonderful, a more fascinating subject in the world?" he demands. "Just vision the possibilities of a discovery by which people killed in accidents, by drowning, shock, asphyxiation, could be restored to life and suffer no ill effects from having experienced the Great Adventure!"

"Think how wonderful it would be to live twice as long as we do ordinarily! People are frequently at their peak, spiritually and mentally, at the age of sixty or sixty-five. But when they have gained enough knowledge to impart some to others, they are not able to do so because of physical infirmities."

Why Not Many Methuselahs?

"**I** WANT to live to be a hundred, at least. I'd have to in order to do all the things I have planned. George Bernard Shaw discussed this subject facetiously, perhaps, in his play, 'Back to Methuselah.' 'Why should a parrot, for instance, live ten times as long as a dog? Or a person? Why should the lowly turtle be almost immortal? Men do not live long enough,' spoke one of the characters in this play. 'They are, for all purposes of civilization, mere children when they die. As man now sets his age-limit at three score and ten, he can just as well set it at three hundred and ten.' But even the learned Mr. Shaw suggested no method of bringing such a thing to pass."

"Seeing this dog for the first time had a weird effect on us," he continues. "I was very nervous. Margaret Sullivan, who came on the set to see the dog, said her hair actually stood on end. One girl fainted and one cameraman became so vio-

lently ill that he had to retire from the scene. And why? There was nothing unusual about Lazarus the Third. He isn't as lively as he undoubtedly will be, but he ran around, wagged his tail and ate a pound of meat a day. But the strange idea that he had been dead and was now alive seemed to give us all a violent case of nerves."

Some religious leaders maintain that the Soul leaves the body at the moment of death and that if a person is restored to life, he must be without a Soul.

"And it is a fact that no other dog will have anything to do with Lazarus," says Dr. Frenke. "They shun him as though he had the plague. If any of us in the company petted the little dog, we were sure to be rebuffed by our own dogs when next we saw them. We tried it over and over, different members of the company who own dogs. My own seven Samoyedes refused to associate with me after I had been near Lazarus. Dogs have a super-sense that is denied a human being—yet do you suppose they recognized, perhaps, that one of their own was alive, but without a Soul? It is very interesting."

The publicity man at Universal brought his young son to the studio to see the resurrected dog. That night the boy's pet terrier came bounding to meet him, stopped short with the hair along his spine bristly, and with a melancholy howl slunk away to cower in a far corner of the room!

Dr. Frenke believes that producers have overlooked one of the greatest sources of story material in ignoring the scientific field.

There's Drama in Science

"**T**HEY search for suitable stories; they decry the fact that modern writers do not produce sufficient worth-while plots to meet the demand, and pay enormous sums for stage plays that have to be rewritten until the original plot is lost, but they leave untouched the tremendous picture possibilities in the research laboratories," he says.

"I have often wondered why this is so," he continues. "Perhaps it is because the producers are not acquainted with the field of science. Even so, writers should recognize the picture potentialities of the scientific world and bring forth stories that at least have the distinction of being different from the trite plots that they have been turning out for years."

"It isn't necessary to make the pictures mere reproductions of scientific research. They need not be dry affairs that show nothing but a serious, bespectacled scientist looking for a microbe. Behind every scientist lies a story. They all have their problems of life, love and struggle. And in addition they are dealing in work that is filled with thrills and drama."

"Take the story from which we made 'Life Returns.' What could be more thrilling than a man's struggle to find a way to bring the dead back to life? And when he succeeds, as Dr. Cornish has, it makes a story that is far superior to the parlor-bedroom-and-bath type that has been worn so threadbare."

"Dr. Cornish, himself, is a fair example. He is a wonderful chap, a genius, a man who cares absolutely nothing for the outside world. Since graduating from the university at the age of eighteen, he has devoted his life to study and work. His friends sigh over his rumpled clothes; his family worries over his inability to take time to eat and sleep. He has not attended a theatre since he was fifteen. He has

never had a sweetheart. He has no interest in athletics or other forms of amusement. He has never ridden on a train. His only interest in the world is the perfection of his experiment so that he may bring back life to human beings."

All Mankind Is Affected

"**I** AM sure his experiment will go down in history as one of the greatest discoveries of the ages. It is not to be compared with electrical, radio and other modern inventions. It is so much bigger because it concerns every human being in the world."

"When news of his success was flashed all over the world, visitors began to arrive at the laboratories at the University of California where Dr. Cornish conducted his work. By the thousands they came, and routine university work was hampered to such a degree that strong measures had to be taken. University executives hesitated to hurt the feelings of the eminent scientist, but his work, as well as that of the college, had to be protected. It was decided to tear down the building and erect a new one. This solved the problem. Dr. Cornish was forced to move, to an isolated spot. His laboratory is now in an abandoned garage where no one can find him and where he can pursue his work without interruption."

According to Dr. Cornish, some fifty thousand people die each year from inhalation of chloroform or ether. "These people," he declares, "should not remain dead, for their brain cells have not been destroyed."

"In time," he continues, "what can be done with animals can be done with human beings. Of course, our present formula will be effective only in certain kinds of death. For instance, there is far more injury to the brain cells when death results from nitrogen or carbon-dioxide poisoning than there is when it is caused by chloroform or ether."

"In either of these latter forms of asphyxiation, enough air remains in the blood to prevent much damage to the brain cells if heart action and respiration are started within a few minutes after death. It will be necessary to do much more experimentation with animals and to develop methods materially before there can be much success at restoring human life."

Although Dr. Cornish has made this last statement many times through the press, that he is not yet ready to experiment on a human being, letters arrive by the thousand from people in every city and country who eagerly offer themselves for this great experiment, who are literally willing to die for him.

Would Dare the Unknown

ONE of the many letters he has received bears this message: "I offer to undergo the Great Experiment without any expense whatsoever to you. I have made a terrible tangled mess of my life so far and I want a chance to do something which will in some way atone for all my faults of the past. You may depend entirely upon me, as this letter is not written in a moment of mental depression. I am looking at this in a clear, unselfish manner and in the light of a new Adventure, the like of which no one has ever before seen."

One of the most pathetic letters comes from a woman in Kansas: "I will submit myself for the experiment in any manner you say. I have always been in perfect health but—I am forty-six years old, so you see I haven't much to lose. It is im-

material whether I return or not. I am perfectly willing to cross over, should you not succeed."

Another: "Dear Dr. Cornish: I think I represent a fair human guinea-pig for your experiments. Please suppress your impulses and read this carefully. I do not ask money from you; besides, I do not need it because my sincere wish is to commit suicide in the very near future. You do not need to kill me; I will do that myself. I will fill out the suicide note so you won't be legally responsible."

There is pathos and father-love in this quiet offer: "I note you are asking permission from the governors of some of the Western states to use condemned convicts for your experiment in the revival of life after death. I want to say here that I have never been before any court for any crime. Neither am I tired of living, for I have had a wonderful life to date. I have a lovely twelve-year-old daughter. The child must live and get her education, which she is surely entitled to. I would gladly give my life in this great undertaking of yours, if it would be guaranteed that my daughter would be taken care of. I feel that I would be aiding science greatly in this feature and as though I am making no more of a sacri-

fice than when I enlisted in the army in 1917."

This letter came from India: "When I hear of the progress you are making in the field of science, my joy knows no bounds, and I pray the Almighty for your complete success. If you wish, I shall offer myself to be experimented on. I shall die by any method you choose. I am a bachelor twenty-one years old. I am master of my own self. Anxiously awaiting your early reply. . . ."

Of course, all of these offers have been rejected. Eventually, Dr. Cornish says, he will experiment on humans, but he will do so on those who have lost their lives by accident, rather than on those who deliberately seek death to further his experiment or for notoriety.

"Dr. Cornish is really the star of the picture," Onslow Stevens says, generously. "Even though he appears in it only briefly, he stands out as a most interesting character. I tried to portray him as he is—a genius, yet a human being. A man who is in the world, but not of it; a man to whom material things mean nothing; a man who is obsessed by his one idea, his dream of resuscitation. And truly, it is a magnificent obsession!"

Fredric March Lives in a French "Farmhouse"

(Continued from page 53)

shades) are different, distinctive—and perfectly possible. With the look of age that a good interior decorator can create, the room has Old World charm and permanence, and looks as though it has stood in every detail for years, although the March house is really only a few months old. This effect is created in several ways—by the simplicity of whitewashed walls and dark board floors, by the careful choice of every piece of decoration and furniture to harmonize with every other piece and by concealing all modern innovations, such as radio, movie screen, game tables, and even the bar behind and beneath partitions, walls and furnishings.

Across the foyer, a circular staircase of white composition material, with a severe iron railing winds upward, lined with old English prints mounted on a buttercup-yellow background. You have no idea what yellow can do for a house until you study the Freddie Marches' home!

Beyond are the two dining rooms, one small one for the family, and the big banquet hall with its long table and chairs upholstered in green, its Sheffield silver and its landscape wallpaper. This paper, in greenish tones, depicts a rural French landscape, with huntsmen, peasants in the fields, fishermen, village scenes. Running entirely around the room, wainscot-high, it never repeats. The possibilities of pictorial wallpaper are something into which every home-owner should inquire.

Upstairs, a long hallway stretches the full length of the front of the house, broken by foyers and solariums and small sitting-room nooks. The apparent waste of space gives a sense of luxury unattainable in any other way. At one end of the hall is Freddie's room, paneled in dark woods, completely masculine. At the other end of the hall is Florence's (Mrs. March is the actress, Florence Eldridge) room with chocolate walls and white moldings. The bedspread is off-white quilted satin, the furniture and hangings heavy and dark. With the brilliant California sunshine pouring through the Venetian blinds, the effect is uniquely restful.

Children's Rooms Sound-Proof

A WING of the house is given over to the children—the little girl, Penelope ("Penny," for short) and the baby boy, Tony. There are rooms for their sleeping, and their waking hours, shut away from hearing behind sound-proof doors and walls.

The guest room, also, is isolated, being located in a wing off the downstairs play room, with a foyer all to itself. It is a symphony in gray and rose, with deep carpet and twilight walls.

While the front of the March house consists of a huge walled courtyard, with glistening white pebbles and tubbed shrubs with shiny leaves, in the most formal French chateau manner, the back is a delightful series of tiny gardens and wicket-walled *pleasances*, with terraced vineyards sloping down the canyon edge. There is a fruit garden with the intricate walled pear and apple trees so dear to Norman hearts, and a long sunny patio with wheelbarrows dripping with purple petunias—a landscape feature that is very effective and possible to everyone.

Garden gates made of fruitwood, low stone walls, pots of flowers and Deauville beach chairs dot the landscape. Flights of steps lead down first to a blue swimming pool and then to the kitchen gardens below. California trees have been omitted in landscaping, with the choice restricted to those found in France, another hint you may well take in laying out your grounds if you have chosen a special type of house.

It takes money to give a new home the look of having been lived in for generations, but any home-builder can buy used bricks for his walks, and cover his walls with quickly-growing vines and shrubs. The Marches have acquired a place that is luxurious without being showy, that hides its expensiveness under homey details, that is undoubtedly meant for gracious living and real use, and that is just as suitable for formal dinners and garden parties as it is for the frolics of children, and the practical jokes of its master.

B R I G H T

EYE IDEAS



CAN EVERY MAN you know name the color of your eyes, this minute? If not, you are not making good in the beauty game and it's time to *take steps*. You might take to *Kurlash* too. Slip your lashes into this fascinating little implement—press for an instant—and presto! They're curled back like a movie star's, looking *twice* as long, dark and glamorous. Notice how they frame your eyes, deepening and accentuating the color! No heat—no practice—no cosmetics . . . and *Kurlash* costs just \$1 too!



JANE L. is right when she writes that it's worth the trouble to pluck her brows slightly along the upper line because it makes her eyes seem larger. But the reddened skin and discomfort she complains about are caused by using an old-fashioned tweezer. Do you know *Tweezette*? It works automatically, plucking out the straggly offending hair, accurately and instantly, without even a twinge. It costs \$1 in any good store.



RUTH W. brushes her eyelashes when she does her hair. Not 100 strokes a day—simply an instant's brushing with a compound of beneficial oils called *Kurlene* (\$1). You'll be surprised how much silkier, softer and darker looking it will make yours too!

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly give you personal advice on eye beauty if you write her a note care of Department E-2, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

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"I Hate Flattery and Flatterers"

—Joan Crawford

(Continued from page 56)

Better a sincere, though merciless critic than a hypocritical, fawning friend!

"I abhor a lie—even the whitest of lies—told to spare my feelings. I've learned to hate flattery and flatterers. I've become disgusted with people who are always trying to create an impression. I shrink from 'easy' friendships because they are too often insincere. I've been hurt too often—and the hurts rankle too painfully and too long!"

Joan Crawford has not had a happy life. She is extremely sensitive, idealistic, and uncompromising in her sincerity. Such natures as hers are created for artistic accomplishment, not for happiness. Such people are never touched by insincerity without carrying lasting scars.

For years, she has fought the effects of her first great disillusionment. Her voice still is bitter as she tells of it.

"I had just enrolled in Stevens College. I was desperately poor and I had to find work in order to pay my tuition and board. I didn't dread the prospect of working my way, for I was ambitious and I didn't realize the extent to which girls of a certain class can carry snobbery. I knew very little about girls. My friends had been boys.

"I wanted the companionship of those girls at Stevens more than I had ever wanted anything. My dreams of college had centered in *friendships*. I had been lonely—I was starved for friendship.

"Work? I vowed I'd work my fingers to the bone in order to stay in school. I told one of the girls who had expressed friendship for me that I was going to wait on tables. I thought she would be glad to know of my good fortune.

Scarred Her Life for Years

"THAT afternoon, as I walked through one of the corridors, I heard several girls talking. I started to join them, heard my name mentioned, *sneeringly*, and stopped. I turned to ice when I heard the voice of the one girl whom I had selected in particular as my friend:

"Why, we can't have *her* in our crowd. She's going to wait on tables!"

"I wanted to crawl into a corner and die. Something in me—my blind faith in people—did die! I walked in a daze to my room and sat there, too stunned and too hurt to cry. I had been so eager. . . .

"Perhaps another girl might have been big enough—or hypocritical enough—to have concealed the hurt. I couldn't. I couldn't face those girls again. I avoided waiting on their tables in the dining hall; I tried to dodge them on the campus. I hated them, and, most of all, I hated myself! My life at Stevens, after that, was a nightmare.

"That experience made me afraid of people—afraid of their smug insincerities and their power to hurt me. I developed an inferiority complex that hounded me unmercifully for years.

"And the bitterest thing of all is that now, since I've won a little notice on the screen, almost every one of those snobs has remembered the 'dear, old days at Stevens.' They've written me ingratiating letters. Here in Hollywood, they've phoned me and asked to see me for a few minutes to 'talk over old times.'

"I never hear from one of them without all of my first bitterness storming back

They wouldn't accept me for what I was, and essentially, I'm no different now, even though I'm not waiting on tables. Such insincerity is sickening!

The Sad Case of Renée Adorée

"ANY screen star has ample opportunity to study insincerity and pretense in their most contemptible forms. Any screen star who fails to profit by the study is inviting a broken heart.

"Poor Renée Adorée"—and Joan's eyes cloud with ready tears—"she discovered how cruelly insincere 'friendships' can be. Renée appraised fame at its face value. She loved parties and gaiety and people . . . people . . . people! She accepted everyone as a friend—and friendship, to her, meant giving unsparingly of everything she had.

"And just as long as she was a star, hypocrites and parasites swarmed around her, flattered her, fawned on her and swore that they were her loyal, devoted friends. When she lost her health and, with it, her place on the screen and the little money she hadn't already given away, how many friends did she have? Just three! The others deserted her as callously as rats desert a sinking ship.

"She went to a sanitarium to die. One of her friends paid her expenses there; the other two continued to give her their love in every way they could. All of the others whom she had loved so generously were too busy to write her even the most casual notes. Under the circumstances, I think Renée rather welcomed death.

"What happened to her has happened and will happen to many others. It will never happen to me because I've learned not to place confidence in gushing protestations of undying devotion. I no longer ask, 'Is my friend amusing, is he clever, is he stimulating?' I ask, 'Is he *sincere*?'"

Claims Six Sincere Friends

"ANY person who has as many as three really sincere friends is almost unbelievably rich. I have six friends whose loyalty has been thoroughly tried and proved—therefore, I am a very Midas! Such friendship as theirs, anywhere, is rare; in Hollywood, it is more than rare. Those six friends of mine are no respecters of the fact that I happen to be a star. They criticize me as bluntly and as honestly as I criticize them. They criticize me because *they are my friends*."

The friendship between Joan and Franchot Tone has received a vast amount of attention from the press. Writers repeatedly have hinted that Joan's influence has helped him over the Hollywood hurdles. Probably there is incidental truth in that statement—but the inference is decidedly unfair to Franchot. Sincerity, not self-interest, is the basis of that relationship.

"I am deeply grateful to Franchot Tone. He has the educational and cultural background that I would give anything to own. His friendship—and his frank criticisms—have aroused in me a consciousness of my own shortcomings. He has guided my reading, has been my teacher in many things," says Joan.

"I am swayed too much by my emotion. He is governed by the restraints of his background. I know that I can go to him for honest counsel. He has saved me many mistakes. His opinions are not always flat-

tering—but they are always sincere."

The most amazing of Joan's friendships is with Constance Bennett. No two women are more direct opposites. Their only common meeting ground is implicit sincerity.

"When I first met Constance, I disliked her wholeheartedly," Joan explains. "Everything that she did seemed to me a pose. I had rubbed elbows with so much artificiality and had been taken in so completely that I didn't recognize sincerity when I met it.

"Later I discovered my mistake, and learned that her indifference to public opinion, her implicit self-confidence and her assumption of intellectual superiority were not affectations. She says what she thinks and does as she pleases.

"She has criticized me—always to my face and always constructively—as mercilessly as any human being can another. She has flayed me for my lack of self-confidence and managed to give me something of her own magnificent assurance. Time and again I've gone to her with some problem that seemed overwhelming—and usually she points out the fact that some blunder of my own is at the bottom of all the trouble.

"I suppose it's inevitable that Hollywood, built on make-believe, should be a fertile breeding ground for superficiality and pretense. People who make a business of acting have to guard against the habit of acting, off-screen, as well.

"The trumpet-blowing that accompanies a screen success brings about a grotesque distortion of values here. The importance of a few stars is inflated out of all proportion to fact, while other studio workers, just as valuable to the industry in their own lines of work, are dwarfed into insignificance. The result is a caste system based on artificialities.

Often Fatal to Marriages

"ON the one hand, sincerity is routed by overwhelming egotism, and, on the other, inferiority complexes spring up and their victims resort to 'swanking' in order to assert their importance.

"Undoubtedly, many Hollywood marriages have been wrecked by just such stupid pretense on the part of one, or even both parties. Indirectly, I think, it is flattery that wrecks many screen marriages. It is much easier to swallow praise, no matter how insincere, than to admit the justice of criticism.

"A few days ago, I happened to overhear two visitors on my set. One was viciously panning my last picture, 'Chained.' Later, a mutual acquaintance introduced us.

"I want to tell you how much I enjoyed 'Chained,' he gushed.

"I appreciated his honest criticism a great deal more than his insincere flattery.

"It is sincerity that produces great pictures. The story may be illogical and the actors' rôles unbelievable, but if sincere feeling is there, the audience will still respond. An actor must believe his rôle while playing it.

"It is equally true that, off-screen, an actor must be *himself*. People who are forever posing end by dissipating emotions."

Sincerity—Joan Crawford calls it the greatest thing in life. And, in that one word, it's very possible that you may find the cornerstone of her greatness—both as an actress and as a person.

They Got Mad Enough to Become Famous

(Continued from page 29)

suddenly, I determined to prove that I wasn't sickly—to prove that I could be one of the strongest boys in the world. I tried walking, running, setting-up exercises and, at last, swimming. Swimming did it. I began to put on weight, and, after I had walloped all my tormentors, began attracting attention as a boy swimmer." And now he's *Tarzan*!

Robert Montgomery? . . . Well, the Standard Oil tanker, *Caddo*, had just returned to New York after a round trip to San Pedro, California, via the Canal and the engineer was looking at a grimy oil-wiper who answered to the name of Bob Montgomery.

"Listen, punk," said the engineer. "I don't know how many jobs you've been fired from before; probably plenty. Well, you're fired from this one, too. As an oil-wiper, you'd make a swell Broadway actor."

"That guy gave me an idea," Montgomery told me. "The very next day, I went to see Sam Janney, a friend of mine, now dead, who knew a lot of producers, and asked him to get me a stage job."

"What are you doing now?" he asked me.

"Writing novels," I answered.

"How much money do you make?" he asked.

"None," I replied, truthfully.

"Well," he said, "you can't do any worse on the stage. Come on." And he got me a job with William Faversham in *'The Mask and the Face.'* That was the beginning."

Fired—with Determination

MYRNA LOY, like Carole Lombard, probably wouldn't have clicked in pictures if she hadn't had a heart-breaking experience. Myrna had been trying for a rôle, trying for weeks, and at last she got the part of the *Madonna* in "Ben-Hur."

"I had that rôle for three hours," laughed Myrna. "Then it was decided that I was too tall, too this, and too that, and was fired. Betty Bronson got the part. I went home heart-broken. But that experience fired me with a will-to-win that still burns within me."

The prayer of the maidens would never have been answered (on the screen, anyway) in the person of Clark Gable, had it not been for a youthful experience. Clark was perfectly happy, laboring in the mill of a rubber company in Akron, Ohio, until he was offered two dollars a week "on the side" to act as call-boy, at night, in an Akron theatre. The job of call-boy didn't go to his head, and he had no dreams of being an actor until, one night, an "actor" was needed to walk out on the stage and take the leading man's hat.

"I was cast for that important rôle," Gable told me, "and, from that moment on, thought of nothing but the stage. I soon quit my job at the rubber mill, and set out to seek fame and fortune on the stage." (And you can wager that the jibes of his fellow mill-workers stayed in the back of his mind, prodding him on, through long years of bitter struggle to gain a foothold on the footlights!)

No cross-section survey of the Hollywood colony would be complete without a Western hero, so I turned to Ken Maynard.

"I was a youth, working with Bill Hart," he said. "He fired me—told me I was no good as a Western actor, never would be, and suggested that I stick to the rodeos. I went home white with rage, but determined to show Hart. 'I'll be the greatest Western star in the world!' I said to myself." He is!

A Ceiling Inspired Charlie

CRACKS in the ceiling of a squalid room in the slums of London influenced Charles Spencer Chaplin in plotting the course of his life. Charlie used to lie on his back on the floor, and gaze at the cracks. The ceiling, to him, was a map of the world. Each crack was a river, or a boundary line. The gray spaces were oceans, the darker, dirtier ones, strange continents.

Little Charlie, with the pinched face and the staring eyes, *knew*, as he lay upon the floor, that one day he would rise far above the station the fates seemed to have selected for him and, thus rising, explore all those rivers, cross the boundary lines, and oceans, too, and visit all the strange distant places he envisioned on that ceiling. And not so long ago Charles Spencer Chaplin, in cut-away coat, spats, top hat and gardenia, visited that very same room with a companion. And Charlie, top-hat and all, spread himself upon the floor, and asked his companion to do likewise. And then, with his stick, Charlie pointed to his rivers, his oceans, and his continents.

Strange as it may seem, a chip off old Plymouth Rock has much to do with the success of Neil Hamilton.

"It was back in Athol, Massachusetts," Neil relates. "We were about the poorest family in town, and I was about the laziest kid in school. The pet of the class came from a rich family; he knew all the answers, and besides, his mother owned a piece of Plymouth Rock. Once a year his mother came to school with her pebble; impressively, sacredly, it was passed from pupil to pupil. Year after year, it was the same ritual. How I longed to throw that rock out of the window, along with the son of its owner! I developed an intense hatred for the boy who represented money, brains, family, training—and the Plymouth Rock. All the things I didn't have."

"Right then and there I made up my mind that I would be so successful that, if I so desired, I could buy the whole Plymouth Rock, crack it up, and shoot it away in a bean-shooter! I made a vow to be far more important in life than that boy, whose mother owned a piece of the Rock. And had it not been for that incident, I sincerely doubt that I would have got ahead in the world."

Then there are Mae West—a shimmy dancer who became a playwright and an actress, because Broadway sniffed at her ambitions; Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.—who made good on his own, because people said he wouldn't, with a father so famous; Bette Davis—who set out to show Hollywood after it called her "a little brown wren"; June Knight—who didn't let friends' taunts stifle her ambition to sing; Maurice Chevalier—who was hooted off the stage one night, and came back the next night to score one of the biggest hits in Parisian history; Ramon Novarro—the busboy who was laughed at by condescending restaurant patrons because of his ambition to become an actor and a singer; Ann Dvorak—the dancer who had to wait three years before getting a chance to act.

Warner Baxter tells the story of the big incident in his boyhood that shaped the course of his career, and led him to stardom in pictures, in one sentence:

"My Uncle Jed was a ballyhoo man with the old Barnum and Bailey Circus, and when I was six years old, he began spending his Winters in our home."

What a story-teller Uncle Jed must have been!

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—eyes no man can forget

CHARMING eyes in 40 seconds! A magic touch of the lashes with Winx, the super-mascara, and your eyes are given new glamour.

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Winx gives you long, lovely lashes—soft, alluring. It is refined to the last degree—so it's safe, smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—scientifically perfect.

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To introduce Winx to new friends, note my *two* offers below. My booklet—"Lovely Eyes—How To Have Them"—is complete—how to care for the lashes and brows, how to use eye shadow, how to treat "crow's-feet," etc.

Louise Ross

Merely send Coupon for "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them"

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Name.....

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If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ Black or ☐ Brown.

Women Scream at the Sight of Him

(Continued from page 60)

I did scream. From shock. But not from the kind of shock I had expected. This plump and amiable young man—he looks about twenty-five—might have been Roscoe Arbuckle in Roscoe's younger days. He might well play *Humpty-Dumpty* or *Tweedledum* or *Tweedledee*, but not, I thought, NOT "M."

He has the face and figure of a *Falstaff*. He looks made for laughter and jollity and the cutting of capers. And then you talk to him—and you begin to understand. . . . For here is an actor, utterly independent of his physical body. Here is an actor in the grand manner, informed by a mind that knows all there is to know about abnormal psychology, and most of the other psychologies. The mind back of those round and shining eyes is able to insinuate itself into your head and mine and discover what is going on there, what makes the wheels go around, what motives animate us, what instincts prompt us, what, in short, makes us behave like human beings.

Peter Lorre can understand the murderer and the merry-maker, the saint and the devil, the very young and the very old. And because he can understand all men under all conditions, he can bring them to the stage and to the screen—living, breathing, real.

I said, ineptly, "It's hard to believe that you could have made 'M'. I haven't seen the picture, but just looking at you—I didn't expect—"

Searched a Madman's Mind

HE smiled, a very wise and kindly smile, and said, "It is all a matter of the understanding. It is that which inhabits the body that makes the man what he is. . . . 'M' was based, as you know, on an actual and horrible series of murders. The Dusseldorf child murders. I did not see the actual murderer. I did not need to. I saw a few photographs of him, that was all. It did not matter to me what he looked like, or what his mannerisms were. It only mattered that he did what he did, and my only concern was to understand why. And," he added, with an even pleasanter smile, "I did understand. . . ."

In that moment of pause, digesting all the implications of his words, I felt my first authentic thrill of horror. . . .

"But otherwise," Peter Lorre continued, "I am afraid that I must disappoint you. I know what you expected of me, what you hoped of me. So many people have. . . . You would like me to tell you that I sleep in a darkened room, inhabited, perhaps, by bats and evil spirits, lit with a red lamp, the evil eye. You would like me to say that I am familiar with visitations from another world, that I spend my days and nights reading ancient tomes of old evils, that I am drenched in the lives of murderers and mental criminals. No. I am sorry. I am afraid that I am a very normal, happy, wholesome individual, with no complexes.

"That disappoints you, yes? Nevertheless, I am happily married. My wife was Cecilie Lvovsky. She was an extremely well-known actress in Vienna when I married her. She now stays at home and keeps house for me and is happy doing so. We have a home at Santa Monica, near the sea, because I love the water and sunshine and fresh air and flowers. I am delighted to be here, because I can have a home. I am now busily engaged in putting in a badminton court and planting flowers, many flowers."

(Peter Lorre, by the way, has been

studying English for twelve weeks and speaks it as well as you do and better than I do. And with almost no trace of an accent. Which is a dash abnormal, you must admit.

His Role Pursued Him

HE said, "Yes, I have tried to run away from 'M'. There have been so many unhappy things in connection with it. It was not publicity, the things you heard. Men and women did run away from me in the streets of Berlin and even in London. A woman did die in the audience, watching the picture. I am told that she was a hysterical type of woman and I try to believe so. But I regret very much that such a thing had to happen. I felt, for a time, personally responsible.

"It did hurt me very much to go to the homes of my old friends where I had always been a welcome visitor in the nurseries and find that the children were being removed from the rooms I entered. And when children cried and screamed at sight of me on the streets and in the parks I felt as much like the real 'M' as I had felt on the screen—the 'M' who was haunted, instinctively feared.

"Even my wife had a bad reaction after she saw that picture. It took a little time on my part to remove a strained and anxious look from her eyes. I do not suppose that any horror picture has ever produced so realistic a reaction. It still amazes me.

"Then, too, every warped and perverse person in Europe wrote to me after the release of 'M'. The letters were too pitiful. I could not use them for publicity purposes. No one shall ever know their contents. They belong only to psychiatrists, to the scientists of the mind.

"After 'M', I turned down parts in horror pictures from all over the world. Every producer on earth, I believe, who had a horror picture he wished to produce, wanted me to play in it. I would not do them for fear of being typed—or more typed," Mr. Lorre laughed, "than I am now. I would not do anything for the mere sake of money. If it is not too egotistic to say that. Because, actually, I did reject several fortunes when I rejected those offers. I crave acting as some men crave drink and drugs and other strong stimulants. I could not live without it. But acting is not just the playing of one part, one type. Acting is to enter into the lives and problems and emotions of all men, under all conditions, in all kinds of circumstances.

Knows Few Limits as an Actor

"I AM, of course, physically limited to a certain extent. I could not, for instance, play the sort of part that calls for Clark Gable. I could not play a tall Viking with a crest of gold on my head. But those are minor limitations. It does not mean that I cannot play the lover, the adolescent, the dreamer, the murderer, the *Falstaff*—since all of the emotions, love and hate and fear and sorrow and joy are in the mind.

"Acting, with me, is an instinct. It could not be accounted for otherwise. I had never been in a theatre in my life until I stood upon the stage, an actor. I didn't know what the inside of a theatre looked like. I had never met an actor or an actress. I had never met a director, producer, or playwright. I was on the stage in front of an audience before ever I was in the audience.

"I was born, you see, in the village of Rosenberg, in Hungary, in the Carpathian Mountains. We were five, my three brothers, my sister and myself. My father was then a very rich man, owning many castles. We lived to ourselves in a very old-world fashion. My father thought that the theatre and talk of the theatre were not for children. He kept the world away from us, there in the dark mountains. Only death crept in. My mother died when I was very young and that was the sadness that taught me what sadness can be. I read a great deal and lived in fantasies wherein I acted, all unconsciously, my many parts.

"When I was quite young, we moved to Vienna. And when I was seventeen, I ran away from home. I did not say to myself, 'I am going to be an actor,' because I did not really know what an actor was. But somewhere, in my sub-conscious being, the root stirred and motivated me and I went. And after a time I met and joined a group of youths who had an improvised theatre and I knew then why I had left my father's house.

How He Came to Make "M"

"FOR a long while I went hungry and friendless and cold. I knew park benches for beds and the feel of a face pressed against the window of a sweet-shop. At last I was given a contract to do bits with a company in Breslau and then I went to Zurich and did a small part in Galsworthy's 'Society.' After which came Vienna again, where I played all kinds of parts, both comedy and drama. When I went at last to Berlin, I arrived with ten marks in my pocket. My little fame had preceded me and I was given a part in 'Pioniere in Ippolstadt' and I was, literally, what you call here a star 'overnight.' I woke the next morning to find my name sweet on the critics' mouths and five thousand marks a month guaranteed to me. I thought I had achieved my goal.

"Then came rehearsals for Wedekind's 'Spring's Awakening.' Fritz Lang saw me rehearsing and made me promise that I would take the starring part in a picture he would one day produce. He did not know, nor did I, what the picture would be. I agreed. Some two years later Fritz Lang called me for—'M'."

And now this man at sight of whom women scream and die and faint is here in Hollywood, under long-term contract to Columbia Studios. Two tremendous stories are already scheduled for him: Dostoevsky's "Crime and Punishment" and "Kasper Hauser, the Child of Europe," the story of one of the most notorious cases in Continental criminology.

A round, jolly fellow who brings lollipops to the children, loves Hungarian goulash, loathes milk, plays badminton and tennis, plants flowers, won't see other pictures because he is afraid he might unconsciously imitate the work of others, loves dogs and cats and birds, believes that woman's place is in the home—this is the Peter Lorre who made "M." This is the Peter Lorre who will make "Crime and Punishment" and "Kasper Hauser" and others—who will keep you awake nights wondering at a very great actor who can transcend his body and make of his mind a murderer, a lover, a madman, an old man, a clown. . . .

Here, for sure, is a worthy rival of Emil Jannings, of Charles Laughton, of Henry Hull, of Lionel Barrymore, of Conrad Veidt . . . of all the character-acting great!

Jackie Coogan—14 Years Later

(Continued from page 42)

christens her baby, nurses it when it is 'sick,' and holds tea parties for it when it is well. She constantly enacts dramas of her imagination, purloining bits of her mother's clothing to dress the part.

"Can't you see? Every child is born an actor. And if they can coax grown-ups to play their games with them, they are in Seventh Heavens of delight. And when they become professional actors, they have the times of their lives. All any youngster asks is to be allowed to play. And in a studio, their elders not only play with them, but these amusing grown-ups actually make up the games..."

"No, sir, don't talk to me about 'lost' childhood. The movies are paradise for kids. Admired, petted and pampered, they may become smart-alecky. But don't we all pass through that smart-aleck stage?"

"The adulation of the public is, however, a danger—not to the child, who doesn't comprehend the magnitude of public adulation, but to the parents whose heads are more apt to be turned. *Parents spoil with greater ease than do their children.*"

"It is all a matter of picking the right parents—which is very important, regardless of whether you are in the movies or not. Personally, I was fortunate in picking the best of parents. They always reasoned with me, thereby teaching me to reason for myself. By their own sensible perspective, they gave me a completely normal viewpoint. I was never allowed to be made over by others, and probably received even less praise than if I had been a youngster who recites 'The Curfew Will Not Ring Tonight' before a parlor crowded with aunts, uncles and cousins and maybe a few friends of the family."

"The fact that I was earning a lot of money never occurred to me. Money didn't mean anything to me. I don't even know how much I have to-day, although I do know that if I did inquire, carefully audited books would be at my disposal."

Young Jack Coogan is generally conceded to be worth somewhere in the neighborhood of two and a half million. His father has always handled his financial affairs and has made wise investments.

Had No Use for Money Then

"I KNOW of the location of good deal of real estate we own," Jack continued, rattling off the names of many prominent corners in Hollywood. "The miniature golf course, now over-run with weeds, was built upon our property by lessees. We didn't lose anything when that boom burst."

"As a kid, I had no use for money. Manufacturers and fans sent me as many toys as I knew what to do with. The attic is filled with them now. People were constantly buying ice cream and candy for me, as much as my parents would let me have for my own good. What did I need with money? But, when I got a little older, Dad began paying me a 'salary,' probably to see for himself what I would do with it. The 'salary' got to be ten dollars a week. And do you know what I did?"

"I had a bank that looked like a big book. Into it I had put all my previous salary payments, so every Friday, after my pay had been raised to ten dollars, I would hop into a car with the company cameraman and drive down to the bank. I had the ten-dollar bill changed into a gold piece and promptly deposited it in my book bank. When I eventually filled the coin bank, I had more than eight hundred dollars to deposit in a real bank. I never spent a cent of my 'salary.' Nor have I ever touched the savings account into which I put it. That was more than ten years ago.

It must be a pretty tidy sum now."

This incident is a revealing highlight upon the young man who was once a child star in the movies. A thoroughly modest, retiring, well-mannered chap is Jack Coogan. You could ask for no finer example with which to refute the charge that juvenile film actors come to sad ends.

How He Lives Today

THE erstwhile Jackie lives in a home outside of the fashionable motion picture residential district. Millionaire or not, he lives no differently from the college boys of moderately well-to-do families in your own home-town. The walls of his den where I sat talking to him are lined with bookshelves, the usual collection of boys' books from "The Book of Knowledge," through sets of "Tom Swift" and "The Rover Boys" to current histories and school books. The overstuffed furniture is well worn. A couple of golf trophies occupy a place of honor and only a single photograph can be seen. This is of Toby Wing, whom Jack has been squiring about town.

Jack has had two years of college at Santa Clara in a regular arts course. He is transferring to the University of Southern California to study business. He has, you see, an unusually sane outlook upon his future responsibilities. He wants to continue working in the motion picture industry and will try acting first. If his efforts as an adult actor do not meet with success, he will go into the business end.

"The movies are all I know," Jack told me. "I was only eighteen months old when I was the baby with Bryant Washburn in 'Skinner's Baby.' Then at four and a half, Mr. Chaplin gave me a rôle supporting him in 'The Kid.' The picture was in production exactly one year and one day." (Did you note the "Mr. Chaplin"? Jack always refers to his discoverer as "Mister.")

Not Sold on Military Schools

"I WORKED in pictures until I was eleven and was sent away to military school. And I might as well tell you here and now that I don't believe in military schools. They teach you class distinction, a thing of which, as a movie child, I had been totally unconscious. . . In a military system of education, cliques are automatically formed. The officers associate only with fellow-officers, high-hatting those beneath them in rank—for the sake of discipline. And the rank and file reciprocate by cordially disliking the officers above them. I had a great many fights in military school because of class distinction."

"When I got away from the military academy and went to other schools, I had no further trouble. I was no longer 'that movie actor' or 'that millionaire,' but just 'one of the gang.' I remember having a hard time figuring out this 'millionaire' business. I couldn't understand why I was ridiculed for having made money. I didn't have any more to spend than most of the other boys. My allowance was never more than twenty-five dollars a month until I entered college. Even to-day I go and ask Dad for money I need, just as you probably went to your father."

"So, all in all, where have I lost anything from having been a child movie actor? All youngsters act in the games they play. What's the difference if it's in front of a camera? . . . I can look back upon a childhood filled with fun. Why, then, should it be said that I lost my childhood?"

"I repeat—a child in the movies has nothing to lose and everything to gain."

This is Jackie—pardon—Jack Coogan, fourteen years later.

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"It's a Matter of B-B-Breaks," Says Bing

(Continued from page 57)

the ground, reasons Bing, the less likely you are of going "Boom!" when you slip. And Bing's life is a daily reminder of this attitude. He is the most down-to-earth individual you could imagine. You see him coming through the studio gate, an old cap on his head, a shapeless sweater on his back, wearing a flopping pair of trousers and an enormous grin on his face. He never enters the studio lot without reporting at his "office." There he stops to discuss affairs of state with Oscar Smith, and, to use his own words, "to settle an international problem or two."

That "office" is the boot-black stand, and Oscar Smith is the round-faced, grinning diplomat who presides there. Not that Oscar's smile is any broader or his whistle any louder than Bing's, but he has been on the lot longer than Crosby, and that makes him "president."

"Color-Blind" Bing

"THAT Bing is sure enough color-blind," boasts Oscar. "Doans' make no difference to him that he makes a thousan' dollahs fo' every buck I pull in. No, suh, he's color-blind, an' green-backs and yellahbacks don't flow in that boy's veins. You know if he came on this lot without talkin' to me, I'd go right out there on the stage and stop everything, and want to know 'how come?', 'cause I'd know that boy'd be sick."

Bing is everybody's friend—and he hasn't a high-toned notion to his name.

"Anyone with any common sense ought to know more than to be cocky these days," says this boy who hasn't let stardom puff him out of proportion, "because you never can tell what might happen. You don't know whether you'll be riding high and handsome next month, or thumbing your way back to normal."

Which is one reason why Bing smiles a little ruefully at the story that he is going to retire in a year and live off his radio business, his investments and his real estate holdings—giving up the top salary of his five-year, option-free contract, his coast-to-coast radio broadcast and his income from phonograph records.

The common sense that has won him the reputation of being one of the very best business men among the stars warns him that what he has to-day is no catalogue of what he will have to-morrow. And it's that same common sense that makes him feel that the man who measures his importance by his possessions these days is plain crazy. To use Bing's own words:

"It's a precarious pastime to imagine yourself better than the next fellow merely because your end of life's seesaw happens to be up, and his end down. You're liable to wake up some morning with a tin cup in your hand, wondering how it all happened. Then, if you've been cocky, it's just too bad."

"Having all the breaks doesn't necessarily mean you have all the stuff. The fellow who is down may have a lot more on the ball than you. I know it's that way in my case. There are men singing on the radio who have better voices than mine, and there are others who have better voices than theirs—fellows who aren't even on the air."

"Likewise, there are lots of actors haunting the casting offices who are far better performers than some of our big-money movie stars; actors you will

probably never see—merely because they can't get the breaks.

Why He's Not Retiring

"THAT'S why I'm not retiring, and why I'm not forgetting that it's ninety per cent luck in this game, with real top-notchers on the bottom and some bottom-notchers on the top. A little thinking on that subject ought to knock the conceit out of anybody."

And in spite of the fact that Bing is undoubtedly one of the biggest and most consistent money-earners in Hollywood and is constantly receiving flattering offers from radio and phonograph companies, he feels that he has no reason for patting himself on the back because good fortune has smiled on him.

It is because he feels grateful for his good fortune that Bing is perhaps the easiest star in all Hollywood to deal with. He never fights about parts, never drives hard bargains with the studio, and takes what is assigned him and does the best he can with it. Bing feels that he is lucky, and he doesn't intend to cross it by making things harder for the other fellow.

"Every day I see object lessons around Hollywood," he explains, "that pound home the fact that I'm a lucky guy. I can't go out at night without meeting two or three people who were at one time at the very top, and whose position then seemed as secure as it is possible for anyone's to be—and who are now in the most unfortunate circumstances. Some of them are actually penniless."

"The whole thing is transitory. No man knows how long his own good fortune will last, or when, or why, or how it may suddenly be no more—and in its place nothing but disappointment and failure."

"I'm not one of the unlucky devils who are being avoided by people who once went out of their way to shake their hands—but I know how it must feel. And I know how it must feel to have been on the top, and to know that you still have all that you once had, and yet not get a chance to prove it."

"I can't help but know how it feels—because I can read it in their eyes, even when they grin and kid and tell me about the breaks that they are getting, breaks that never seem to materialize. Most of them don't know why or how it all happened, and some of them can't seem to realize it is really so. And it may happen to any of us, any day."

No Reason for Being Cocky

"IF I happen to be a little luckier than the other fellow—and I am with the breaks I've had—it should only make me more thankful and less cocky. And, in my opinion, that goes for the rest of the fortunate ones out here."

"In most cases, movie contracts are no guarantee against the future, for those contracts are optional. I know men who had marvelous contracts a few months ago—and who haven't a prospect now."

"Just the other day I saw a director making a picture—his first in three years. Yet, when I started in the movies five years ago, he was one of the big figures in the industry. Then he was the prime entertainer of the picture colony—and a terrific spender. To-day the picture he is making is literally a life-saver for him."

"I know a dozen stars and feature play-

ers who were tops when I first came out here, and who are willing to play 'bits' now. Just why they are out, nobody seems to know. There is no definite, inevitable reason. It isn't because they have broken some inviolable law of studio or Nature, or that they have lost their ability. Some of them come back—with everything on the ball that they ever had. Take the case of W. C. Fields, for example. He has been up and down a couple of times, and now, with his second comeback in the movies, he is a real star, and in wide demand."

"He is the same man, with the same ability, that he was when the pendulum of luck swung against him a few years ago. The only difference between his great popularity to-day and his utter lack of opportunity in the films a few years ago is a matter of getting the breaks."

"Bill Fields was just as fine a comedian then as he is now—but the breaks wouldn't let him prove it. Alan Hale was just as good a character man two years ago as he is to-day, and the breaks were against him, too. But since his work in 'Little Man, What Now?' and other films, he has won a fine studio contract. I could list a dozen such examples, but most of us are familiar with enough of them without having others called to our minds. A walk down Hollywood Boulevard any day will serve as a catalogue of instances of this kind."

Luck Works in Two Directions

"I KNOW a hundred men and women who used to play in vaudeville and pictures with me who are out of work now because they are out of luck now. I remember when they used to check over their bank accounts, savings and loan association contracts, and real estate deeds and talk of retiring. Lots of them have—but not willingly. Misfortune has retired them."

"Every day I receive letters from people who once ranked high in their profession, letters in which they offer to do anything, if they can just get a chance to start earning again. They aren't asking for a break—just for a chance."

"Remembering this, it burns me up to see some lucky individual in radio or pictures putting on airs; lifting his eyebrows knowingly at the mention of 'luck' and 'breaks'; and giving you to understand that he is on top of the pile through sheer merit; and that if he had to start all over again, his simon-pure merit would carry him to the heights again."

"Maybe it would, but the chances are ten to one that it would not. Sometimes I can't help half-wishing that type of fellow would get a chance to find out. On the other hand, after the tough luck I've witnessed in the past couple of years, I can't wish anyone any of it. Instead, I'm just sitting tight, doing the best I can, and holding my thumbs for some of the fine fellows I know whose breaks are long past due."

And that's why Bing Crosby is so friendly to everybody, and so very far from ever being high-hat, and why he keeps right on making hay and saying nothing. Because he really thinks it is *ninety per cent luck*, and that Dame Fortune has given him the breaks.

And that, too, is why the report of his retirement isn't worrying Paramount, or sending them out scouting for another singing comedian to replace him.

Franchot Answers His Critics

(Continued from page 39)

for his great loneliness on the West Coast.

But the best-laid plans of supervisors and men don't always work out in Hollywood. Franchot's career went like a skyrocket. His name was on everyone's tongue after his first picture, "To-day We Live." His employers, recognizing a great bet in Franchot, were not allowing him to slip through their fingers. They immediately signed him to a long-term contract. He was grateful for their faith in him, and had become intensely interested in films, yet found it hard to give up his plans of working again with the Group.

Maybe if members of the Group read this, they will know with what reluctance Franchot signed to stay in films. Maybe they will know that being away from them so long has only deepened his nostalgia, increased his respect for them. Pictures play a very important part in his life, but nothing will entirely supplant the Group. Franchot talks about them continuously. And when he explains how they work and what they stand for, it is easy to understand his feelings.

"I had experience in college plays," says Franchot. "But I believe the Group taught me how to act. Until I became one of their members, I had little more than poise. The Group is made up of a bunch of young people who wish to be artists. But, more than that, they want to do plays that express their own philosophy of life, their beliefs about human beings conducting themselves right and wrong in American life to-day.

High-Hat? No—Shy!

"PEOPLE have accused me of being aloof and high-hat. I've always been aloof—if they must call it that. As a child, I suffered from extreme shyness. I don't know why. I couldn't help it, and I tried to overcome it, but I finally came to the realization that I was just that way and would have to remain that way.

"In college (I went to Cornell), my brother Jerry was the popular one. He was the mixer in the family. We would walk across the campus, and everyone would slap him on the back and have a cheery word of greeting. And Jerry always managed to have the right thing to say in return. I tried to do it, but I didn't sound sincere to myself. Try as I would, it was impossible for me to be hail-fellow-well-met.

"You can believe it or not, but my biggest kick is to have a 'prop' man or electrician compliment my work or say that he likes me personally. They are the people I want to like me. It means much more, coming from them.

"There is no place in the Group Theatre for those who believe that life is futile, as some people do in pictures. That's why the Group trains actors at their Summer camp. They cannot find enough skilled performers who haven't been pushed around too long on Broadway. The tendency in America to-day is to make you say, 'What the hell?' 'What of it?'—or 'So what?' I'm afraid of this attitude and guard against it. Then I get accused of being high-hat. When I'm on the set, I sit by myself because I like to think about my part and figure out how I can play it best. I like to clown and kid with the best of them. But there's a time for that. When I'm there to work, I want to work.

Those Dress Suits Did It

"UNTIL I came to Hollywood, I had never been referred to as 'Gentleman Franchot Tone.' I think some of the early parts I played on the screen had a lot to

do with it. I never played a society part on the stage in my life. I have no sympathy for the stuffed-shirt type. Therefore, I suppose I have given some shallow performances. When I was seen only in parts like those, naturally, people got the impression that I was like that in real life. I think my rôle in 'Lives of a Bengal Lancer' is going to help kill this feeling.

"I modestly admit that I was brought up well. My parents are gentle people. I was taught to hold a knife and fork—if that's what they mean by always identifying me as a gentleman. I had many advantages and never had to want for things. But as a matter of fact, I'm not such a gentleman in real life. The screen just makes me live up to my publicity!

"I really am a very lazy person. I hate to shave and used to wear a beard every summer. I often keep people waiting. I forget to telephone and apologize when I break dates and I like to wear the same suit for days. I have dozens hanging in my closet, but I enjoy being sloppy. I push through crowds and never excuse myself. If I feel like it, I go upstairs and go to bed when I have visitors. If I don't feel like talking, I sit for hours and never say a word. Now, surely Hollywood will realize that no self-respecting gentleman would commit such breaches of etiquette!"

There was a twinkle in Franchot's eyes as he finished this last remark. He really does get upset, though, when he feels that he is being criticized for being too much of a gentleman or is called high-hat. I've heard him express great admiration for people, yet it is next to impossible for him to put it into words or show it by his actions.

Couldn't Pay His Compliment

FOR instance, he has great admiration for the artistry of Paul Muni, Charlie Chaplin and Francis Lederer. He actually summoned up courage enough to speak to Chaplin when he saw him at the Hollywood Bowl a short time ago. As a little boy, he had idolized and imitated the famous comedian. Seeing him in person for the first time, Franchot went up and asked him to autograph his program. Without even glancing up, Chaplin remarked that he never gave autographs. Crest-fallen, Franchot went back to his seat. In all probability, that was the first and last time he would ever try to show anyone how much he meant to him.

"It has taken me almost two years to decide how to act in Hollywood," says Franchot. "I've had to get used to being watched, to reading about my every move in the papers. I use to read about Hollywood and imagine that people were so busy that they were doing things all the time. In reality, so little happens that everything gets in the papers. They even resort to their imaginations. There is no privacy. I'm just beginning to get used to it.

"I've had to decide whether I should go on as I am or try to fit into what is expected of me as an actor. I've finally decided to try to meet the situation half-way. But I don't feel that I could measure up to all the requirements well enough to go about bringing a complete change. No one will ever realize what an actor goes through when he first comes to Hollywood. It's like arriving in the most unusual foreign country in the world. Once you get used to its people and its customs, it is a great place in which to live. But until that time, you're liable to find yourself accused of a lot of things you've never even dreamed of. It has taken me this long to take out my first citizenship papers."

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Untold Stories of Loves That Have Lasted

(Continued from page 59)

formance, himself. But while he was bucking and cavorting around in the big tent, that curtain wasn't deserted. Then a little redhead held up the corner of it, watching her favorite bucko take the fight out of some exceptionally vicious bucko. For, as soon as Odille Osborne had combed up her hair after her own ride, she would pop out to watch the show's champion rider do his stuff.

That procedure of watching one another continued for three months, before big Buck and little Odille discovered they were charter members in their society of mutual admiration.

"Then it didn't take us long to fall in love," explains Buck, "but it didn't take much longer for the show to break up for the season, either, and before we knew it, we were separated. . . . During the Winter that followed, I couldn't get the picture of that hundred-pound girl with the long red hair out of my head—and I was eager for the opening of our show in the Spring.

"But things didn't work out the way we expected, and the next time I saw Dell was when the Wild West show she was riding in played Lima, Ohio. I was working as an automobile mechanic in Indianapolis, and the distance between those two towns seemed thousands of miles to me the first day I raced over to see her.

"It took just one look at her in that tent for me to know exactly what was necessary for my peace of mind from then on. So I tore back to Indianapolis. Telling my father I wanted to go into the garage business with another young fellow, I borrowed twenty-five dollars from him, got out my white chaps and my best white shirt and went back to Lima.

"Should a girl marry a fellow who is broke and hasn't a job?" I asked Dell.

"Not unless she loves him—like I do you," she came back, without batting an eye.

Married on Horseback

"SO something had to be done about that right away. Julio Allen, the owner of the show, said we were a couple of crazy kids and that our marriage wouldn't last six months, and then set the wardrobe department to work, whittling down her finest white outfit to Dell's size. Two days later she announced to the audience that immediately after the performance there would be a wedding in the main arena.

"I don't think a dozen people had left their seats when Dell rode in, mounted on 'Teddy,' the famous 'Ten-Thousand-Dollar Wonder Horse,' and I was sort of scared when I came riding up, in all my glory.

"After we were married, I joined the show and stayed with it until it closed in Larned, Kansas. We wanted to go to Miller's 101 Ranch at Bliss, Oklahoma, so that we could start out with them the following season. So we bought a horse for Dell, and that left us as broke as I was the day I turned up in Lima.

"It was a long, hard road from Larned to Bliss (now called Moreland), but we knew that if a couple loved each other enough, they could turn any sort of road into a picnic trail. So we started out, the happiest two kids you ever saw. . . . And we weren't really stony flat, either. We had a couple of dollars, a fat bundle of sandwiches and the whole countryside for our horses to feed on. The prospect of camping out was a lark to us, and we knew that as long as people had broncos to be broken and admired fancy riding, we'd get by all right."

At this point Buck's wife, alert and attractive, and almost as willowy as her young daughter, took up the tale.

"We stopped at all the fairs and bucking contests and rodeos on the way," she began. "I would snub horses for Buck to ride, and then, after he had ridden the buckers, I would do trick riding. If there were no fairs or carnivals, we would stop in towns and offer to break horses, or ride 'outlaws.' Every town had a bucking horse it was willing to pay to see someone try to ride. Either before or during our little show, we would pass the hat—and the crowds were usually quite generous. The tougher the outlaw horses that Buck rode, the larger the collection.

Their Roof Was the Sky

"AND the whole thing was great fun," cut in Buck. "As much fun as we've ever known since. Sometimes we stopped in hotels, sometimes at private homes, often, very often, out in the open. And then we'd plan, and talk about the things we'd do in the future.

"I remember one week when we kept house in an empty box stall next to our horses at a state fair. And I'll never forget those days, and the nights we spent together, with no sound but the stomping of the horses, and our own voices. Then we planned on almost everything under the sun, except a movie career."

"And we did so well on our trip from Larned to Bliss," added the former little trick rider, "that we continued our exhibitions on the side, even while we were traveling with circuses. . . . The second season after our marriage we were playing Roundup, Montana, with Golman Brothers' Shows. That town boasted of a famous outlaw horse that no one had ever ridden, a man-killer with a long casualty list to his credit. A mean, red-eyed, hammer-headed grey—big, tricky, ugly.

"But Buck rode him; took the fight out of him and started him running—only to have the crowd surge out and suddenly try to stop him. Why they did that, we never knew, and Buck, who felt the battle was over, had sort of let up and relaxed. As the crowd attempted to stop the horse, it reared and fell over backward on Buck.

"Buck was out cold, for two and a half hours. They had passed the hat before the ride and had turned thirty-one dollars over to us. While Buck was unconscious, they passed it again, and added a hundred and twenty dollars to our take. . . . With that as a nest egg, we were able to go on our belated honeymoon—another long cross-country ride. By this time we had three horses and felt ourselves plutocrats."

But times were hard and the horses hungry, so came the day when Buck had to sell them to get enough money to go on East to Chicago, with a view to joining up with Ringling Brothers' Circus in the Spring. Parting with those horses actually brought tears to Buck's eyes, his wife admits, but there was no other way out.

So they went on to Chicago, and the tough winter of 1917, when, in spite of that city's being buried under blizzards, Buck was unable to get any work, even shoveling snow.

"The hard times we shared then," explains Buck, "built the foundation of our partnership, and I'm convinced that there is nothing like hard times to bring a man and wife close together. It was a terrible winter, and up in our little room on Michigan Avenue, we were cold and hungry. Finally, it go so I had to sell my favorite

chaps. I got ten dollars for them, and brought it home to Dell, and then started out again to look for work.

"When I got back that night, Dell said she had a surprise for me—and showed me a Boston terrier pup.

"Where'd you get him?" I wanted to know.

"Oh, Buck," she began excitedly, "I got the most wonderful bargain. He's got a pedigree and everything. At first the man wanted twenty-five dollars for him, but I got him to sell him for ten dollars."

"My ten dollars! Our only ten dollars! If she hadn't been so small and shivering with the cold, and if she hadn't been such a game little sport all along, I would have left her then. But later, while we were still broke and we couldn't afford to attend a show, we used to sit in our room and play with that pup. If I had left her when I saw that darned dog, I would have been sorry for it all my life. . . .

"In 1918, we had to leave Ringling Brothers' Circus because Dell was expecting a baby. So we bid goodbye to the troupe in Los Angeles and in looking for a cheap place to live, I landed out in what is now part of Hollywood. We found a little cottage just off Sunset that cost us twelve dollars a month.

The Salary They Remember Best

"ONE day while I was pacing the streets, wondering what to do, I ran onto an old cowboy friend of mine.

"What you doing here?" I asked.

"Working!"

"I didn't know there were any cattle outfits so close to town."

"I'm working in the movies—and you could get a job there, too."

"At that time I didn't know they were making pictures anywhere near Los Angeles, but I certainly wanted a job. So my friend took me out to Universal City, and back where they were making a cowboy picture. Then he went about his business and forgot all about me.

"I stood watching them for a while, till a man came up and asked me if I wanted to go to work. When I told him I sure did, he said, 'All right—go over to the studio and get made up. I want you to double for a sheep herder.'

"Asking a bronco-buster to double for a sheep-herder sounded to me like I was being kidded. But in a few minutes he was back again; this time with a man who was to take me over to be made up—and, by golly, I was in the movies."

"I played in a couple more pictures after that, got a chance to ride and play cowboy and pretty soon I was on the regular payroll, at twenty dollars a week. That twenty dollars a week may not sound like much now, but it was a life-saver to us.

"From Universal I went to Fox, and my earnings began to climb. Twenty, forty-five, seventy-five, a hundred and twenty-five, two hundred and fifty, four hundred, a thousand, but no check ever brought us more happiness than we knew in those days."

Later Buck owned his own circus, and to-day he has his own motion picture producing company—but the happiest days he and his wife ever knew were those when they were fighting it out, side by side.

"And we're still pulling together," boasts Buck, "just like we did when we were riding side by side across the country, sleeping under the stars—pals, looking ahead, always talking of the days when we'd still be pals, looking back—and remembering."

The Only One of His Kind in Hollywood

(Continued from page 44)

and comes to a sentence containing praise for him, he first smiles joyously (and no adult in Hollywood or elsewhere, we'll wager, can express joy so radiantly as Francis Lederer), then anxiously knocks wood—not once, but six times! Considering the quantity of his fan mail, he has probably developed chronic sore knuckles by this time.

Despite his keen modern intelligence and his sophistication, our handsome young Czech can't relinquish this amusing abracadabra. As he'll admit, if you pin him down, perhaps some harm will come to him if he does.

Companions He Is Never Without

HIS make-up table in his studio dressing-room and his extra-large writing desk at home bear silent witness both to his superstitions and his great faith. On a corner of each is a miniature altar with a crucifix and religious pictures before which he silently prays every day. On both, also, are a weird collection of keepsakes and charms given him by his friends all over the world—and Francis Lederer collects friends as easily as some people collect troubles. These whimsical carved wood or ivory cats, dogs, mud turtles, elephants (both white and pink among them) accompany him from one dressing-room to another—from theatre to studio, from studio to his home. He wouldn't move without them.

And the ones described are only the most important items in his collection of trinkets and souvenirs. The others he keeps in a closet of his study at home—a closet that looks like the junk room at the back of "The Old Curiosity Shop." Everything from dilapidated Easter eggs to a collection of foreign coins is there. And on peril of losing his head is anyone allowed to touch or dust them.

Whenever there is a valuable document to be signed or an important letter to be answered, Francis places the paper in question in that closet that contains his precious curios. There it is allowed to hibernate for three or four days until it is imbued with the spell of those motley keepsakes. Then Francis takes it out, places it on the desk, and seats himself before the silent witnesses on his desk and holds communion with them. Then he is almost ready to write. But, should his papers on the desk not be arranged exactly as he left them last—and should his pen or pencil not be pointed at a certain angle toward the sun, no business can be transacted and no writing done. Everything must be *just so* before he puts his pen to paper.

Always, also, just before the opening night of a new play in which he is to appear, and just before the closing performance, this deeply emotional young man enters a church for a half-hour of prayer and religious meditation.

And speaking of paradoxes—what about this one?

In Love With an Ideal

FRANCIS LEDERER is the most romantic young man in Hollywood, bar none. But hold on, girls! The goal of his romantic dreams is *not* the "one and only girl." It's an *ideal*—an ideal to make the world a safer, more comfortable, more enjoyable place to live in. And it is this that keeps him questing. It is this that transfigures his face when he speaks to you—that gives him that marvelous eagerness, that boyish enthusiasm. In life, he's exactly as he is on the screen. His feelings literally overflow.

But, girls, don't for a moment be misled into thinking that women don't figure in Francis' scheme of things. He appreciates their beauty and charm far more than most men do.

Seriously, he will tell you, "Love and marriage do not seem to me to be the most important goal for me. Yet it is true that without women I would feel my life to be drab. For they, like music and painting and poetry, add to the beauty of living."

Personal love is only one of the links in his chain of life—and not the most important. When he says, perhaps a bit naively, "Women are not included for me in what I call 'the deeper things of life,'" he is again referring to his ideal, in which love becomes a universal, not a selfish emotion—something more than the "one man for one girl" sentiment. (Although Steffi Duna has been the one girl for Francis for a long, long time—both in Europe and Hollywood.)

In his quest for the ideal, Francis Lederer is like a modern impersonation of a medieval troubadour, wandering over the face of the earth and giving, through his own exuberant, vital personality, glimpses of hitherto-unexplored romantic vistas. (Remember, you playgoers of London, New York, and points west, what he did for the poor, mousy spinster schoolmarm in "Autumn Crocus"?)

Always in Top Form

BUT despite his belief that the day will come when intelligence will rule over brute force, Francis doesn't overlook the importance of keeping his body fit—for a championship bout, if necessary. No Max Baer puts himself through a more rigorous course of training than does Francis Lederer—the screen's latest gift to the ladies. Every day he devotes two hours to a Spartan regimen of Swedish setting-up exercises and a complete work-out with punching bag, rowing machine, chest expanders, and the rest of the he-man paraphernalia.

His breakfast and lunch seldom vary—two large glasses of orange juice for the former and, for the latter, a large vegetable salad accompanied by stacks of dry wheat biscuits, which he crunches throughout the day. But from time to time he gets consuming crazes for certain simple foods (nothing too rich or elaborate for Francis—in spite of his contradictory appearance, his taste is for the plain and the austere) and eats them literally by the barrel! One month it's bananas, the next celery, the following, cherries, and always several times during the year, it's apples. While the craze lasts, you never see Francis without seeing his current favorite.

He happened to be playing "Autumn Crocus" in San Francisco during the apple-passion month. Some friend, who had heard of this odd mania of Francis sent him a gift of fifty pounds of apples. Francis ate them all in four days—probably breaking the world's record.

He even walked onto the stage one night with an apple in his mouth. It was during a scene that called for harp-playing and singing by Francis. Nothing daunted, Francis carried the harp onto the stage—sang, talked and made love in his usual compelling and devastating manner. And all the while he was munching happily away on an apple that was plainly visible up to the fourteenth row at least.

All of which information about this captivating and irresistible gentleman may startle you a little. He's a complicated personality, to put it mildly—but *that's why he's so interesting!*

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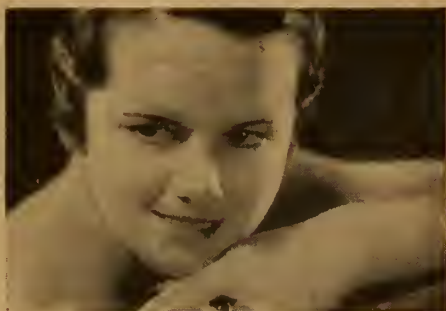


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"The Public Never Forgets," Says Ann Dvorak

(Continued from page 45)

Lewis Stones and Wallace Beerys, the Mary Pickfords and Bill Powells, and Richard Dixes and many others—they've been on the screen for years and there is every indication that they will continue to be there for years to come, if they want to be.

"The fans love them more than they ever did. Why, people all over the world have tears in their eyes when they just think that their beloved Mary is not happy. I know. I've seen them.

"I firmly and absolutely believe that once the American public has taken us to its heart, we stay in that heart for as long as we want and deserve to stay there... and even," Ann laughed, "even when we do not deserve to. Even when we behave like naughty children playing truant from school—even when we do unprecedented and apparently inexplicable things, such as running away from our studio and going on a long-term honeymoon. Even then, they do not forget and they do forgive.

"I ought to know about that. I did it. Everyone knows about that, however—how I simply departed one dark night, married Leslie and went to Europe and stayed over there for ten months, leaving my contract behind me! I didn't tell anyone I was going; I didn't say when or where or for what reason. People thought, among other things, that I wanted more money. Well, I didn't want it so badly ever to ask for it... I was afraid that I might get it!

"There was no reason, though plenty of rhyme, to what I did, you see. And I expected to be forgotten. I did not expect to be forgiven. I threw away my future for that glorious present.

"And then, when I got home, I found that I had four clothes hamper full of fan letters waiting for me. They had not forgotten me. They had kept on writing to me, as they always had done—both my old fans, who had become my friends, and my new fans, who are my friends now. The fans had been as faithful as though I had been faithful, too. And that did something to me, I tell you. It made me feel loyal as I had never felt loyal before. It gave me a sense of 'belonging'; it gave me a sense of gratitude, as well as just pleasure, in the thing I was, and am, doing.

"And my contract was waiting for me, too—which was even more heart-reaching and astonishing. For the loyalty of the fans was the loyalty of friendship but the loyalty of the studio was not only the loyalty of friendship, but the loyalty of faith in me. No wonder that I say that the public never forgets, nor the producers nor the supervisors nor the directors nor anyone at all, in this business.

"Definitely, this is my new credo—that the Public never forgets and that so long as we grow and mature and develop and give faith for faith and loyalty for loyalty, we can expect and look forward to the hosannas of the faithful when we hobble on the screen at eighty-nine! And I want to take this opportunity, in this story, of saying 'Thank You' to all the fans who were faithful to me... as I have said 'Thank you,' in person, to—the studio!

"What has happened is all the more remarkable, I think, because I had never felt that I had done anything or enough of anything to suppose that I had any permanent place in the cinema sun. If the Public does not forget Mary Pickford and Gloria Swanson, that's nice, but not remarkable. But when they do not forget an—well, an Ann Dvorak—that means something.

Her Own Severest Critic

"I HAD done a number of pictures, of course—too many—'Scarface' and 'The Crowd Roars,' and 'Three on a Match,' and 'The Strange Love of Molly Louvain' and several others. As I look back, I believe I had played parts too important for my abilities and my age. After all, what range, what depth can a girl of eighteen have—a girl who hadn't been out of Hollywood since she was nine years old?

"I had always, you see, played myself. I was very young. I was very introspective. I've always been interested in abnormal psychology and mordant subjects and I put myself into every rôle I played. I took myself too seriously. I took the parts I played and made them into—me.

"I was, of course, extremely inexperienced, really. I had been a chorus girl in 'The Hollywood Revue' and other musicals. I had studied dancing (not acting) and had been a hooper. I always yearned to be a dramatic actress, but didn't think I'd ever have the chance. I was a dancer. Then, I got the part in 'Scarface' by what amounted to an out-and-out fluke—a test and the part was mine—and I had, actually, no business to have it. I managed to give, I was told, a creditable performance and from there on I went up and up and up—so far as parts and billing and so on were concerned. But I took it all too hard. I didn't know that there was a world around me of other people and other things.

"Even so, even with all those parts and those 'breaks' and those pictures, I had done nothing to be compared to the pictures made by the Joan Crawford and the Kay Francis' and the others. I was, by comparison, an unknown quantity of very inferior quality. And I do believe this—that if I had not 'run away' when I did, I would not be in pictures today!

"The public never forgets while you keep faith with them and keep pace with them. But they ignore if you are consistently stupid for too long. And so, I'm really beginning my career all over again, you see.

Calls It a Second Chance

"I HAVE got that very rare thing in any line of work—a second chance. The old saw says that 'Opportunity knocks but once'—but Opportunity has paid me the compliment of knocking twice on my door! And this time I shall treat him better...

I asked, "Ann, you and Mr. Fenton are both gypsies at heart, aren't you?"

"We are," Ann agreed, "decidedly..."

"Then," I asked, "if Mr. Fenton should suddenly feel a yen for foreign parts and should say to you 'Come on!—would you go?'"

"I don't know," Ann said. "I've often asked myself that question—because we both are subject to that longing for far places and it is apt to attack us, violently, at any moment. I think perhaps I might go—but not as I did before. Not so childishly, not so inconsiderately, not without explanation and asking for permission. I think that, every so often, both Leslie and I will have to travel. We have it in our blood. Even now, I am beginning to cast a jaundiced eye on maps and travel books and I can feel in anticipation the movement of a ship under my feet... But, no, I shall never again act like a child playing hooky from school.

"And this is the reason: One of the things I learned about myself while I was away was how much I love the work I am

doing, how deeply I love and am a part of the screen, the stage, the whole world of the theatre. After all, if gipsy blood is in my heart, the blood of the theatre is in my veins, by inheritance and by predilection. My mother is Ann Lehr, of early screen renown, as you know. My father, Edward McKim, was an actor, too, in his younger days. I was born and raised in an atmosphere saturated with talk of the stage and screen.

"When Leslie and I married and went away, I was very tired. I had been working steadily. I knew just enough to know that I had been giving poor performances. I was enough of a critic of myself to realize this despite the kindness of reviewers and of fans. I thought that perhaps I might never come back... I didn't know... I thought I didn't care...

"I was, as I still am, interested in bacteriology. I indulged that interest. I absorbed so many things over there... art and literature... great performances of other actors in other countries... period furniture and paintings and music... I never went to college. I made up for that lack in Europe.

Then Came The Awakening

"AND then, while I was still in the mood of taking in so much of life, in so many of its rich and satisfying aspects, while I was thinking, dreamily, that perhaps I would never work in pictures again, Leslie made 'F. P. I' in Germany. I used to sit on the sets and watch them work. I went on location trips with them. I had had an offer to play the feminine lead in the picture, but couldn't, of course, because of my contract.

"And I suffered as I watched them work. I resented the fact that I wasn't playing the feminine lead. I was restless. I kept thinking, 'I should be back in Hollywood, where I belong. What am I doing here? What have I thrown away? I should not be sitting on the side-lines, a part of the audience... I don't belong in the audience...' And I learned. I knew then and there where I did belong.

"I think that that is the strongest feeling with which I am launched on my second career—that sense of belonging, of being with my own people, doing my own work.

"I think, too, that those invaluable experiences in all those different countries, among those different peoples, have enriched me and enlarged my perspective so that I shall never again play Ann Dvorak all of the time. I read and study my scripts this time. All of each script, not just my part in it. And when I do study my own part, I do it in the light of a character I am to be—not of a character who might become me.

"I do not want to be starred at this point in my second career. I really would prefer to play comparatively small parts. But I'm human, and if someone urged me to star in some terrifically attractive picture, I would probably clutch at it with both hands. But, reasonably, I would rather not. I want to start all over again, near the bottom, and build up slowly, substantially, growing with my own growth.

The Dancer Dances at Last

"I AM mad about the part I'm playing now—in 'Sweet Music'—with Rudy Vallee, Allen Jenkins, Helen Morgan, Alice White and Ned Sparks and others. It's gay and stimulating and seems to me to have about everything. And I am gay in

the picture. I actually laugh and sing and—dance. It's absolutely screaming, but this is the first picture, I've ever made in which I, a dancer, dance.

"I certainly 'went out' to get this part. I've never been very shy about trying for what I want and I all but bullied them into making a test of me for this. I think they did it only to shut me up—but they did do it. I practised a few routines beforehand, and—I have the part!

"I am studying singing and dancing right along. I am filling my life with a variety of things and studies and interests so that I can give a variety of interests to my work. And Leslie and I have bought a walnut ranch in the San Fernando Valley, you know. We built our house there..."

I asked, "Is this house to be the Old Homestead in which you will look forward to spending your declining years?"

"No!" Ann said, emphatically. "I can't bear the Old Homestead idea. I am not domestic. I hate settling down to anything—anywhere. Neither of us is domestic or settled. Neither of us ever will be. We like the feeling of being able to pull up stakes at any moment. I should like to have one baby someday—because I'd prefer not to miss any of the vital experiences—but the baby, too, would have to have gipsy blood in its heart and be ready to take to the road with Leslie and me..."

Ann and I walked back to the set of "Sweet Music" together. I watched her work for a time, in a scene with Alice White and Ned Sparks... She was gay and infectious and lovely to look at in a dull blue crêpe gown with a tiny, matching tri-corn hat. She has a strange and haunting sort of beauty, I thought—this girl who is beginning her second career because the Public never forgets

Dishes Fit For Movie Queens

(Continued from page 76)

Sherry Fruit Cocktail (Doris Kenyon)

- 1 cup of cantaloup balls
- 2 slices of canned pineapple, diced
- 1 orange, peeled and diced
- ½ grapefruit, peeled and diced
- ½ banana, diced

Place in cocktail glasses and on top of each pour one tablespoonful of California sherry wine. Let stand in refrigerator for three or four hours.

Spinach Broth Supreme (Marian Marsh)

Make broth from two bunches of boiled spinach, or one can of spinach.

Add to hot broth four stalks of young celery, diced fine, and salt and pepper to taste.

Place over low flame and let the broth simmer until celery is tender. Remove from stove, place in bouillon cups and garnish with chopped parsley, and squares of buttered toast glazed with melted cheese.

Meat Balls (Mary Brian)

- 1 pound of ground round steak
- 2 medium-sized onions
- 1 clove garlic
- 1 tablespoonful of grated cheese
- 1 egg, beaten
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 bunch of spinach

Mix first six ingredients together into patties and fry in butter. Serve with small side portion of spinach.

(Continued on page 91)

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The Dirt Trail That Became the World's Most Famous Street

(Continued from page 35)

That canopy stretching to the curb indicates the entrance to the Roosevelt Hotel, most popular hostelry on Boul' Hollywood. Here many stars live, and countless numbers have stopped for weeks or months. Here, at night, you see some of the great ones step from shining limousines through the foyer and into the Blossom Room for dinner and dancing.

Chryson's, swankiest gift shop in town, occupies the corner. If you need a birthday present for Mrs. Van Astorbilt, an exotic gadget for Cousin Clarice in Paris, just the right gift for Garbo, or expensive Christmas cards with which to impress supervisors and producers, just take a look at their smart silver, crystal, dark blue and ebony windows.

Ah! a drug store!

On this next block you may choose practically anything you want. Do you need some gas? Liquor? Furniture? There are auctioneer's galleries where you may bid for exquisite *objets d'art*. Or how about a book, fur coat, a pair of French shoes, a dog? Across the street the Chinese Theatre rears its massive columns. That entire block is devoted to the business of premières, for the theatre is flanked on both sides by great parking lots.

Where Fashion and Fame Parade

WE stop for a moment in front of El Capitan Theatre. Opening nights here are a fashion-and-fame parade, for all of Hollywood turns out to welcome the stars who desert, temporarily, the screen for the stage.

The corner of Highland and Boul' Hollywood is occupied by two banks, the old Hollywood Hotel, and ah! a drug store!

The wide verandas, the spacious halls, the wooden balconies of the old hotel once were overflowing with the cinémélite. Now they are practically deserted. In all of the long row of brightly painted chairs on the enormous porch, only one old gentleman and two old ladies take the sun.

The next block is a busy one. You have a choice of two night-clubs—the Embassy and the Vanities, the latter a girl show. You may stop for a twenty-cent five-course lunch, spend a fortune in jewels, or have your shoes re-bottomed. There is a shop, crowded with sketches of famous stars, where you may have your portrait drawn by David Field, III, for one dollar, if you have a fancy for patronizing the same pencil that has drawn Joan Crawford, William Powell, Greta Garbo, Jean Harlow, Norma Shearer, John Barrymore, Gary Cooper, Marlene Dietrich and scores of others.

Now the street is in full swing. Over there you can get a pair of pants for \$1.95 at the Army and Navy Store, or, a few steps away, you may have a suit made by Garbo's tailor. You can buy a bunch of carrots in an enormous, open-air market, or you can purchase a ticket from the Duffin Travel Service and fly overnight to New York. Here is where Diana Wynyard recently bought her passage back to England; where Bebe Daniels, Sally Eilers and the Al Jolson's booked reservations on a liner for Honolulu, and where Miriam Hopkins bought three steamship tickets to New York for herself, maid, and small son.

Jewels Next to Drugs

NEXT to that drug store is the Hollywood Jewel Shop, where you may sell old gold (if you have any) or order some jewelry. In this store, Tom Mix has spent an estimated quarter of a million dollars on rings, diamonds, silver and gold rowels for his spurs, monograms for his cars and for belt buckles. He has a passion for initials, and has them on every conceivable article. One belt buckle alone, so the tale is told, cost him fifteen hundred dollars. The large emblem that adorns his car was fashioned by Carl Schultz, who owns the shop. Ruth Roland has bought her diamonds here for the last twenty-four years. Here Bruce Cabot ordered identification bracelets, and Ed Wynn had an elaborate Fire Chief badge made. Other patrons are Carole Lombard, Gary Cooper and William Powell.

Nearby you can get cut-rate meats, or you can go into the exclusive lingerie shop where Maurice Chevalier buys silk stockings for his friends. Here Elissa Landi buys all of her lingerie and Mary Pickford comes in for dozens of pairs of stockings for herself and her niece, Gwynne.

Ah! a drug store!

Harold Lloyd has a choice of four five-and-ten-cent stores on Boul' Hollywood. He practically lives in them around Christmastime. Lovingly, he hangs over counters containing the tiny racing cars, the minute cast-iron trains, the lead airplanes, the metal fire engines, the balloons and the footballs, and the heap in his arms grows and grows.

At Christmastime, the street becomes Santa Claus Lane . . . or Ballyhoo Boulevard . . . with every lamp-post bearing a huge poster-portrait of a star. The Boulevard knows that the stars are responsible for its rising from the dust of a dirt trail to become a glittering avenue. The Boulevard does not forget. And every Christmas, dressed up as Santa Claus Lane, it presents the film-famous with a nice, big package of publicity.

And at Christmastime, more than at any other time, are the contrasts on the boulevard heart-rendingly apparent . . . the aimless, lagging feet, making a faint obligato for the lively tattoo of well-shod feet that are going somewhere . . . the arms that are empty, and the arms that are full, telling short, short stories about luck. . . .

Popcorn—and Glamour

YOU can buy a five-cent bag of crunchy kernels from the popcorn wagon parked on the corner occupied by the most exclusive gown shop on the Boulevard—Magnin's. In the same block, you can pay a dollar down and a dollar a week for an outfit, or you can go where Evalyn Knapp, Gail Patrick, Nancy Carroll and Dolores Del Rio go for sport outfits—Roos Brothers. The one department store in Hollywood—the Broadway—is in the same block . . . across the street from a drug store.

In another block you can get exquisite Chinese imports, cigarettes made to order, drop into Warner Brothers' mammoth theatre, or you can stock up on magic.

The magic shop is run by a Mr. Thayer, who has been in the wholesale magic business for twenty years in Los Angeles.

Magic suffered mightily during the depression. Somehow people didn't think the disappearing-coin trick was funny. So he moved to the Boulevard, opened a retail shop, and now is doing a roaring business with picture people. Harold Lloyd, Betty Compson, Neil Hamilton and Warner Baxter take their magic seriously, and they all go in for expensive equipment. Next to picture people, his most valuable customers, he says, "are doctors and preachers, who want to have something to do when they go visiting!" Lew Ayres, Adolphe Menjou, Guy Kibbee and Paul Lukas come in frequently, much to the despair of their friends.

On this same block, for one dollar a month, you can rent a mail address, including stationery with the Boulevard and office numbers printed on it, in case you want to make Aunt Minnie think that you have gone into business in Hollywood.

Where Shall We Eat?

WELL, you must be hungry. Shall we stop at a drug store for a sandwich? Or we have the choice of three famous restaurants—the Brass Rail, a beer parlor once owned by Zeppo Marx, which has been a haunt of picture people ever since; Perry's, Hollywood's newest restaurant, or Sardi's, where caricatures of celebrities line the walls. At the latter you might see Jackie Cooper, Will Rogers, Eddie Cantor, Charles Chaplain, King Vidor and Jetta Goudal, who go there all the time. The most persistent Sardi fans, however, are Busby Berkeley (the maestro of group-dancing) and his bride, Merna Kennedy, who have Table No. 9 on the aisle reserved all the time, morning, noon and night.

Oh! you want a malted milk at a drug store? One step in any direction, and you're there. Speaking of drug stores, Dolores Del Rio and Clark Gable love to shop in them and all the stars are in and out several times a week. All the feminine stars go in at one time or another for perfumes. Yes, and soap. And tooth paste or powder. Even commonplace things are done on Hollywood Boulevard . . . even as in Gopher Prairie.

Boul' Hollywood! Here you can see Joan Crawford whiz by in her new "antique white" roadster, whose air horns can be heard for three and a half miles. Or Ann Southern, signing an autograph book for a child and being presented with two white mice in exchange. A shop girl coming out of a beauty salen with her hair plastered down in steel girders . . . an "extra" girl in slacks and high-heeled slippers . . . the well-groomed wife of a director . . . barefoot Mexican boys and little golden-haired, fretful movie children . . . dogs . . . a half-grown lion on a leash . . . Bobby, the famous monkey, doing his tricks . . .

Bounded on the East and West by drug stores, and on the North and South by old pepper trees and sedate homes! What will it be in another twenty years?

New shops may rise, new stars may shine, but it is altogether likely that the three industries most prominent to-day will still be in the lead—banks for the deposits of movie fortunes, places for the re-bottoming of the shoes of the marching "extras" . . . and drug stores.

Dishes Fit for Movie Queens

(Continued from page 89)

Walnut Loaf (Evelyn Venable)

- 1½ cups of ground walnuts
- ¾ cup of ground cracker crumbs
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup of milk
- Salt and pepper to taste

Mix the ground nuts and cracker crumbs together. Add the well-beaten eggs. Add milk slowly to form a paste. Place in buttered loaf pan and bake about twenty minutes.

Stuffed Beet Salad (Loretta Young)

Boil four medium-sized beets until tender, pare and scoop out centers.

Place the scooped out part of the beets in a pickle brine of vinegar, sugar and spices and let stand for two hours.

Grind pickled beets with a small amount of cabbage, onions (these are optional), celery stalks, lettuce and cold boiled egg. Season with salt and pepper to taste.

Fill the cavities with this mixture. Garnish with paprika. Place each stuffed beet on lettuce leaf and serve. (A dressing of mineral oil and lemon juice may be poured over this, if so desired.)

Filled Tomato Ring (Joan Bennett)

- 1 large can of solid-pack tomatoes
- 1 bay leaf
- Pinch of mace
- Pinch of thyme
- 1 teaspoonful of salt
- ½ teaspoonful of pepper
- 2 thick slices of onion
- 2 tablespoonfuls butter
- 4 tablespoonfuls of flour
- 3 eggs, separated
- Diced carrots and peas

Cook the first seven ingredients slowly for one-half hour, strain and set aside one cup of liquid. Melt butter, add flour, and pour over this slowly the remainder of the

tomato liquid. When smooth, pour over the yolks of three eggs, well beaten, and set aside to cool. Beat egg-whites until they are very dry and stiff. Mix lightly with the tomato mixture. Turn into a well-greased ring mold. Set in pan of hot water and bake for 45 minutes in oven of 300 degrees. Carefully turn out on hot platter and fill the center with diced cooked carrots and peas. Pour over this the reserved cup of tomato sauce, garnish with parsley and serve.

(As for the luncheon rolls, you will find that your local bakery has a good selection, reasonably priced—thus saving you the labor of making them, if you prefer.)

Daffodil Cake (Ann Sothorn)

4 egg whites, beaten stiff. When partly beaten, add 1 level teaspoonful of cream of tartar.

4 egg yolks, beaten lightly.

1¼ cups of sugar. Put one-half cup in the beaten yolks, the rest of the sugar in the beaten whites.

1½ cups of flour, and a little salt.

Take part of the whites, all of the yolks, and add part of the flour to each and flavor with vanilla and lemon. Put together like marble cake and bake in funnel tin for 60 minutes at a temperature of 300 degrees.

Serve thin slice of this cake, unfrosted, with fruit ice.

Fruit Ice (Adrienne Ames)

This simple dessert may be prepared in the electric refrigerator pans, or frozen in a regular freezer, as desired. Mix orange juice, lemon juice, canned pineapple juice and raspberry juice, in equal proportions. Add crushed peaches and bananas, or other fresh fruits. Sweeten to taste and allow to freeze in the pans or in the freezer. It is extremely nourishing, but non-fattening, as the juices counteract the sugar.

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Walt Disney and Mickey Mouse looking over four awards they have received for their work.

Women Beam at the Sight of Him

(Continued from page 61)

own thoughts. Once in a while I prefer having a congenial man around who goes his way while I go mine, and there's a silent sympathy between us though we don't speak. You never achieve that state with a woman. You have to keep working all the time."

Philip is the kind of boy whom women will always adore and want to help. Ever since Mary Boland helped him in his early years on the New York stage, women of all ages and types have been befriending and besieging him. Mary Boland—known to the screen as a comedienne—trained him in Shakespeare. They are still good friends.

Pola Negri interested herself in him to the extent of coaching him for several movie tests.

Jean Howard, ex-Follies girl and now the bride of Charles Feldman, was a pal of his when he was doing an imitation of King Alfonso in the "Follies of 1929."

He became a firm friend of the late Alma Rubens when they played together on her last personal appearance tour. He toured in vaudeville with the late Lilyan Tashman, and had a taste of her good fellowship.

Margaret Lindsay was his first Hollywood girl-friend. "Margaret is a marvelous girl," he says. "You can see on the screen that she's a lady, can't you? Well, that's all that matters."

Elissa Landi is his closest friend at present—"the most misunderstood woman in Hollywood," he calls her. "She has more in her little finger than all the other Hollywood actresses put together."

Between protestations that he allows nothing but Brahms to be played on his phonograph, he spends the day ecstatically crooning "Love In Bloom." And though lamenting the skepticism about his shoulders, he sees that they stay that way by

conscientiously exercising them whenever he has a spare moment. With his physique and his physical fitness, he ought to be able to take care of himself in any company.

He Has an Added Attraction

HE eats well, has a sunny and affectionate disposition, and is altogether what he looks like, except that he has the added attraction of a sympathetic intelligence—a combination practically fatal to the fair sex, who thrive on romance and conversation.

Philip intended to become a doctor, like his older brother, but after his first experience in school dramatics he realized that he had the longing for the stage in his blood. And now he says he doesn't know a doctor who doesn't envy him.

He was born in Brooklyn, and went to Erasmus Hall High School. Barbara Stanwyck (with whom he played in "Gambling Lady") and Eleanor Holm were his schoolmates, and Ricardo Cortez always went over for the Friday night dances. Of course, Philip was destined by his build to be an athlete. At Erasmus Hall, he was on the football, basketball, tennis and soccer teams.

"It's not surprising," he explains. "If you have the physique and the coordination to be good at one kind of athletics, you're good at them all. I was offered scholarships to several colleges, but I refused for two reasons. I knew I wanted to go on the stage and wouldn't finish the college course. And I didn't like the idea of an athletic scholarship. The colleges want you just so you can play football for them. It's sort of like being a gigolo, and I didn't want it."

"I finally went to agricultural college at Cornell, but I knew I would never be a

farmer. After two years I left, and went into a stock company in Hoboken."

They Knew Each Other When

AFTER a turn in vaudeville, he went back to New York and took tap-dancing lessons from none other than hoofer Jimmy Cagney, who got him his first New York job, in the "Grand Street Follies of 1928." (They recently worked together again in "Jimmy the Gent.") Then came a series of plays and personal appearance tours, interspersed with singing and dancing lessons, and culminating with George White's "Melody," when a Warner Brothers scout saw and tested and signed him. He made his screen debut with Ruth Chatterton in "Female."

During his five years on the stage he was known as Milton Le Roy, but that had to be changed as soon as he got on the Warner lot, what with director Mervyn Le Roy's handkerchiefs disappearing, and other complications. The Warners chose "Philip," and he chose "Reed," the name of his best friend in New York.

He has been in Hollywood a little more than a year, and you saw him most recently in "British Agent," "A Lost Lady," "Big-Hearted Herbert" and "Maybe It's Love."

As for his style of living, what is more natural than to spend the summer by the sea? His Malibu beach house is not the extravagant kind, his bathing trunks are democratically full of holes, and there's nothing about the place or his person to suggest that he is going in for display. He's just young and healthy and full of charm and exuberance and the excitement of making a success in pictures. Under those circumstances, anyone is entitled to a good-looking car—and interested glances from beautiful intellectuals.

He Takes Pictures Right Away From Stars

(Continued from page 72)

on the screen, with the exception of Wallace Beery—and that type doesn't alibi.

He proved it that nearly tragic day when he was doing a terrific "fight scene" for a certain picture.

The director of the film wanted this fight to look like—and sound like—"the real thing." So like the good troupers they were, they "went to it." As the scene neared its wild completion, he fell on his back and the other actor leaped at his throat, choking him.

The director yelled: "Swell! That was great! The best fight scene since 'The Spoilers!'" No one seemed to notice that it took Alan a long time to get up. When he did, he was clutching at his throat, choking. Everyone stared at him in amazement. He tried to speak . . . couldn't.

For nineteen months, Alan Hale could not speak above a dull whisper!

"I had thought, at first," he explained, "that an operation might bring back my voice. There was a growth on my vocal chords that made it impossible for me to get variations of tone. After about six months, I could talk fairly well . . . but there was no color, no tone expression. The best I could achieve was a whispered monotone."

"In desperation, I consulted almost every well-known specialist on the West Coast. They were none too encouraging. They were afraid to operate, lest I be de-

prived of the power of speech altogether. It was an awful blow to me, of course. But what was there to do? All I could do was to hope that time would eventually prove to be the real healer. In the meantime, I turned my attention to writing scripts and directing pictures."

"In the Fall of 1932, Edmund Goulding, the director, sent for me to come to New York for a film. Eddie knew about my voice, but he wired that the part was more pantomime than vocal."

"While I was in the East, I met John McCormack. He became intensely interested in this growth on my throat and insisted that I see his own throat specialist. I knew the minute I saw him that if this man could do nothing for me, no one could. And this great doctor said: 'I may be able to do something for you. But if the operation is not successful, you may never speak again. . . . I want you to think about this—talk it over with your family and those close to you and then come back to me. . . .'"

"I don't know what possessed me—inspiration, I suppose. Just a crazy hunch. I said, 'Doctor, I want you to do that operation now! You don't have to guarantee me anything. I'm going to stand, or fall, by what happens in this office today!'"

"He looked at me, steadily. For a moment I thought he was going to refuse. Then he called his nurse."

"Due to the delicacy of the operation, and the effect that a drug would have on my throat, it was impossible to give me an anesthetic. I sat in a straight-backed chair, watching every move he made, as he performed the operation that meant everything in the world to me. One slip of his sensitive fingers, one fraction of a split hair, one way or the other . . . and I would never have talked again. When it was over, I felt like bawling like a baby. *Could I speak?* He told me to speak my name. I opened my mouth . . . my throat was sore and scraped . . . *but the tones came truly, with all the force and strength they ever had!*"

"Of course, after that, he would not let me talk for three weeks. He gave me a little pad and pencil with which I was to write everything I had to convey. The first thing I wrote was: 'I have no words to tell you what this means to me, and the gratitude in my heart to you.'"

Though Alan has just passed his fortieth birthday, he is correct in designating himself as an "old-timer" in the movies. His career began twenty years ago—1913, to be exact.

But in spite of his veteran record, Alan is just starting on his real success in the movies—taking his place with Charles Laughton, Wallace Beery and other great "character" names of movie fame!

That Sullavan Marriage

(Continued from page 27)

unable to decide which shot was best. Suddenly, Willie leaned close. "Wouldn't that be nice if that were the two of us?" he whispered.

He felt a warm pressure on his hand. He choked with emotion. He couldn't maneuver his tongue to say more.

They finally made their selections of the best "rushes" and left the projection room. But they came back. They weren't entirely sure of their choices (so they alibied to themselves). This time they were alone, except for the projectionist in his booth at the rear. The other actors and assistant directors had gone.

They watched, in vibrant silence, the flickering "takes" that they both had worked so hard to make just right. The room was inky dark. There was only the bright screen in front of them, the funnel of faint light overhead, and the glow of a cigarette that Willie lit.

They were a good audience. Their day of painstaking effort was not in vain. Both succumbed to the spell of what they saw before them. Fingers entwined in fingers, and they sat close.

On the screen, the minister intoned those awesome words that pronounced the young couple man and wife. The murmurs of jubilation that followed were drowned in a peal of music. . . . In the stillness that followed, the audience could hear only the tremulous beating of their own two hearts. Pulse throbbed against pulse.

How He Proposed

"DO you think," Willie whispered, "that there is any law against a star marrying her director?"

She raised her dreamy eyes to look at him in the dim lights. "I'll tell you tomorrow," she whispered back.

That was all. Tomorrow came. But Willie, I happen to know, lived seventeen years in the intervening night.

By a strange coincidence, they had met, just eighteen months before in the same projection room. With another friend, Willie was running off René Clair's "Red Head," which had just come over from France. Margaret burst in, thinking that was the room in which they were going to run the "rushes" of "Only Yesterday." Willie, after they were introduced, asked her to stay. She stayed.

"I liked him from the first," Margaret told me. "It was instinctive, I suppose. I knew he was sweet."

But they scarcely saw each other after that. She never had him for a director. She was busy on her pictures and he on his. As neither of them frequented the bright spots of the social whirl, their paths never crossed outside the studio. And after she finished with "Only Yesterday" and "Little Man, What Now?" this lady of impulses disappeared immediately to get as far away as possible from the hectic hullabaloo of Hollywood. Incognito, she set out to explore England.

Willie never mentioned the young actress who dazzled the world with her stellar performances. He is quiet like that. Perhaps it is his Alsatian ancestry. He never discloses what is next to his heart.

He was born in France. Coming to this country after the War, he started out as script boy at Universal Studio. He rose to "prop" boy, assistant director, director. He scored heavily with "Glamour" and "Counselor At Law," and it's certain that he will score with "The Good Fairy" . . .

Teamwork Gave Them an Idea

THE newlyweds commenced working together under the worst possible conditions. Margaret had returned from Europe

with her insurgent spirit still far from pacified. Her nerves have always been high-strung. And work on the picture had to be done almost entirely at night. Margaret rebelled. She had to break dates at the last minute. Occasionally, she had to report at midnight, unable to trudge wearily home until noon the next day.

Several times Margaret stormed off the set, threatening never to return. But she did. And, gradually, her attitude changed.

Willie would talk to her quietly. He would reason with her. The picture had to be made in a certain time. It could be shot only at night. He had no other alternative. Wouldn't she play ball?

It came to her, finally, that he was right. And he was so sweet about it, too. He had only a few exasperated moments. Perhaps she had been dishonest with herself. Perhaps her whole antagonistic manner had been an unconscious effort to keep from falling in love. Yes, now that she thought of it, she had to admit that that was so. She *was* in love.

She became docile after that. In the wedding scene, she acted with all the tenderness and depth that only a yearning heart can afford. She told Willie how much she liked the gown and things like that. Then they saw the "rushes" together.

Willie proposed late Thursday night. Friday night, he nervously paced the set while he counted the seconds until she would arrive.

Margaret came in, sweet, demure, and smiling. "There is no law against an actress marrying her director," she said. "I looked it up last night."

Both Did "Secret" Acting

OF course, Margaret Sullavan is a consummate actress, but William Wyler could win renown in front of a camera, too. As they worked that night, no single member of the company had the least suspicion of the wild tumult in their hearts. They worked overtime. They tried to crowd two nights' work in one so that they could be married the following night. Between shots, Willie dashed to a 'phone to call his lawyer. He asked him to fly to Yuma to make all arrangements for a secret ceremony.

Next day they went to see the director's parents, who gave the young couple their blessings. Margaret was enchanted with his family and they were proud to have such a daughter-in-law. Then the beaming young runaways hurried to the flying field and scampered aboard their chartered plane.

They were married by Judge Earl A. Freeman, Yuma's "marrying justice." Afterwards, when they went to a coffee shop for a snack of food, a waitress overheard their conversation and recognized the famous star. The news was out.

They flew back to Hollywood in time to go to work on Monday and to receive the congratulations of a flabbergasted town.

As they worked together, this first day of their return, they were an astonishing couple to watch. Their manner was strictly professional. They displayed utter concentration on the job in hand. Only once, and once only, was there a slip into unashamed tenderness. Just before a shot the brand-new Mrs. Wyler leaned over to whisper to her husband. No one heard what they said. But her whimsical expression brightened into laughter. And his face surrendered to the smile that was constantly tugging at his lips.

"Of course," Margaret told me, "I insisted that the word 'obey' be kept in the ceremony. After all, he is my director."

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Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, making it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

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The Bride—Ginger Rogers—Describes Her Trousseau

(Continued from page 50)

trousseau," I urged, as she showed symptoms of going on with her rehearsal.

"Well, there's a cocktail dress of stratosphere-blue crêpe, toe-length, with a train. It has a bright shawl collar outlined with self-colored sequins. The collar hangs longer in the back than in the front, and the dress ties around the waist, close to the figure. Blue suède slippers, with blue buckles, go with this dress.

"I have another cocktail frock of black crêpe, with floral applique in silver and tomato red bordering the bodice and sweeping down the back and the train. The bodice is high at the neckline in front, and low in back—very much *a la mode*. With this, I'll wear black crêpe pumps with a tiny silver cord around the vamp.

"Then there is a black velvet dress, trimmed with tails of white ermine tied in bows. There are six of these tails on the front of the waist, and an ermine tail bow on the cuff of each long sleeve. It sports a jeweled belt buckle. My pumps for this outfit are plain black suède.

"A luncheon costume of black crêpe has a large white collar of embroidered Swiss, reaching half-way down the arm. It is gathered in bodice style in the front and festooned with jeweled buttons. It also fastens with a jeweled buckle at the waist.

"I've taken quite a fancy to a stunning butcher-boy outfit in figured silver lamé and black velvet. The smock jacket of this is belted only at the center front and the diagonal pockets and full sleeves have a distinct French flavor. A black velvet hat has a sheer face veil, held by jeweled side-clips. I will wear black suède pumps and carry a black suède bag with this.

"There is a youthful street frock with an Italian linen collar in cut work against the black satin-backed crêpe of the dress, and a large soft bow of the dress material, tied on the left side, with the satin side out. A hat of the same material as the dress, and black leather pumps and a black bag and black gloves accompany this."

She paused, then said, "It's difficult, just describing everything. Would you like me to come down tomorrow and pose the outfits for you to photograph?"

"Do you really mean that? Will you give us a real pre-marital showing of your trousseau, and let us photograph it?"

Ginger nodded.

"It's a promise," she agreed (and the

accompanying exclusive photographs are proofs that she keeps her promises).

"But you asked me about a suit. I have one of them—a knit suit with a plain brown skirt and a coat of plaid of the same general tone. It has a charming little ascot scarf and the whole gives a warm combination of chocolate red and tan and brown. There is a plaid hat to match—and a pair of brown gabardine oxfords."

"Would some sport clothes belong in your trousseau?"

Sport Clothes a Necessity

"I N mine, they would," promptly agreed Ginger. "Also, some heavy roughing boots and some husky corduroy trousers. Because both Lew and I love the outdoors. But bringing sport clothes to California would be like carrying coal to Newcastle—only more so. Hollywood is the greatest place in the world to buy informal clothes, and especially outdoor clothes.

"Lew and I will buy our sporting and roughing outfits according to what we wish to use them for. Right now, of course, we aren't thinking much about such things.

"We would like to have a honeymoon trip to Honolulu—but that will have to wait until we both get time off at the same time. We both love to explore, and hoped we might go to Mexico City, and just explore it from top to bottom. But that, too, will have to wait."

Regarding their wedding at The Little Church of the Flowers, in Glendale, Ginger said:

"We both wanted a church wedding—because it means so much more than stealing off to Yuma or somewhere else to have a justice of the peace or a boat captain marry you. There are precious memories that a girl should have of her marriage—and a church wedding is so pleasant to look back upon.

"Another reason why I wanted a church wedding was that, if we have children, they can't say to us: 'You ran away to be married, so why can't we?' If you have had a real wedding, it is easier to reason with them against rushing blindly into something. Of course, that is just one of the reasons why we much preferred a church ceremony. There are many others. I think it is lovely to have your friends there—and to have their good wishes."

Ginger looks forward to married life as a great adventure—and something requiring as much serious thought and effort as making pictures. Lew and she, Ginger explains, have agreed to keep their home-life isolated from their work.

Lew Wanted a Simple Wedding

REGARDING the marriage, Lew Ayres said to Ginger's mother, Mrs. Lela Rogers: "You take care of all the arrangements, please. I want to do this just as Mary Brown and Joe Doaks would do it. We don't want any ostentation or movie-star glamour—and nothing that looks like a showy marriage.

"We are going to be married a long time—and we want to start right—and down to earth. Frankly, it would be much simpler if Ginger worked in a ten-cent store instead of having a career. However, as we both have careers, we are going to give them the best we have—but keep our private lives apart from them."

At the quiet, impressive wedding held at five o'clock in the afternoon and attended by approximately one hundred invited friends, Phyllis Fraser, Ginger's young actress-cousin, was maid-of-honor, Janet Gaynor and Mary Brian were bridesmaids, and Ben Alexander served as best man. In the ceremony, the bridal couple answered to the names of Virginia Katherine McMath and Lewis Frederick Ayres.

Phyllis Fraser wore a blue-green crêpe five-o'clock frock, cut with long sleeves, close-fitted lines, and a Buster Brown collar. The belt fastened with a gold and onyx buckle. Her hat was of matching material, and her crêpe pumps were dyed to match the frock.

Janet Gaynor wore a yellow crêpe shirt-maker's dress, finely pleated in front from shoulder to waist, and fastened with tiny diamond buttons. Her hat was brown taffeta; her gloves and shoes were brown.

Mary Brian also wore a crêpe shirt-maker's dress, cut the same as Miss Gaynor's, but blue in color. Her brimmed hat was velvet and her shoes were Empire evening slippers.

Mrs. Lela Rogers, the bride's mother, wore a plaid crêpe cocktail dress in old blue and silver. The gown was cut with long sleeves and worn with a velvet jacket and a matching velvet hat.

Things Are Always Happening to Jean

(Continued from page 31)

Reduce this present story to its essentials. A girl and a man meet by chance. They play golf together. A falsified photograph is subsequently published. And the trouble starts. It makes those Irish "little fellies" more of a reality than a legend. They follow Jean Harlow even upon what was meant to be a vacation.

If this were an isolated instance, it would not be so bad. But it isn't isolated. Rather, it is only a tiny link in an almost endless chain of circumstantial evidence that has been forged about the character of Jean Harlow, darling of the gods of Hollywood's gossip.

Twice she has been reported dead. Her own mother has been rumored not to be

her mother at all, but a hired companion and chaperon who resembles her. The police of three cities have at different times telephoned her mother long-distance to announce that they held a Jean Harlow in custody for various crimes from shoplifting to beating a hotel bill. In each case, Jean was able to talk to the police and convince them they were impostors.

There have been countless other rumors, many of which do not bear printing. A mere listing of the men to whom Jean has been romantically linked by gossips would consume several pages.

I remembered finding her reading the papers one day when I called.

"That's nice," she said.

"What's nice?" I asked. "A story about you?"

"Just the reverse," she smiled. "My name wasn't mentioned in the gossip columns to-day."

That it should be Jean Harlow to whom things are always happening strikes me as the perfect Hollywood paradox. She is, in private life, a direct antithesis to nearly everything she is popularly supposed to be. The difficulty is that we have all been lost in admiration of her famous platinum-blond tresses so long that we have failed to investigate what might be beneath them.

Jean's cardinal trait is complete honesty. Not a newspaper man (or woman) who

(Continued on page 96)

THE PICTURE PARADE

(Continued from page 67)

ROMANCE IN MANHATTAN

Bright and Breezy Comedy—
Lederer Shines

IF every star had a picture so perfectly fitted to his personality as this has been tailored to the eager, boyish charm of Francis Lederer, critics would be happier people. Beginning on the pitch of melodrama when the young immigrant from Middle Europe, scheduled to be deported for lack of his landing fee, leaps into New York Bay and swims ashore, the story immediately becomes delightful comedy.

The hero spins a web of romance about the bleakness of Manhattan, and catches a pretty chorus girl, her newsie brother, and two policemen in the web. His ingenuousness and ignorance of American customs lead him into scrapes from which his charm rescues him.

Highlights: Lederer's first walk up Fifth Avenue. The constantly interrupted wedding scene in which the hero becomes a citizen and a bridegroom at the same time. The exhausted minister reeling away over the chalkline. The sparkling humor—and the sparkling heroine, Ginger Rogers. (RKO-Radio)

BEHOLD MY WIFE

Action, Conflict and Good Acting

WITH a plot which smacks of the earlier naive days of the movies, when young men married for revenge, and girls confessed murders they didn't commit to save someone else, this still manages to hold the interest, due chiefly to the sympathetic performance of Gene Raymond. A society youth, whose snobbish family has broken up his romance with a stenographer, marries a girl from an Indian reservation to shame his parents. But does she? At her first ball—you've guessed it!—the Indian maid looks so radiantly beautiful and wins so much admiration that he really falls in love with her. Good direction and photography help to make a rather stencil story entertaining.

Highlights: The scenes on the New Mexico Indian reservation. The startling loveliness of Miss Sidney, transformed into a society butterfly. The amusing antics of Eric Blore, the waiter discovered in "The Gay Divorcée," as a butler. (Paramount)

FORSAKING ALL OTHERS

Sure-Fire—Everyone Will Like It

FROM the somewhat lugubrious plot of a girl jilted on her wedding day, and believing that her heart is broken, W. S. Van Dyke has extracted some of the purest comedy situations seen on the screen in many a day! To be sure, he is aided by the puckish, curiously antic dialogue and by the fact that the girl, the jilter, and the Other Man are played by Joan Crawford, Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery, each of them giving a sure-fire performance.

With the slimmest of stories Van Dyke has kept the action at high pitch, interspersing drawing-room comedy with slapstick, and nonsense with reality so that the interest never sags. For all the fine work of the principals (including throbbing love scenes between both the boys and Joan), Billie Burke, as the heroine's flustered, shocked chaperon, and Charles Butterworth steal many of the laughs. Anybody and everybody will like it.

Highlights: The quarrel between Crawford and Frances Drake who does the villainy of the picture so ornamentally. The author's grand lines. The mixing of the heart throbs and hysteria.

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The Secrets of the Dressing Table

(Continued from page 63)

You know, I'm probably more particular about powder—its application, its texture, its fragrance—than most people...for a particular reason. When I was a child, I was somewhat of a tomboy and couldn't be bothered to be a "girly" girl. Fortunately, my mother viewed my hoydenish qualities with growing alarm. But she didn't talk to me about it. Do you know what she did? And it worked like a charm. She took me to see a play, "Romance"—the play that Garbo made into a picture several years ago. After seeing that play, I went ultra-feminine, and for years wore picture dresses and curls on all occasions.

One couldn't look rugged in picture dresses. A rough face isn't feminine and a shiny nose destroys delicacy, so Mother gave me something with which to work out my newly-found urge to be feminine. That "something" was a box of face powder. No cosmetic in the world—no two hundred-and-fifty-dollar fitted make-up box—would ever give me the thrill that that little box of powder did. It was the beginning of beauty consciousness for me.

But let's get back to "pore treatment." (My heavens, how I have been rambling!) I told you about my morning ritual. At night, before going to bed, I massage my face and neck with a heavy cream, but instead of following it with the astringent, I use a heavy white pore-cream rubbed well into my face. After a few moments, I wipe this off. *Never* let a cream stay on overnight. Let your pores breathe while you sleep.

Double-Duty Beauty Aids

THIS pore-cream—almost all of the bigger houses make a similar one—seems to bleach the skin at the same time that it draws out impurities.

It's excellent for removing a "muddy" look, as well as for tightening the tiny pore muscles. (I suppose pores have muscles.) However, using this pore-cream every night might be too much of a good thing, as it is slightly drying; so I alternate with a rich, oily, nourishing cream. One night, my pore-cream is drawing out impurities, the next night, my nourishing cream is lubricating the pores with healthy oils. Also, several times a week, yeast is an excellent thing to take on the inside...because unless your entire system is free of poisons, how can your skin be fine and clear?

I spoke before of not liking too much lipstick. There's a new little gadget, called a lip pencil, that helps keep your use of lipstick in line. No pun intended—though you do use it to outline the shape of your lips first, and then you fill in with a light touch of lip rouge that matches the shade of the pencil. I usually fill in my lipstick with the tip of my finger, for I think I can do it more delicately that way.

Here's something else I do that you might want to try. It's my favorite shampoo. I always give my hair two washings or sudsings, or whatever you want to call them. First with olive oil or one of the prepared oil shampoos. Then, after rinsing that all out well, I wash again with a half-cup of soap flakes! Doesn't that sound unusual?... Seriously, when you finish with these flakes, your hair is just as fluffy and soft as a piece of cobwebby lingerie.

Just dissolve the flakes in lukewarm water as you would if you were going to douse your best pair of hose in it, and then douse your head. Rinse well, of course. I think half the success of a shampoo lies in the rinsing. If you leave any soap in your hair at all, it's liable to give it a dead,

dull look. And, by the way, did you know that if you haven't got the dirt out of your hair, you can't get the soap out, either? Vinegar in the rinse water helps cut the grease and soap. Also lemon.

Why Dye? Just Brighten!

TO-DAY there is no need to suffer from nondescript, uninteresting hair. I do not suggest that you dye your hair. Brightening rinses can do a lot for you. I understand it's now possible (and harmless) to rinse your hair with special rinses that will brighten and define your natural hair-shade. Thus "mouse" can become a warm reddish-brown, and plain "dark" hair can become attractive "brunette," while "ash" can turn into blonde.

Don't, if you have dry-looking hair, forget your brilliantine. Try using an almost odorless brilliantine and mix it with your own perfume. The best way is to pour a few drops of each in the palm of your hand and rub the bristles of your hair-brush against said palm. To keep hair beautiful, brush, brush, brush. And remember that once you have decided on your "type" in *hairedressing*, your "type" of *dressing* will come naturally. A certain brunette friend of mine recently discovered that her "style" was to wear her hair long and straight and done up in a glossy "bun" at the nape of her neck. It was obvious that she should adapt the rest of her personality to her *hairedress*. In consequence, she has "style" in her way of dressing now that she never had before.

If you have very tender skin around your eyebrows, and if "plucking" hurts, try cold-creaming your eyebrows first, and also pat them with wads of cotton soaked in hot water. This eliminates the "ouch."

You see, I *did* get practical, after all!

Things Are Always Happening to Jean

(Continued from page 94)

has ever met her will fail to admit her honesty. If anything, she is too frank. Gratitude is an equally outstanding trait. The person who has done her a slight favor can impose upon her for the balance of her life.

She is utterly lacking in self-consciousness. Her tastes are simple. Left to herself, she will spend the entire day lying in the sun by her swimming pool. Or she will curl up with a book on the sun-porch.

Of course, the more I tell you about the real Jean Harlow, the more I will shatter your pre-conceived notions about her. She can't say it for herself, but I can say it for her. She isn't at all the person she is supposed to be.

She Does Care—"Terribly"

I WON'T pretend that I have been left untouched by all the gossip in which my name has figured," Jean once told me. "It is not very pleasant to listen to well-wishing friends constantly repeating 'the latest about Harlow.' I have to put on an act of laughing it off and it becomes continually more difficult to laugh. All of which might be all right if I didn't care. But I do care—terribly.

"There isn't a single thing, you see, that I can do differently from what I am doing—except possibly to remain a recluse in my own home and never to go dancing with an escort to a public place.

"I try to forget all the things I hear about myself, for I know that it is mighty unhealthy for a person to be living always

in the past. Any wound heals more quickly if we allow time to do the healing. It is only when we keep picking at it that a scar is left. But when you get a new hurt every few days, you can't help remembering the previous ones.

"I'm fortunate to have my work. The harder I am made to work for the next few years, the better I'll like it. I'm learning to write, too, as you may have heard. My first novel is finished and will soon be published. I wrote every word of it. It may not be so very good, but—it is all mine."

This I know to be a modest understatement. Those who have read Jean's book pronounce it excellent. It was due to the urging of friends that it was originally submitted for publication.

Jean writes purely for her own amusement, and has been writing for years—essays, as well as fiction. The prompt acceptance of her first novel may encourage her to do others.

Her Chief Ambition

I KNOW I am not supposed to be terribly ambitious, probably because I have never said that I wanted to be the world's finest actress. Nor do I. Such a remark would be typically Hollywood—careless of its superlatives. My ambition is to be simply a good actress—to be aware that my job is well done.

"I enjoy my work! Acting has become very necessary to my existence. At first, I merely played at being an actress. To-day I am very serious about it.

"You ask me if I have any plans for the future. I have learned not to make plans. Many people miss the greatest opportunities in life by keeping their eyes fixed upon one goal. They become impervious to pleasant little by-paths so interesting to explore, possibly aimlessly, possibly to eventual profit.

"A life well-lived is a life well-balanced. To get the most out of living, there must be a certain amount of so many things—work and play, strenuous effort and complete relaxation, friendships and solitudes, joys and sorrows.

"Old age is merely a stagnation of the mind. When the desire passes to learn something new each day, each hour, then you have grown old. There are so many things I want to know and so little time in which to learn about them!

"There is real joy in knowing how to make the most of what you have, however limited or meager. Adaptability makes for happiness and is, in itself, a fine art—an art in which I hope to become thoroughly proficient.

"An old axiom has it that the more we put into life, the more we get out of it. I have experienced a great deal of unhappiness, even bitter tragedy. I cannot help but believe that the future will be much kinder. Nearly everything is equalized in the long run.

"I have hopes of finding that calm, philosophical happiness that leads to permanent contentment. I don't believe I ask too much of life to hope for this, do you?"

Answers to Movie News Test

(Continued from page 14)

1. Now that wasn't a hard one. Even though she is wearing dark glasses, if you studied the picture, you could distinguish Loretta Young's profile. It shows her engaged in a game of Badminton with Fred Perry, English tennis star, holder of the Wimbledon and American singles titles, at Palm Springs, California.

2. Fred Astaire's feet have been insured by RKO-Radio Pictures for \$1,000,000. RKO has Astaire signed to a seven-year contract and they want to be sure they will be covered for any loss if something should happen to Astaire to prevent him from making pictures for them. Fred Astaire, who isn't the handsomest male in pictures, has more personality in his feet than some of the big stars have in their entire physiques.

3. Muriel Evans, blonde screen player, who started her career as a bit player with Corinne Griffith when she was 15 years old, has the nearest to a perfect pair of legs in the film city. Plaster casts were made of Muriel's shapely legs and they will be used for sculptors to model from. How do your legs compare with Muriel's measurements? They are: Ankles 8", Calf 12", Knee 13".

4. Ann Harding was abiding by her doctor's orders when she took leave of absence from screen work. Miss Harding's physician, Dr. William E. Branch, prevailed upon her to take a long rest, following the completion of "Enchanted April." Dr. Branch said Miss Harding was on the verge of a complete nervous breakdown which only the prescribed rest would ward off.

5. Margaret Sullavan, who rose to screen stardom when she appeared in "Only Yesterday," eloped by airplane to Yuma, Arizona, with William Wyler, who has been directing the star in her latest screen venture, "The Good Fairy." They staged a midnight elopement on November 26, following a long day's work, having worked until almost midnight at the studio putting finishing touches on "The Good Fairy." There's a gallery of Margaret on page forty-three and a story about her marriage on page 27.

6. Joan Blondell, movie star, presented her husband, George Barnes, film cameraman, with a son on November 2nd. The baby weighed 7 pounds 12 ounces at birth and they have named him Norman Scott Barnes.

7. June Knight, the beautiful blonde singing and dancing star of stage and screen, became the bride of Paul Ames, New York millionaire stock broker, in Chicago on November 30. Paul Ames is the brother of Stephen Ames and it would seem as though the Ames Brothers not only have a corner on the stock market, but have captured quite a corner of Hollywood's feminine pulchritude for themselves. Stephen Ames is married to Raquel Torres.

8. The divorce decree granted on November 7 to Gloria Swanson wrote finis to another movie romance. It divorced her from Michael Farmer, Irish sportsman. When Gloria obtained her divorce in Superior Court, she told of Farmer's "cruelty."

9. Of course you know William Penn Adair. You know him as Will Rogers, humorist of stage, screen, radio, and newspaper fame. Rogers is now working on "The County Chairman."

10. When Katharine Hepburn, famous screen star, left California by plane for New York, accompanied by Leland Hayward, her business manager, the report that Miss Hepburn was going to marry Hayward was circulated. The rumors spread faster when the movie colony learned that Hayward's wife, Lola Gibbs Hayward, had just divorced him in Dallas, Texas. However, on her arrival, when she was met in New York by reporters, Miss Hepburn gave out the usual denials and added that even if she was contemplating marrying she wouldn't tell them about it. So we'll just have to wait until Katie is willing to tell.

11. To show Dolores Del Rio how much they think of her, the folks from Mexico, her homeland, through President Rodriguez of Mexico, presented her with a rare object of art. It is a Mexican custom and it is done to show the high regard the givers have for the party who receives it. The token is a figure of a bird made of Mexican lacquered wood.

12. When "The Divine Sarah" comes to the screen, you will see Sylvia Sydney in the rôle of the one and only Sarah. The story was originally purchased for Gloria Swanson.

13. Whenever you see Ann Sothern, you are sure to see her on the arm of Roger Pryor. Pryor is the son of the American composer and bandmaster, Arthur Pryor. He made his motion picture debut in the musical "Moonlight and Pretzels."

14. Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres, both screen stars, were married on November 10. It was a real wedding with maids, reception and everything. Her cousin, Phyllis Fraser, was maid of honor and Janet Gaynor and Mary Brian, the bridesmaids. Be sure to read the story on page 56.

15. Elissa Landi's husband, John Cecil Lawrence, London barrister, recently filed suit for divorce against his beautiful movie star wife and named Abram Chasins, musician. Chasins has given Miss Landi voice instruction and he has also written melodies for some of Elissa's compositions. She will fight the suit.

16. Wallace Beery, the popular burly screen player who is a successful star today, was an elephant trainer, a chorus man and a female impersonator in the early days.

17. When Rudy Vallee named his choice of the twelve most beautiful girls in Hollywood, he listed Alice Faye as his first choice. The balance of the beauties named by Rudy are: Dolores Del Rio, Fay Wray, Ginger Rogers, Marlene Dietrich, Greta Garbo, Carole Lombard, Ann Sothern, Barbara Stanwyck, Marion Davies, Joan Crawford and Ann Dvorak.

18. Surely you must have recognized Gary Cooper, in the picture on page 14, even though he is wearing the rags and turbans of an Afridi Tribesman for his rôle in his forthcoming picture "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."



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IN A Chinese fairy story one reads about the Emperor's garden, where rare and colorful plants from all over the world were constantly flowering.

It was the duty of the honorable head gardener to watch for the most beautiful of the blooms and tie to the stem of each a little silver bell. As the flowers swayed in the breeze, the bells tinkled with sweet music. Thus the courtiers and the distinguished visitors, strolling along the paths, were sure to see the finest specimens.

This was the Emperor's way of saying, "I have something extra fine that you should see: Look this way and you'll be repaid."

In the advertising pages of this magazine are similar messages addressed to you. Read them and you will hear the clink of silver. Our manufacturers are saying: "We have some extra values. We have some especially seasonable articles that you should see. Patronize the stores that retail our goods and you will be repaid."

You have nothing to lose when you accept this invitation. In fact, when you fail to do so, you're missing some of the very news for which you bought this magazine!

Tip-Offs On The Talkies

WHAT THEY'RE ABOUT — AND HOW GOOD THEY ARE

BY JAMES EDWIN REID

(These capsule criticisms of current pictures supplement the previews of new films on pages 66 and 67. Pictures listed in capital letters are especially worth seeing; pictures starred are those particularly suitable for children.—Editor.)

ANNE OF GREEN GABLES—A new star rises—Anne Shirley, playing the poetic waif who finds happiness for herself by finding it for others. The picture has the full flavor of the long-loved novel (RKO).*

Babbitt—Minus the sting of his satire, Sinclair Lewis' famous portrait of a self-satisfied American becomes—in its talkie version—a quiet, self-satisfied comedy. Guy Kibbee and Aline MacMahon are excellent (F. N.).

By Your Leave—Married, but restless, Frank Morgan and Genevieve Tobin take their last youthful flings separately. The result is slyly clever—and clean—comedy (RKO).

THE CAPTAIN HATES THE SEA—A crowded kaleidoscope of drama, comedy and romance aboard a cruise liner—with John Gilbert, Victor McLaglen, Fred Keating, Helen Vinson and Walter Connolly all outstanding (Col.).

College Rhythm—Joe Penner and his duck waddle onto the screen and score a hit, along with Lanny Ross, Jack Oakie and Lyda Roberti, in a peppy, spirited musical comedy about two rival stores that acquire two collegiate football teams and have a duel (Par.).*

Enter Madame—Elissa Landi, with a fiery new personality, is a temperamental opera star, whose husband (Cary Grant) rebels against being just "Mr. Prima Donna." Uninspired, except for Elissa's acting (Par.).

Evelyn Prentice—William Powell and Myrna Loy, together again, shine again despite a weaker story—one about a criminal lawyer whose wife confesses to a murder and has to be "saved" (M-G-M).

Evensong—The gifted and beautiful Evelyn Laye portrays the rise and fall of an operatic star. It might be a bit dull, if it weren't for its star (Gaumont-British).

The Firebird—Ricardo Cortez, flitting from mother Verree Teasdale to daughter Jean Muir, is murdered. Which is guilty? That's the mystery—and a suspenseful one (W. B.).

THE FIRST WORLD WAR—Laurence Stallings, who wrote "What Price Glory?" and "The Big Parade," edits a great, memorable and trenchant history of the war that was to end all wars. You can't see it and not be affected (Fox).

FLIRTATION WALK—The movie musicals move outdoors—to West Point, in fact, where Dick Powell is trying to become "an officer and a gentleman" to impress Ruby Keeler. It's colorful, entertaining, soothing to eye and ear. Why, it's even educational! (F. N.).*

The Gay Bride—Carole Lombard practices gold-digging on some racketeers, ending up with Chester Morris, in a "killing" comedy. Are you still interested in gold-diggers and racketeers? (M-G-M).

THE GAY DIVORCEE—The best musical comedy of the year—in story, in dialogue, in music and in dancing. And Fred Astaire comes into his own as a triple-threat star (a dancer, a singer and a comedian), with Ginger Rogers as his part partner (RKO).

Girl o' My Dreams—An energetic, but silly collegiate comedy—with Mary Carlisle, Eddie Nugent and Creighton Chaney as a campus triangle. Sterling Holloway, the screen's next star mirth-provider, earns most of the laughs (Monogram).

GREAT EXPECTATIONS—This lends off the big parade of Dickens pictures—and a noble beginning it is. Henry Hull, from Broadway, makes a brilliant Hollywood debut as the convict, befriended by a boy, who devotes his dramatic days (and nights) to being the boy's secret benefactor (Univ.).*

Happiness Ahead—Dick Powell, who washes windows, falls in love with a poor little rich girl (the new and interesting Josephine Hutchinson), without knowing she's wealthy. Light and pleasant (F. N.).*

Hell in the Heavens—Warner Baxter goes in for stirring adventure in an eventful drama of war in the air. But the all-too-usual side-elements of romance and comedy detract from its power (Fox).



Alan Mowbray and Peggy Shannon are prominent in the sensationally hilarious doings in "Night Life of the Gods"



Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler move to a new and refreshing setting—West Point—for their new hit, "Flirtation Walk"

I Am a Thief—A baffling, clever mystery about some jewels that vanish on a train from Paris to the East. Ricardo Cortez and Mary Astor are the central figures (W. B.).

I'll Fix It—Jack Holt, high-handed, but likable political boss, goes out of his way to fix things for his kid brother, and runs head-on into trouble and romance. Routine melodrama, with a bright polish (Col.).

IMITATION OF LIFE—Fannie Hurst's parallel of the lives of a white girl and a colored one makes dramatic, thoughtful screen fare, with Claudette Colbert starred (Univ.).

I Sell Anything—An amusing exposé of the methods of auctioneers who don't mind fooling the dear old public. Pat O'Brien, as one of the boys, is superb (F. N.).

Kentucky Kernels—Wheeler and Woolsey, in charge of an orphan, go to Kentucky to help him inherit an estate and get mixed up in one of those feuds. And a bright comedy idea goes slapstick and haywire (RKO).

KID MILLIONS—The best of all the Cantor comedy epics. He has an ingenious story—about a waif who has to go to Egypt to inherit a fortune; sprightly lines; tuneful music; Ethel Merman and Ann Southern as playmates; and an ending in color that ought to go down in movie—and fantasy—history (U. A.).*

LADY BY CHOICE—Carole Lombard, a fan dancer in need of publicity, adopts an old derelict (May Robson) as a mother on Mother's Day—and May takes her job seriously. Their clashes are continuously comical (Col.).

LITTLE FRIEND—A fourteen-year-old English Hepburn, Nova Pilbeam, tears hearts loose from their moorings in a courageous, sincere story of a sensitive child whose parents are parted (Gaumont-British).*

MAN OF ARAN—A poem in pictures about life on the barren Aran Isles, off the West coast of Ireland—a simple, un-theatrical story of a fearless fisherman, his wife and his growing son (Gaumont-British).*

Marie Galante—Ketti Gallian, French "find," makes a promising debut in a vivid, but complicated melodrama about the international intrigue that surrounded the building of the Panama Canal. Spencer Tracy is the capable hero of the piece (Fox).

Menace—Three inoffensive people are relentlessly pursued by a man bent on destroying them. It's hokumish, yet exciting, and boasts the services of Gertrude Michael, Paul Cavanagh and Henrietta Crosman (Par.).

THE MERRY WIDOW—Franz Lehar's operetta is an operetta on the screen this time. Gay than before, less seriously romantic, it has Jeanette MacDonald as the singing, mischievous heroine, Maurice Chevalier as the debonair, discouraged lover, and Ernst Lubitsch as its sly director (M-G-M).

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch—Pauline Lord, of Broadway renown, makes an effective movie debut in the somewhat unexpected rôle of the philosophical mother of a large, amusing brood of youngsters. Zasu Pitts and W. C. Fields assist nobly (Par.).*

Music in the Air—Gloria Swanson returns to the screen, singing Jerome Kern music, in a melodious, slightly hysterical comedy about a prima donna who quarrels with her lover (John Boles), whereupon they take up with two Bavarian peasants (Douglass Montgomery and June Lang) to make each other jealous (Fox).

Nell Gwyn—An intriguing young English person, Anna Neagle, renders an intriguing screen biography of the saucy favorite of Charles II (U. A.).

NIGHT LIFE OF THE GODS—Thorne Smith's hilarious tale of some Greek statues that were brought to life and given a taste of Broadway night-life is no less hilarious on the screen, as directed by Lowell Sherman. Alan Mowbray, Florine McKinney and Peggy Shannon head the cast (Univ.).

One Exciting Adventure—Despite the title, it's more comedy than melodrama—telling the amusing story of a pretty kleptomaniac (Binnie Barnes), whom Neil Hamilton tries to cure (Univ.).

The Private Life of Don Juan—Douglas Fairbanks, with all of his old agility and zest for life, makes the medieval Great Lover a playful fellow, who interests such beauties as Bette Hume, Binnie Barnes, Merle Oberon and Elsa Lanchester (U. A.).

The Queen's Affair—A light romantic comedy about a queen (Anna Neagle) and a revolutionary (Fernand Graevey) who meet while both are incognito, and fall in love (U. A.).

The St. Louis Kid—As a truck driver in the milk-strike sector, James Cagney has ample opportunity to be cocky, pugnacious, amusing (W. B.).

Six-Day Bike Rider—Joe E. Brown hops aboard a bicycle and goes to the races in slapstick fashion. The scenario didn't do right by him this time (F. N.).

That's Gratitude—Frank Craven, in a dryly amusing comedy written by himself, gets invited to a friend's house, plays dead to all hints of departure, and gets involved in the family's troubles (Col.).

365 Nights in Hollywood—Fake "talent scouts" take it on the chin in this fair, mid-air satire about the difficulties of crashing the movies. Alice Faye and James Dunn do most of the acting (Fox).

Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round—A combination of mystery, mirth and music in a novel setting—an ocean liner, aboard which are Jack Benny, Frank Parker, Nancy Carroll and Gene Raymond. It has sparkle (U. A.).

WEDNESDAY'S CHILD—The screen searches another great boy-actor—Frankie Thomas, who acts out a theatrical, but highly effective drama of a young boy whose parents part and whose subsequent life is torture (RKO).*

WE LIVE AGAIN—Anna Sten echoes her right to stardom in a powerful and timely revival of Tolstoy's "Resurrection"—a drama of a peasant and an aristocrat (Fredric March) who at last are equals (U. A.).

WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS—Helen Hayes and Brian Aherne both live their rôles in the delightful Barrie comedy of a housewife damsel who makes her husband do just what she wants him to do (M-G-M).*

THE WHITE PARADE—Loretta Young gives the finest performance of her career in this vivid, sensitive, dramatic kaleidoscope of the life of student nurses in a big hospital (Fox).

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**CORNELIUS
VANDERBILT, JR.
COVERS HOLLYWOOD**

HEPBURN IS SHY...SAYS NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

Why is one of these girls winning and the other losing this private **BEAUTY CONTEST**



BOTH GIRLS have smart clothes and wear them smartly. Both have attractive figures, lovely hair. Yet one is getting all of the attention and all of the compliments.

One is winning, while the other is losing one of those little beauty contests which are a part of the daily life of every woman.

You cannot avoid these contests, for everyone you meet judges your beauty, your charm, *your skin*.

The daily use of Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, can change a

dull, drab skin into a fresh, lovely complexion, and help *you* win *your* beauty contests.

Camay's delightfully perfumed lather is smooth and rich, made up of millions of tiny Beauty Bubbles that cleanse and refresh your skin.

WOMEN EVERYWHERE PRAISE CAMAY

Thousands of women have written recently praising the mildness of Camay. "It is as gentle as cream," says a girl from New England. "The lather is

wonderfully smooth and soothing," writes a young matron from the South, "and it keeps the skin smoother and clearer than any other soap."

Try Camay yourself. Just see how much this pure, gentle, creamy-white beauty soap can do for *your* skin. See how much it can improve *your* complexion.



CAMAY

The Soap of Beautiful Women

ORCHIDS TO SALLY (UNTIL SHE SMILES)



"Pink Tooth Brush"

Makes her avoid all close-ups... dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm.

EVERY woman knows what wonders a smile can work... what a flaunting little banner of loveliness it can be.

But do you realize what a shock of disappointment follows a smile that gives a glimpse of dingy teeth and tender gums — of the damage that neglect of "pink tooth brush" can lead to?

DON'T IGNORE "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

You can't afford to take chances — to ignore a warning that threatens your smile and your dental health. Dental science has

explained and stressed that warning — "pink tooth brush." Foods that rob our gums of exercise — soft and creamy dishes that tempt our palates but lull our gums to sleep — those are the reasons for the modern plague of tender, ailing gums.

If your tooth brush even occasionally shows "pink" — do the sensible thing. Don't let yourself in for serious gum troubles — for gingivitis, Vincent's disease or pyorrhea. Get a tube of Ipana

Tooth Paste today and follow regularly this healthful routine. Start today!

Brush your teeth regularly. But — care for your gums with Ipana, too. Each time, massage a little extra Ipana into your lazy, tender gums. Ipana with massage helps speed circulation, aids in toning the gum tissue and in bringing back necessary firmness.

Your teeth will be whiter — your gums healthier — and your smile will be lovelier with Ipana and massage.

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"IF I KISS YOU NOW....
I COULD NEVER LET YOU GO!"

Helen Hayes and Robert Montgomery gave to the screen an unforgettable love thrill when they appeared together in "Another Language". Now they are co-starred in one of the greatest love stories of our time, Hugh Walpole's famed "Vanessa". When Helen Hayes says: "He has the devil in him...but I love him" she echoes the thought of many a girl who adores a beloved rogue. M-G-M promises you the first truly gripping romantic hit of 1935!



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ROBERT
MONTGOMERY

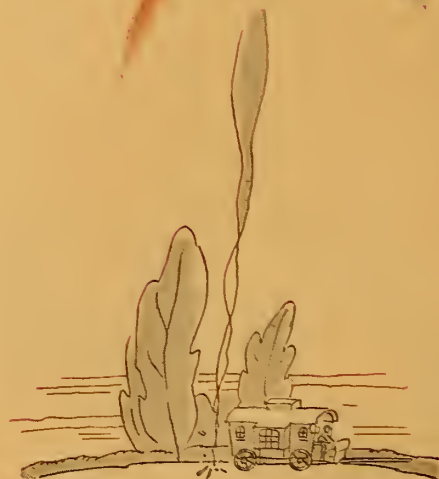
in HUGH WALPOLE'S NOVEL

Vanessa
HER LOVE STORY

with

LEWIS STONE • MAY ROBSON
OTTO KRUGER

A William Howard Production • Produced by David O. Selznick
Directed by William K. Howard



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A MINNESOTA CORPORATION

Twenty-Fourth Year

Volume XLIX, No. 2

ROSCOE FAWCETT
Editor

PATRICIA REILLY
Executive Editor

MARCH, 1935

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Cover Design by Morr Kusnet



Two of our contributors dine with a distinguished friend at the Victor Hugo Restaurant: CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR., Mr. and Mrs. ROB WAGNER and CHARLES CHAPLIN.

● Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., whose book "Farewell to Fifth Avenue" would indicate that he had taken up the Hollywood colony in earnest, will continue his reporting of the Hollywood scene, his many friends, gay parties, lovely clothes and remarks that weren't intended to be published in forthcoming issues of Motion Picture . . . Rob Wagner, editor of the smart West coast magazine, "Script," found out for us how the producers really feel about the Catholic blacklisting and where it is pinching them the most . . . Nina Wilcox Putnam is fortunate in having known Katharine Hepburn and her family intimately—here is a new angle on the famous Hepburn temperament . . . Gilbert Seldes is a New York critic of the "Seven Lively Arts"; he is now working on a profile of his good friend, Roland Young . . . We introduce a new section where you may always turn for beauty information and style and home decoration as it comes to us from the pens of distinguished stars—"The Portfolio of Fashion and Beauty" . . . Next Month: We will start an absolutely unique contest in April. Do you look like a movie star, or does some member of your family or a friend? Look about you and then read our announcement in April. . . If you enjoyed the bright dialogue in "It Happened One Night" (and who didn't?) you will want to start the new serial by its author, Samuel Hopkins Adams. It is not a fictionization of a picture, but the novel itself, which was sold to RKO, and will go into production this spring. It is about a neurotic young star, entitled "In Person."

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION

Opening day at the new Santa Anita Park race track in Arcadia, California, was a style show for the men and by the men. ROBERT MONTGOMERY wore a dark gray derby and a carnation.



Mr. and Mrs. CLARK GABLE attended. Clark's plaid coat contrasted with his plain, high-waisted trousers.

Fashionable Hollywood at the Races



RUBY KEELER and AL JOLSON, that happy young couple, were interested spectators. Miss Keeler's Persian Lamb overseas cap matched her coat thrown over a suit.



Looks as though even WILL ROGERS bought a new hat for the occasion. Horses are his meat, you know.

The Object of Her Affections

By JAMES A. DANIELS



She had dreamed about him all her life. • She wanted him more than the world and she travelled all the way from Red Gap, U.S.A. to him! • And furthermore, she got her man, even if she had to win him in

And what woman wouldn't to get the perfect servant? • All of how Ruggles, the perfect British and-ready American frontier town

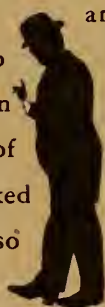
valet, found himself pitch-forked into the rough- of Red Gap. • All of which also explains how

anything else in Europe to get a poker game!

which explains

Charles Laughton, winner of the 1933

Academy Award for his serious



screen charac-

terizations, gets his first big comedy chance in

the title role of Paramount's "Ruggles of Red Gap".

Laughton has always wanted to play comedy on

the screen. He had scored effectively in this type of

role on the stage. But screen producers continued

to cast him in such parts as the mad doctor in "The Island

of Lost Souls", Emperor Nero in "The Sign of

The Cross" and as that doughty ruler of Britain, "Henry

VIII". • Then came "Ruggles of Red Gap"—and Laughton's comedy chance. And how he plays it! • As

Ruggles, the perfect servant in the Harry Leon Wilson story, Laughton comes to America in the employment of

the socially-minded Mary Boland of Red Gap. His particular mission is to "civilize" Cousin Egbert, as played

by the inimitable Charlie Ruggles. Every woman has a Cousin Egbert lurking in the background. But what happens

to the prim English valet in the

land of the free furnishes one of the most hilarious comedy

plots ever concocted. • Just to

add to the general hilarity, the cast also includes Roland

Young, Zasu Pitts and Lucien

Littlefield. • But watch Laughton as a comedian. Watch

the manner in which

he gets howls of laughter with a lift of the eyebrows,

a gesture of the

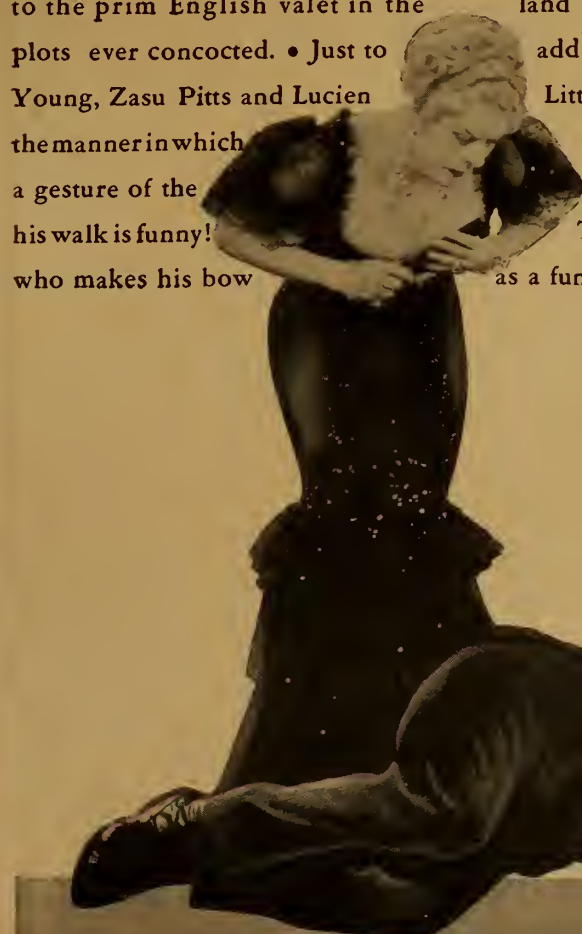
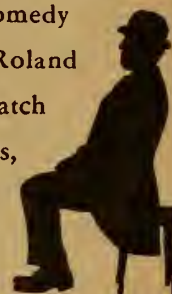
hands, a swift change of facial expression. Even

his walk is funny!

That's the new and surprising Charles Laughton

who makes his bow

as a funny man in "Ruggles of Red Gap".



The Gossip Shop

It was not Marlene Dietrich's fault that Joel McCrea bowed out of the cast of "Caprice Espagnole." Joel didn't like the way Von Sternberg wanted him to play the part, but Marlene wanted him in the picture just the same. She was due in the photographer's gallery at two in the afternoon. At seven that same night she was still arguing about Joel's removal from the cast.

PLEASE, Mr. Chevalier! When the charming Maurice stepped off the train on his return from Europe, he was wearing a plaid sports coat of modest pattern. But every day since he has appeared in a new coat, each time the checks getting louder and louder. Boy, page Barney Google and tell him to hide "Sparky's" blanket.

Two of the tiniest diamond solitaire rings in captivity have been purchased by Joan Crawford. They were gifts for her two namesakes—Joan Crawford LeSueur, her brother's baby, and Joan Crawford Eunson, daughter of a close friend.

One of the most amazing demonstrations of fan worship occurred in Texas where the company was on location for "West Point of the Air." Lewis Stone was just getting ready to retire in his hotel room when the door burst open and in poured dozens of fans. They grabbed his shirts, sox and handkerchiefs while Lew begged them to leave him just one pair of pajamas.

Dixie Lee (Mrs. Bing Crosby to you) is staging a screen comeback as Joe Morrison's leading lady. After listening to Joe croon all day long, isn't it lucky for Dixie that she doesn't have to go home and listen to Bing croon in the bathtub? Or does she?

Who said that movie stars always love publicity? Claudette Colbert was living comfortably in Greta Garbo's old home in West Los Angeles. Then the daily papers ran a story on Claudette's new contract and quoted a fabulous salary. Next day Claudette's rent was boosted to the sky, so rather than be taken advantage of she moved.

Margo, the famous dancer, was being made up by Ernest Westmore for her



SHIRLEY TEMPLE rebelled at wearing the costumes in "The Little Colonel." To us, she seems young for the part, but that remains to be seen. Her only rival is Jane Withers.

first Hollywood rôle. As she has a rather prominent lower lip, Westmore made it up to give the appearance of being much smaller. Margo however took one look at her lips in the glass and exclaimed, "Is it me—or Maurice Chevalier?" Incidentally, she wears a plain gold band on her finger, and inside is inscribed the one word, *Dearest*. Your guess is as good as ours.

Mack Grey, the "Killer," better known as George Raft's personal bodyguard, at last has a speaking part in a picture. When George stopped by on the set to wish him luck, Mack said he was in a "mood" and requested George to come back later.

Merle Oberon, the European beauty, made her first Hollywood appearance at the Mayfair party. Everyone was interested in seeing her—particularly the stars who were anxious to pass on her special gold leaf make-up. Getting up from her table to greet a friend across the room, Merle took a short cut across the dance floor. It was an ideal chance to see her, and all eyes turned in her direction. Just as she got to the center of the floor, Merle skidded, regained

her balance and then all but fell on her face. Hollywood went back to drinking its cold consommé.

Irene Dunne is a lady who knows her mind. One morning she decided to move and promptly jumped into her car, went out and found a house. Coming home, she began to pack and by the time the moving men arrived everything was ready to go. Just as the truck started to pull away, it began to rain. Irene stood out in the downpour and watched the men until she was sure that her most prized possession, a baby grand piano, was safe from harm.

A few more fans like this one and Una Merkel never will have to buy any groceries. For months now a woman calls at the Merkel household once a week. She never asks for favors or bothers Una in any way. She just leaves a cake, cookies or a box of fudge, then goes quietly on her way.

Clark Gable had the time of his life one day recently driving around in a radio police car answering calls. Finally one came in for his car to go to the morgue. Clark swallowed hard, but he couldn't let the officers think he was a softy. He got as far as the door of the morgue before the mob outside recognized him. They promptly forgot all about the murder and pestered Clark for autographs.

For months Gail Patrick studied with a teacher in an effort to lose her delightful Alabama accent. Finally the instructor dismissed her as "cured." The next day the studio informed her that she was to play a Southern belle with Bing Crosby in "Mississippi." Now Gail has to get the hang of her Southern accent all over again.

John Beal, who appears with Katharine Hepburn in "Little Minister," is gravely concerned about his eyes. Once they went back on him while he was on the stage and he had to be led around for weeks in total darkness. During a battle scene in "Little Minister" an extra player accidentally hit him on the head with a lance. Just a quarter of an inch closer to the eye and John would have lost his sight forever. They rushed him to a doctor who took several stitches, and then, like the good trouper he is, John returned to the set

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH



Rudy's 1935 personality emerges in an uproarious bah-jove impersonation—



Yessir, Ann Dvorak is the girl picked from a million as Rudy's new heart-throb! Watch her dance—watch her make love—and you'll know why!



Just to sit and gaze at these beauties should be treat enough for anyone—but Warner Bros. add the marvel of dance spectacles created by Johnny Boyle and Bobby Connolly.



Heigh-Ho, Everybody! . . . Make Your Prettiest Bow to Warner Bros. for a Screen Accomplishment That Captures This Month's Ace Honors—Rudy's First Great All-Star Film Show!

RUDY VALLEE in "SWEET MUSIC"

America's Top Troubadour, Surrounded by a Studio-Full of Talent (Including His One and Only Connecticut Yankees), Steals the Show From the Idols of Hollywood, with the Aid of Alfred E. Green's Smart Direction.



—and his impression of a lyrical Latin adds further proof of his versatility.



Helen Morgan is just one of "Sweet Music's" many star thrills. Others are Alice White, Allen Jenkins, Ned Sparks, Joe Cowthorn, Al Shean.



Frank and Milt Britton's musical maniacs tear the house down putting over Rudy's new hits—"Ev'ry Day", "Fare Thee Well, Annabelle", 4 others by 6 famous Warner composers.



The American Kennel Club officials have ruled that Durjok, A N N A S T E N ' S Siberian-born Samoyede, is not eligible for exhibition here.

MERLE OBERON and CHEVALIER chuckling on "The Scarlet Pimpernel" set. She almost fell on her face at the recent May-fair party.



The Gossip Shop...

to finish the scene with the camera filming the other side of his face.

For years Fred Astaire and Jimmy Cagney have nursed a mutual admiration for each other. Fred always has yearned to play those tough Cagney rôles, while Jimmy would give his soul to be able to hoof like the famous dancer. Recently a friend brought them together at lunch time and they talked about everything but what they really wanted to say. Finally, just before it was time to rush back to their respective studios, Fred told Jimmy just how much he admired his work. Then Jimmy started on Fred. That's why, on this particular day, both were exceedingly late in getting back to work.

Kent Taylor recently moved into a new home in Westwood Hills and among other things made plans for a bar. In the meantime old Doc Stork decided to put in an appearance. Now the bar is being torn down and a nursery installed in its place. Milk punches will be the only stimulating liquid served in that particular room.

Hollywood has been quite thrilled and not a little shocked at Fred Keating's disappearing bird cage trick. No one actually knows how it is done. But there are those usual wise ones who insist that Fred crushes a live bird under his arm every time he turns the trick. Personally, we don't believe a word of it.

Helen Hayes trembled for an hour after Alexander Woollcott's broadcast of a recent Sunday evening in Holly-

wood. Helen arrived all out of breath at Joan Crawford's house where she was expected for dinner. It seems that the famous critic who was best man when Helen wed Charles MacArthur had talked to her on the telephone during the middle of the broadcast and for an unexpected surprise had put Ruth Gordon, Helen's best friend, on the air. When Ruth spoke to Helen from her own living-room and begged her to come back to New York, the star wept copiously.

This is a page from the book of Hollywood life. When the call bureau revised the list of extra players a dress rehearsal of all those registered was called. Back and forth they paraded under strong lights on a high platform as the body of judges decided which should go on working for the screen and which would be dropped. Among the many hundreds who prayed that they would be chosen was Mary MacLaren, once a famous star.

The great love existing between Fred and Adele Astaire has not ceased since she became Lady Cavendish and he is now a famous movie star. Recently Walter Winchell announced that Adele and her titled husband had agreed to disagree. Fred happened to be listening in to the broadcast. Into his car he jumped and raced for the nearest telegraph office. The following week, Winchell kindly retracted his statement.

The uniform worn by Allan Mowbray in "Becky Sharp" actually is decorated with two hundred and fifty dollars worth of genuine gold braid. With the government buying up gold, the

prop man is keeping an eagle eye on Allan, who threatens to cash in on his property.


Remember a little girl named Lucille LeSueur, who was discovered in a night club, brought out to Hollywood and her name changed in a contest? Well, this same little girl who is now known as Joan Crawford just signed a new contract that starts her ninth year with the same studio. The salary is reputed to be one of the largest paid any star, and Joan is guaranteed the very best stories, casts and directors.

Many years ago when she was just starting out in life, May Robson planned to be a make-up woman. She studied on the side and used her own face on which to practise. Now in her rôle opposite Helen Hayes in "Vanessa" May has to play a woman one hundred years old. Her suggestions are so good that the studio make-up man works under her instruction.


Ramon Novarro is noted for his loyalty to his friends and his great heart for charity. When the Community Chest made its recent drive, Ramon dug down into his pockets to the tune of twenty-five hundred dollars.

Jimmy Cagney and the missus took a trip recently to New York where they made the rounds of the new shows and generally enjoyed themselves. On the way back to Hollywood he stopped off at Rochester, Minnesota, to visit the famed Mayo Brothers Clinic and be ex-rayed for a pain in his side that has been bothering him for some time.


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Your figure may be your fortune*



Gloria Stuart




Esther Ralston



Adrienne Ames



Sally Blane



Binnie Barnes

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In Brief Review...

ANNE OF GREEN GABLES—Adaptation of famous novel finds a new star in Anne Shirley—who, in a Pollyanna type of role, generates happiness for herself as well as everyone with whom she comes in contact. The picture carries all the beloved qualities of the book (RKO).

BABBITT—Sinclair Lewis' famous best-seller loses the biting satire which saturated the original, yet the talkie version projects the central figure as the author conceived it—with the aid of Guy Kibbee. It's a quiet, fair-to-middlin' comedy. Aline MacMahon deserves mention for an excellent characterization (FN).

BABES IN TOYLAND—Palatable film fare for anyone, from six to sixty. Such a story as is revealed here snaps a finger at Time, (Father, not the magazine). It is a whimsical, often satirical study of nursery characters—yours and mine—with Victor Herbert's melodic tunes to give it added flavor. Who's in it? Well, Laurel is one, Hardy is another (M-G-M).

BRIGHT EYES—This Shirley Temple movie is surefire. Once again the Fox starlet tugs at the heart-strings with all the assurance of a gifted adult troupier. In the role of a parentless waif she makes Jimmy Dunn go to town for her. There are enough plot complications to satisfy the grown-up juveniles. You wouldn't miss Shirley, now would you? (Fox.)

BROADWAY BILL—So you don't think race-track stories are different? Well, you haven't seen this newest entry which is made intriguing through the fine team-work of Warner Baxter, Myrna Loy, and Walter Connolly. Frank Capra has exercised his directorial magic again. Exciting? Yeah, that's the right word here (Columbia).

THE CAPTAIN HATES THE SEA—The skipper may hate it, but you'll love it. You'll witness a screen packed with drama, comedy and romance—as these elements are expressed aboard a cruise liner. It's an outstanding crew piloting the picture. The honors are equally divided between John Gilbert, Victor McLaglen, Fred Keating, Helen Vinson and Walter Connolly (Col.).

COLLEGE RHYTHM—A musical comedy built around two rival stores that acquire a couple of collegiate football teams manages to



Director Robert Flaherty and three leading native players in "The Man of Aran," the Gaumont-British Production which was chosen as the best film of the year by the Committee on Exceptional Photoplays of the National Board of Review.

exude enough pep and spirit to satisfy most anyone except an old Scrooge. Joe Penner and his duck, Jack Oakie, Lyda Roberti and an enticing ensemble keep the rhythm right on edge. Two song hits are already radio-conscious (Par.).

ENTER MADAME—The surprise here is Elissa Landi who emerges with a fiery personality in the role of a temperamental opera star. She does such a good job that she'll rate way up to there in your estimation. Cary Grant is the husband who rebels against being just "Mr. Prima Donna." No great shakes, aside from Landi's performance (Par.).

THE FIRST WORLD WAR—If you want to see a complete and memorable history of the war that was to end all wars, then you won't want to overlook this crowded kaleidoscope—which projects the Late Madness in all of its stark drama and tragedy. It's a gigantic canvas, edited by Laurence Stallings, the man responsible for "What Price Glory?" and "The Big Parade." It'll do things to you—perhaps make you feel a little futile (Fox).

FLIRTATION WALK—Against a West Point setting, Dick Powell

wins Ruby Keeler by proving he can be "an officer and a gentleman," which tells the plot in a nutshell. This newest musical has fine atmosphere, moves along at a breezy pace, releases plenty of color and entertainment—and is soothing to eye and ear. It's good to see a musical come out into the big outdoors. You'll love it (FN).

FATHER BROWN, DETECTIVE—This Walter Connolly bobs up in plenty of pictures and bobs away with the acting honors. Here he plays a priest who doubles as a sleuth—and naturally, saves the jewels as well as souls. An odd story, but one which will capture your imagination. Connolly sees to that (Par.).

GREAT EXPECTATIONS—A very admirable presentation is made of the Dickens story here. The Victorian novelist is certainly having his movie innings. If succeeding films made from his stories prove as interesting as this one there will be no question that the screen is looking up. Henry Hull, fresh from Broadway, lends authority and understanding to the role of the convict, who, befriended by a boy, devotes his life to being the boy's secret benefactor. Jane Wyatt makes a charming heroine (Univ.).

HERE IS MY HEART—Bing Crosby all the way. Bing sings, romances and makes merry though you'll remember his "It's June in January" above anything else. It's hokum—but hokum that never gets out of hand. And who cares as long as Crosby croons? Kitty Carlisle provides the feminine appeal (Par.).

GAMBLING—George Cohan's late Broadway play comes to the screen with George M. as the gambler. Star acts with fine poise and sympathy, and holds interest despite many wordy scenes. The piece never becomes ten-twenty-thirt. It's yours for a satisfying hour (Fox).

IT'S A GIFT—W. C. (Bill) Fields is the reason for seeing this one—made up of a series of gags and jokes (some of which are old-timers). But why quibble over antiquated humor when W. C. starts cutting up in his own inimitable fashion? He sure has a way with him. (Par.)

IMITATION OF LIFE—Claudette Colbert sees it through—this Fannie Hurst parallel of the lives of a white girl and a colored one. It makes dramatic entertainment—one with considerable thought behind it. (Univ.)

KENTUCKY KERNELS—Kentucky and feuds go together—and so

do Wheeler and Woolsey, who will be found here in charge of an orphan. They go to Kaintuck to help him inherit an estate. Which, naturally, starts the feud and the fun. It's quite slapsticky, but withal, amusing. (RKO)

MARIE GALANTE—International intrigue issues forth to capitalize the building of the Panama Canal. The pattern makes for a complicated melodrama, though the pieces fit together well. Ketti Gallian, the new French "find" makes a promising debut. She projects a vivid personality. Spencer Tracy is splendid as the hero. When did he ever fail? (Fox)

THE MIGHTY BARNUM—A biographical tracing of the life of the great showman in his early Museum days—and colorfully enacted by Wallace Beery. The characterization may not be according to Hoyle and Barnum, so you'll please excuse the dramatic license. It is episodic but the interest is held at a high pitch. The atmosphere is finely detailed. Virginia Bruce makes a beautiful and voluptuous *Jenny Lind*. You're sure to enjoy it. (20th Century)

MUSIC IN THE AIR—Too much story and not enough song robs this of the charm of the original. Gloria Swanson and John Boles are the romanticists in this movie operetta which is beautifully mounted and saturated with atmosphere. Somehow it just misses the moving spark, perhaps because it followed stage limitations too closely. There is charm exuding from it every moment—particularly in the melodious music by Jerome Kern. All about a prima donna and her lover who quarrel, but eventually make up after flirting with two Bavarian peasants. (Fox)

THE PAINTED VEIL—Garbo and Herbert Marshall in a rather rambling story of a loveless marriage, with George Brent sharing honors as the intruder of the triangle. Marshall contributes a really sensitive performance as the husband, and Garbo has moments of greatness. (M-G-M)

THE PRESIDENT VANISHES—A daring, fantastic story, which almost seems genuine so well is it conceived and executed. Plays on politics, pacifism and patriotism and today's headlines—and so we have thrilling drama. It projects the most exciting man hunt ever filmed. A spirited picture, spiritedly played by Arthur Byron and a talented cast. (Par.)

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF DON JUAN—The medieval Great Lover is a natural for Douglas Fairbanks, who swashbuckles across the screen with all of his old agility and boundless energy. The story bogs down here and there, but you won't nod over it—not with Doug on the romantic warpath for such beauties as Benita Hume, Merle Oberon, and Binnie Barnes. (U. A.)



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I've Been Around, starring Chester Morris and Rochelle Hudson.

Little Men, starring Ralph Morgan and Frankie Darro.

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From Other Columns



"I prophesy that at the end of 1935 Rochelle Hudson will be a big name in the movies." *Louella O. Parsons, N.Y. American.* Rochelle is paired with Stuart Erwin in the new and amusing "Bachelor Bait."

MATERIAL FOR LIBEL: "For some unaccountable reasons, as movie heroines have grown tougher, the heroes have grown softer. . . . To be specific, Dick Powell, Gene Raymond, that perpetual youth, Neil Hamilton, Douglas Montgomery, Lew Ayres, Phillips Holmes, Ramon Navarro, Richard Cromwell, et. al., have never shown any signs of acting talent or skill, their appeal consists entirely in their youthful appearance and even that is spurious, being a precocious imitation of youth that is plaintive, stupid and slightly lavender." *Pare Lorentz in "Judge."*

ME, TOO, MR. HEROLD: "My chief impression is that Nancy Carroll isn't being used nearly enough as a big star in big pictures. The gal proves in this film ('International Merry-Go-Round') that she is much too good to be in the 'where has she been?' class. . . . Jack Benny is there for Jack Benny fans (of which I am one, except on the radio; why is it that radio is where talented people get the most money for doing their worst work?). The best thing in 'Int. M.G.R.' is that adagio dance in which the men are dressed so that they don't photograph. Only the flying bodies of the girls are visible. All my life I've been trying to figure how to get rid of male adagio dancers, and I guess here's the answer," *Don Herold in "Life."*

A SOPHISTICATED MAGAZINE: "'Anne of Green Gables' is a sweet and restful bucolic escape picture in the 'Little Women' tradition. Really has charm." *Meyer Levin in "Esquire."*

"THE LITTLE MINISTER": "This business of whimsy is dangerous enough upon the stage. On the inflexible screen, played by actors who cannot shift mood and tempo to catch each audience's temperament, it is foolhardy to attempt. Helen Hayes did it in 'What Every Woman Knows', and succeeded to lovely triumph. Marion Davies did it, too, surprisingly, in her one fine picture, 'Quality Street'. Miss Hepburn and her producers have not even tried for it." *Eileen Creelman in "The New York Sun"*.

REPROOF FROM WINCHELL:

"Why, Miss Hepburn! . . . Aren't you ashamed? . . . Fancy Kate, posing with so much of her before a Vanity Fair camera! . . . Not a bad ankle, at that—and such knees! . . . And such (deleted by editor). . . . Jean Harlow's page figure in the same issue is fully clothed, of all things!" *Walter Winchell in the "Mirror"*.

AN OLD STORY BUT IT'S STILL GOOD: "At the moment screen plays are by children, for children and with children. The drive to clean up the films has routed Hollywood into rompers. Indeed, I understand that one of the reigning stars referred to a hated rival as 'That old hag of seven.'" *Heywood Brown in the "World-Telegram"*.



"I Simply Live a Dog's Life!"

THE scandal raised by "Asta," the only trained wire-haired terrier in pictures, can be put down to jealousy with a capital "J" in so far as kennel men are concerned. Much criticism was hurled against the studio for using a dog of doubtful pedigree for so distinguished a part in the cast of "The Thin Man." The finest wire-haired terrier in the West wanted the rôle played by Skippy, one of Henry East's thirty pets, but in spite of his points he did not have Skippy's personality, training and talents. Society cannot break into the movies on pedigree alone—besides Skippy needed the job, for he has recently become the father of four pups.

Skippy was picked for the part of "Asta" because of his courage, willingness and intelligence. He has been trained from the cradle for the screen, and therefore is the only wire-haired fox terrier who has been a success in the films. He shared film honors in 1934 with only one other dog—Flush of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

Asta (or Skippy) grew very fond of William Powell and particularly liked being petted by Myrna Loy, though he admits he was a bit embarrassed by the scene that got the biggest laugh, in which only lamp posts and his leash were featured.

Testimonial: Director W. S. Van Dyke says, "Skippy is a thorough trouser and is the easiest and most obedient dog I have ever handled in pictures."

Biography: Skippy is two years old. Was found in a Los Angeles pet shop. Has appeared in only three pictures. Lives in a specially designed house of his own. Is permitted the run of his master's home. Professional name, Asta. First feature rôle was in "The Thin Man."

We predict a distinguished future for Asta and hope that all his children may grow up to be Baby Wampus Stars. We hope that dogs with finer points will not begrudge him his success, and we admire Mr. East for defending him against doggy magazines and show dog judges.



"Asta" (Skippy East) in character. In "The Thin Man" he was ably supported.

"I TOOK IT *myself*"



when I was a little girl"

HERE is a scene that happens thousands of times a day.

For how natural it is for a mother to give her child the laxative that she, herself, has taken and trusted ever since she was a little girl. The laxative her mother gave her. For 28 years Ex-Lax has been America's favorite laxative. Its leadership has never been challenged. More people buy it than any other laxative. There must be a reason. There are ... reasons!

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Ex-Lax is as thorough as any laxative you can take. Completely effective. Yet Ex-Lax is so gentle it will not cause stomach pains, or upset you, or leave you feeling weak afterwards. Except for the perfect results, you hardly know you've taken a laxative.

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Readers Row...

\$20 FIRST PRIZE LETTER Here Lies Danger!

It is about time loyal motion picture fans rallied to the support of the industry. I speak not in terms of finance, but of freedom.

Newspaper despatches tell us of renewed and intensely fought campaigns by church hierarchies to establish a boycott against films alleged to be indecent. This boycott is to be established through signing of pledges, by enlisting people into the matter in a religious light, and by exhortations from the pulpit. Here lies danger!

Any controlled boycott is too powerful a weapon to be centered in the hands of a group of people who deem themselves moral and spiritual censors for everyone else. The motion pictures, whatever their failings, have struggled literally from the basement to the top flight, in a financial, technical and entertainment evaluation. They have given us such pictures as "What Price Glory," "Hell's Angels," "She Done Him Wrong," "Gabriel Over the White House," "Little Women," "Cimmaron," "Robin Hood," "Abraham Lincoln" . . . thousands of remarkable human interest photoplays. I claim the Motion Picture Industry is intelligent enough, clean enough; financially and technically acute, and willing to give the people exactly what they want without coercion.

Let us not revert to the middle ages when the Church controlled the miserable lives of sheep-like populaces. If we like a picture, let's see it and enjoy it! Me, I like a good bawdy picture now and then!

CHARLES M. HATCHER, Honolulu, T.H.

Greetings to far off Honolulu! You'll be interested, Mr. Hatcher, in the two opposing views on censorship that appear in this issue. Aloha!

\$10 SECOND PRIZE LETTER It's Only Garbo Who Counts

The Painted Veil is not, I suppose, a particularly good picture. But I can't feel that that is important.

The important thing is Garbo—that strongly planed face, that magic presence which turns sane and simple folk into fanatics.

Other actresses may have genius, others may have glamour, but only Garbo has the something that makes us feel after a performance of hers that we have been brushed by wings from another world.

EMILY M. HARVEY, San Francisco, Cal.

We agree with you that Garbo's genius transcends even poor plays, but we do hope that she will again find some "perfect rôles."



GINGER ROGERS and FRED ASTAIRE are winning more fans with each new picture. Their newest is "Roberta."

\$5 THIRD PRIZE LETTER Calling All Stars to Read Prize Letters

Do you suppose the stars ever read the "prize letters"? If they did, and were intelligently humble enough to profit by the really valuable criticism the writers offer, the long-suffering Public might see some worthwhile performances.

A little thoughtful study of these often helpful comments and an honest endeavor to correct the glaring faults criticised would work wonders in most of the screen idols.

A bit of attention paid to the well-meant advice of those fans who, in the last analysis, keep the actors and actresses on the screen, might even raise some of the stars to artistic greatness.

It is something of a pity that in their complacency the stars fail to take any advantage of what could and should be a source of self-improvement and self-evaluation leading to more flawless performances.

M. I. WOODRUFF, Charlestown, Mass.

We have proof in our files that stars do read fan letters. And perhaps the improvements that have been noted in some well-known stars could be traced directly to fan letters. Who knows?

HONORABLE MENTION Producers, attention!

The British film producers first be-

gan to really attract American attention with "The Private Life of Henry VIII." They score again with "Chu Chin Chow." I am glad to see them continue the good work. Not because I am British, for I am American through several generations. Nor have I a grudge against American producers. I believe that England, by making such excellent pictures, will spur the Hollywood producers on in their efforts to make better and better pictures. And it is the better pictures that truly give me enjoyment, whether made at home or abroad.

CLARENCE GILSTRAP, R.F.D., Neosho, Mo.

The British are certainly turning out some excellent films, and we hope they will, as you suggest, give incentive to better and better American movies.

Rib Wants More Ginger!

If you don't use a picture of Ginger Rogers in every issue of *Motion Picture*, I'll stop subscribing to your magazine. "The Gay Divorcée" was even more than I expected after "Flying Down to Rio," and you know that we old Dartmouth men expected pretty much from a new partner of Fred Astaire's, after "Lady Be Good" and every other musical comedy he and Adele made together. Ginger doesn't have Adele's romping sense of comedy, but even Astaire has become more sophisticated. There isn't anything smoother than their dancing unless it's Bing Crosby's and Kitty Carlisle's singing in "Here Is My Heart."

While I'm on the subject of my favorite movie stars, you can include Carole Lombard and Claudette Colbert. Margo isn't bad either. Well, I've got to take out the dog before I run around to the Dearborn Theatre to find out what's new on the program tonight.

RIB FOSTER, Chicago, Ill.

Here you are, Rib. Satisfied? Just wait until you see "Roberta"! They can't dance enough for me.

Plaudits for Jean Muir

Warner Brothers have a beautiful personality on the lot—one whom I hope wins all the laurels she rightly deserves. She is Jean Muir! How utterly beautiful she was in "As the Earth Turns"—how tragic in "Dr. Monica." And I'm looking forward to an even greater performance in "Gentlemen Are Born."

Fans, let's give her a great big hand for her many fine performances.

MRS. EDWARD HILL, Centralia, Wash.

We know you'll like the very human story a personal friend of Miss Muir wrote in the issue about her.

Dollars for your thoughts! Write us what you think about the movies, and be in line for one of the prizes of \$20, \$10, and \$5, which we award each month. Address Letter Page, Motion Picture, 1501 Broadway, New York City

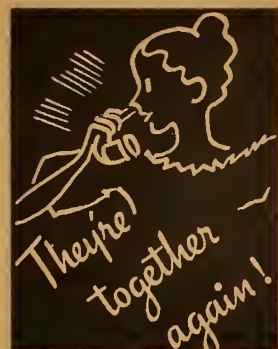


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Warner **BAXTER**
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SEE HOW QUICKLY LISTERINE RELIEVES IT

Don't put up with the pain of ordinary sore throat. It is so unnecessary. At the first symptom of trouble, gargle with Listerine just as it comes from the bottle. You'll be delighted by the result.

Often one gargle is enough to relieve that tight, raw, burning feeling. If relief is not immediate, repeat the gargle at 2 hour intervals. Usually two or three applications of Listerine are sufficient.

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as a gargle, Listerine reaches far beyond the soft palate into the posterior pharynx where sore throat frequently starts.

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PLEASANT TO TASTE . . . SAFE TO USE

Another Marriage for Joan ?

We asked her if she really believed in "Forsaking All Others" and here is her thoughtful answer

By S.R. MOOK



SINCE Joan Crawford's divorce from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., she has been seen almost exclusively in the company of Franchot Tone. There are many who thought the tendency of their two hearts to beat in waltz time was what hastened her divorce from Doug. Speculation over this forthcoming marriage was one of Hollywood's favorite dinner table and dressing-room topics of conversation. That it wouldn't come off as soon as the divorce was final never, apparently, occurred to anyone. But it hasn't. And Joan's divorce has been as definite as the end of Public Enemy No. 1 for over six months now.

Joan has learned from bitter experience that you can't just talk to be talking. Things that sound innocuous enough when you say them look altogether different when you see them in print. Often they convey an impression you never intended. So, nowadays, when you ask her a question you wait for an answer until she has turned the matter over in her mind.

"I think," she said slowly, in answer to my question concerning a second marriage for her, "if I had learned a long time ago to look before I leap, I might never have married when I did. But we were both young and both desperately in love. When you're young and in love

nothing else matters much. It seemed only natural for us to get married. Now I know that love isn't enough. There must also be a community of interests.

"Don't misunderstand me," she went on hastily, "I don't regret my marriage. If it had left both of us with nothing but bitterness in our hearts—and it didn't, I assure you—we would still have got enough out of it to have justified us in going through with it. But I've learned that while it may be true you can't eat your cake and have it, if you only nibble at the edges it lasts longer."

She paused again and my eyes took in the room. I've been in her home a number of times but it is never the same on two successive visits. It used to be a combination of French and Spanish. Today it is severely early American.

"I think you outgrow furniture and periods the same as you do anything else," she smiled, noting my glance.

I remembered once Billie Burke gave out an interview in which she said quite seriously every woman should have at least twenty hats to suit her varying moods—that there were subtle changes in a woman's face that made a hat which was becoming today unbecoming tomorrow. And, curiously enough, I found a great many women who agreed with her.



FRANCHOT TONE is not the only man wearing the gardenia of Joan, but he has been her most constant friend. Perhaps he can overcome her present objections to marriage.

Joan feels it is the same with furniture. Furniture that forms a suitable background for a woman's personality today may be entirely unsuitable a year from now.

"We're digressing," I objected. "You were talking about marriage."

"Yes," she agreed. "If I had known as much when I was married as I know now, I could have held that marriage together. But even with all I know now, I'll hesitate a long time before I embark on another."

"Why?" I wanted to know.

JOAN pushed her hair back from her forehead, leaned forward and cupped her chin in her hands as she regarded me intently. "Peggy Hopkins Joyce once remarked that she knows men with whom she has been close friends for years, but that none of her marriages has ever lasted over six months. That, in itself, should make anyone pause and reflect.

"There is also an old saying that you never know a person until you live with him. Obviously then I can't know a man before I marry him, and I wouldn't marry until I was sure of him. I thought I knew Douglas before we were married. Afterwards I found there were many things about him I hadn't even suspected.

"Look! When this house was being remodeled I stayed right on here and loved it. If Douglas and I had been married at the time, he would have insisted upon our moving to an hotel. I kept right on with my singing lessons during all the tumult. If the workmen made a lot of noise while I was practicing, I made more.

"When I was married I could never plan my days to suit myself—I had to consider Douglas. I'm not criticizing him, you understand. He neither asked nor demanded that. I felt I owed it to him. But if I found I was to have a free afternoon and felt like shopping or taking a singing lesson, I would have to find out first if he was going to be working. If he wasn't, I'd have to be home with him."

"Why?" I asked again. "He wasn't a child. He didn't have to be entertained. He could certainly amuse himself and he must certainly have had some adult interests."

Joan made a *moue* and spread her hands deprecatingly. "He could," she agreed in a tone that inferred he wouldn't. "He might be painting. Suddenly he would think of a suit he hadn't worn in two or three years. Everything would be dropped until that suit was found. If I were home, I would get it for him. If I weren't, he'd go to the closet and throw every suit in it out into the middle of the floor to get them out of the way until he found the one he wanted.

"It might have been a paper he wanted, possibly something he had written—or a book. It wouldn't make any difference. I don't have to go through all that any more. I can plan my days to suit myself.

"We tried for three years to get away to Europe together, but when he was free I wasn't. And when I was, he wasn't. Now, if I know I'm going to have two, three or eight weeks between pictures I can go where I please without worrying over anyone else.

"I don't like many people and practically no women at all. Douglas loves them. I'm frightened to death in crowds. That's where he shines. You once accused me of being a celebrity chaser. I'm not. I get a terrific inferiority complex when I'm with people who have accomplished big things. Douglas is the one who worships them and our house was always full of names. But it wasn't my fault."

"I know," I put in. "He told me that himself. I'm sorry."

"Now," Joan went on, "I have only very small, intimate dinner parties and usually there are the same people there—Franchot Tone, Lynn Riggs, Jerry Asher. Occasionally Jean Muir, Gail Patrick, Phil Regan or Francis Lederer come. That's all. I haven't given a large party since I'm free. Nor have I any desire to. Douglas would never have been satisfied to see only the same (Continued on page 60)

Hepburn is a Shy FAUN

by Nina Wilcox Putnam

Her mother, a pioneer in modern child training, gave her enough rope and now she is finding the Hollywood leash too taut

KATHARINE HEPBURN had all the disadvantages of an intelligent bringing-up. She was among the first batch of children who were raised under what is popularly known as "modern methods" and this is the real reason why the bouquets handed her today are usually a mixture of scallions and orchids.

When you think of Hepburn, you think of a wild, elfish, elusive creature which, if it had been a kitten, would have been the sort of kitten who sticks its pins into you when you try to pet it. And in many ways, the simile is a good one, for La Hepburn and the kitten bite and scratch for the same reason—both are acutely shy and the sudden intrusion of any stranger frightens them to an extreme of self-defense.

The above statement is more than a theory. It is based on my personal observation of this brilliant young woman ever since she was a little child. Her mother was, and I hope still is, a friend of mine and on more than one occasion we have worked side by side in public causes. We were both active in the Connecticut branch of the Woman's Suffrage Party, of which Mrs. A. Barton Hepburn, Katharine's mother, was the leader. We were both officers of the Woman's Peace Party up to America's entrance into the World War, and were associated in many other activities which have since taken on the respectable standing of accepted conditions. I can truthfully say that Mrs. Hepburn was far more radical than I was, in many instances, for she was an advocate of Birth Control, and her political views were not exactly conservative. I saw her often over a long period of years, and, of course, saw Katharine—who even then was a child not easily to be forgotten: passionately interested in everything she saw, wilful, but never stupidly wilful, independent and eager, and, above all, undisciplined by her clever mother.

From the time she could sit up and listen, baby Katharine heard talk which in those days was little short of revolutionary in the purely social sense. She heard many a convention denounced as rubbish, and had the praises of self-development and self-expression sung to her constantly. This, however, was not a condition which confined itself exclusively to the Hepburn family, by any means.

For five or six years just preceding the great war, the Woman's Movement was taking a strong hold upon the more educated women of the country. Not unnaturally the first theory to gain popular interest was the bringing up of children. It seemed children had always been brought up wrong, according to Katharine's mother and many of her friends. The new theory was that children should be encouraged to express themselves. If they kicked and screamed, tore up books or





stole jam you must let 'em do it, because the little darlings weren't naughty, they were simply refusing to be inhibited. If you spanked them, you might hinder their development.

The long and short of it was that Katharine Hepburn was one of the first youngsters who got the benefit of this new theory, and so what? Figure it out for yourself.

I CAN assure you that when Katharine was about seven, I saw her take food from the plates of a gathering of distinguished guests, at will and unreprieved. A little later I remember her staying away from home all day—unreprieved. I remember her interrupting the conversation of her elders—unreprieved. It was all in a day's "self-expression." All in the interest of the "fullest possible self-development."

I won't say it wasn't often a heck of a nuisance and a bore, for it was. On the other hand, I must also admit that in the beginning I sincerely shared the notion that the children of my own generation had not been given a proper chance. But when my own boy was born, I quickly decided that my fine, abstract theories about raising a young one wouldn't work. One of the first rules of the "New" theory was that you must never spank a child. Katharine's mother lived up to it, but I must confess I weakened in favor of the back of a hair-brush, properly applied upon what seemed to me to be the proper place and proper occasion. With the result that my boy's manners are excellent. However, Mrs. Hepburn left her hair-brush on the bureau and today Katharine is a very great actress indeed. And perhaps if she hadn't destroyed our hats, spilled our bouillon and interrupted our conversations she would not have the fire she displays on the screen.

Or the bad manners she so often displays toward

EDITIONS and interviewers have either deliberately or stupidly taken it for granted that Katharine Hepburn was imitating Garbo. Because they could not "get what they wanted" from her, they have made it appear that she is an ill-tempered, rather silly girl, affecting the manners of another actress. The real Katharine Hepburn is revealed in this article by an author who knew her as a child and therefore understands the circumstances which contributed to the moulding of her character.

Many great people are shy. You must pity them—you must pity Hepburn and not hurl criticism at the very element in her nature which makes her a beloved actress. It isn't temper; it isn't a pose. It's the essence of Katharine Hepburn. We shouldn't try "to kill the thing we love." You have been bewitched by her in "The Little Minister"—her next Sir James Barrie classic will be "Quality Street".

—The Editors.

strangers. And with that sentence I come to the point of my little study of her.

The uneasy, mischievous manners of Katharine are based on nothing in the world but shyness. Don't laugh! Perhaps after all I've told you about her up-bringing, you won't believe she is shy. How could she be? you'll ask. Let me tell you.

Have you ever heard of a boy who wouldn't drink because his parents drank too much? Have you ever heard of a child who left the church because he'd been forced into it by fanatic parents? Have you ever heard of a radical youngster who turned to utter conservatism as soon as he was freed from his socialistic surroundings? Of course you have—hundreds of times! Perhaps you yourself were brought up one way and now, as an adult, choose to live in an entirely different fashion. So now consider Hepburn. That is exactly what has happened to her.

Brought up in the most radical surroundings, given all the liberty in the world, hedged in by a veritable battery of brilliantly clever minds, what does she do? Goes into a shell which nobody can penetrate: lives a private life which is so truly private that nobody has been able to penetrate into its sanctity. And, above all, she refuses to

(Continued on page 62)



CLARK GABLE: There was a time when we thought all he had was his smile, but he had much more—humor and character insight in "Happened One Night"; finesse and sophistication in "Gladys"; He is again teamed with that equally irresistible star, Joan Crawford, in "Forsaking All Others."



GLORIA SWANSON: This is our favorite portrait for March. A thinner Gloria, with a lovely singing voice, has returned after too long a vacation from the screen, in "Music in the Air", Jerome Kern's musical.

Society

A daring débutante calls the "Social Register" absurd and flaunts her right to earn an honest living acting

By WILLIAM P. GAINES

ONE of the most exciting girls of the season in New York is Jane (*ex-Social Register*) Wyatt, the twenty-two-year-old stage sensation who appears in Universal's screen version of Dickens' "Great Expectations."

Jane has accelerated the pulse of the town not only by her Broadway triumph in "Lost Horizons," but also by her frankly pointed remarks concerning society girls and working girls—she being enlisted in both of these ranks.

When there was controversy—some of it mere Sunday newspaper feature stuff, and some of it much more serious in tone—over society girls invading the workaday world of the mannequins and entertainers of various sorts, Jane Wyatt boldly spoke up:

"I've got a right to make a living for myself!"

Then when she became highly successful in the exercise of that right, her name was left out of the new *Social Register*, the annual supposed to tell you who is eligible for the more exclusive functions of New York society. Jane snapped back contemptuously:

"Why should that matter to me? The *Social Register* is absurd, anyway!"

That isn't a sour grapes attitude, either. Before the omissions of names from the new book were announced, Miss Wyatt told me:

"Yes, I'm in the *Social Register*, but I don't think that means a thing. The society of worthwhile people is something to enjoy, and if I happen to be welcome among them *as an individual*, I'm glad. But will you tell me just *how* they work out this strange system of registering all those names?" she queried ironically.

"I've never joined the Junior League, because it strikes me that it's foolish to belong to the Junior League."

"If being a society girl means being a flittery, fluttery person with nothing but snobbery and clothes and trifling thrills on her mind, then I don't want to be known as a society girl."

The extent to which Miss Wyatt's position was applauded is shown by an editorial that appeared in the *New York Daily News*, the newspaper with the largest circulation in the United States.

Besides praising her for her independence, the editorial said:

"Until the war, the *Social Register*ites did matter in New York City and elsewhere. They held on to a sort of phosphorescent glow of superiority until 1929. Since then, it has been less and less a symbol of achievement or worth to be listed in the *Social Register*."

Whitney Bourne, actress stepdaughter of Harvey D. Gibson, also was dropped from the *Register*, as the *News* remarked. Likewise was Rosamond Pinchot, niece of the former Governor of Pennsylvania, who now is in Hollywood.

FORTUNATELY, the impressive background of Jane Waddington Wyatt is written in more durable records. Her family names are substantial ones. Her mother was Euphemia van Rensselaer Waddington before she married aristocratic Christopher Biloff Wyatt, a broker. Jane attended Miss Chapin's school in New York and, for a year and a half, Barnard College day school.

The débacle was tumbling business right and left when



JANE WYATT and her brother, a newsreel editor, roller skate on Park Avenue. Universal has "Great Expectations" for Jane at the beginning of her screen career. Only twenty-two, she has had her name in large letters on Broadway billboards of "Lost Horizons."



Jane Wyatt

rôle of *Estella* in "Great Expectations."

When she returned to Broadway in the fall to play in *Lost Horizons*, the serio-comic debate was taking on proportions between the dress mannequins, the artists' models, the show girls and some actresses on one side, and the society invaders on the other.

THE gracious Jane can suggest a very formidable spirit, at times; when she talks, and a meaningful flash comes into the winning blue eyes (she readily admits she has a temper, and I suppose it would be just as well not to be around when it is aroused). She told me her views on the work situation: that she thinks she has just as much right as any other girl on earth to contest for survival.

"Of course I need the money I earn," she said. "And I am ambitious as an actress. It's not just a matter of dallying on my part. And I know other so-called society girls who need work, and deserve it. If they do a job well, they gain self-respect and they deserve the respect of other people."

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Jane left Barnard in 1930. She knew she wanted to act, so she entered the Apprentice School of the Berkshire Playhouse, in Stockbridge, Massachusetts. In September of 1930, she returned to New York, understudied Rose Hobart and later Katherine Wilson, and in 1931 she landed an ingénue rôle in "Give Me Yesterday," with Louis Calhern. That was the year her father died.

She told me the family—she, two sisters, a brother and her mother—were left in bad shape financially. Something had to be done. Jane's stage ambitions were spurred on by this necessity.

Through 1932, she managed to get a fair number of engagements, considering the sad estate of the depression-ridden theater. But the runs of the plays were brief.

It was a coincidence that Jane's first big stage break came the next year, when Margaret Sullavan retired from the cast of the sensational *Dinner at Eight*, and she stepped into the part. Miss Sullavan was to become the brightest star on the Universal Pictures lot, and now Universal is convinced that in Miss Wyatt it has a star who may shine just as brightly.

Jane was appearing with Lillian Gish in Phillip Barry's "Joyous Season" when Carl Laemmle, Jr., chanced to come to New York and see her performance. The result was Miss Wyatt's first excursion to Hollywood last March, a part in "One More River," and the

Jane attended Miss Chapin's exclusive school for girls but was dropped from the "Social Register"; Rosamond Pinchot has also been dropped from society.





DISTINCTION

CLAUDE RAINS, in a universal discovery, now to be staged in Dickens' unfinished story, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." He seems destined to follow in John Barrymore's patterns, so watch closely.

An Invisible Man

Claude Rains

He refuses to sign star contracts, yet plays stellar roles.

He wants only to be an actor who does his job well, yet he captivated millions without being seen, and is a rising star.

By HAL HALL

CLAUDE RAINS talks less than any other male star in Hollywood, yet he has talked his way into film stardom—although, actually, he did not want to become a star.

"For years I have wanted to get into pictures," he told me, "but I never wanted star billing because the responsibility is too great, and often too little support is given him, and he falls by the wayside through no fault of his own."

However, due to the fact that Rains was willing, in fact delighted, to appear as the Invisible Man in Universal's film of that name, he finds himself now a full-fledged star carrying all the burdens he wanted to avoid. And it was because of his remarkable speaking voice that he was elevated to this position. In "The Invisible Man" Rains' face was not seen until the end of the picture when he had died. But his voice has captivated millions in every country in the world. Literally, he talked himself into stardom.

No player in Hollywood is so little known as Rains. Unless he does a complete about-face, Hollywood will never know much more about his private life and habits and thoughts than is known now, for Rains refuses to mingle socially with but a few friends. He stays strictly at home when he is not working. He is almost hermit-like in his manner of living, and unlike some stars, this is not a pose. Rains is naturally shy and retiring. When he does appear in public he always looks for an inconspicuous corner in which to get out of the limelight.

"I don't know whether I should confess it, or simply state it as a fact," he told this writer, "but it is true that I shun social life. It is true that I am what you chose to call retiring. I have no social life, and for this reason I know nothing about Hollywood. I probably never will know anything about it, for I have no (Continued on page 73)



The earthy MARGO, introduced by Rains in "Crime Without Passion," now dances with George Raft in "Rhumba."

I Cover the Stars

The author who has interviewed kings, presidents and dictators has his heart stolen by Shirley Temple, thinks Loretta Young quite the nicest girl there is, attends the exclusive Mayfair ball and dines and dances with the royalty of America—the kings, queens and fairy princesses we all know

AT THE end of my sixty-fourth motor trip across the continent, I breezed into Beverly Hills just in time for "The Mayfair," the big social event of Movieland. Picture people are socially in constant demand at home, and are called upon to appear at Big Doings wherever they go, so that they live the lives of Social Goldfish. But once a year they give a party *all their own*, by heck, and outsiders simply can't get in except by a darned difficult-to-obtain invitation.

The Stanley Bergeman's, (she is Rosabell Laemmle, "Uncle Carl's" adorable little daughter) were my hosts on this colorful occasion. Our table was in the midst of it all, a regular grandstand show place, and never have I seen such a galaxy of lovely, intriguing, interesting and rare "celebrities" all hodgepoded in one room before as I did from this spot.

Four orchestras played alternately and continuously far into the small hours of the morning. A dozen or more stars and starlets got up and did their stuff, some well and others very self-consciously. (It's a lot different cutting up before the camera under direction than depending upon one's own wits!) But of all, Bing Crosby was the favorite. He brought the house down with his plaintive *Love in Bloom*. Over in old Lunnon-town this past summer I saw the opening of "She Loves Me Not" when the same thing occurred, only the crowd there stood upon their seats and cheered the picture to an echo.

I admit I was quite smitten by Maureen O'Sullivan. Her unaffected girlishness simply "got me." The narrow 19th century ribbon in her hair, the simplicity of her white, straight-lined frock, the lack of showy jewels, labelled her instantly as my Princess Charming of the evening.

Petite Marian Nixon whose eyes shone with expectancy. . . Myrna Loy who isn't at all the "seductive" vamp she appears on the screen. . . Sally Eilers who dances like a blue streak and dresses like a sub-deb . . . and tall, symmetric, graceful Marian Marsh who was every inch a queen. All gave me the feeling that the picture people have a dignity, charm and self-respect little under-



MARIAN MARSH gives Mr. Vanderbilt the feeling that picture people have dignity, charm and self-respect little appreciated by the outside world. She is with the tall HOWARD HUGHES, as usual.

stood or appreciated by the outside world.

On the other hand there were the screen sophisticates who were quite as tantalizing to this unbiased world-roamer as their screen portraits! Queen of them all, Dolores del Rio, sat in a red and black filmy gown looking more gorgeous than ever. Down at Palm Springs and at La Quinta the other day, clad in black and white lounging pajamas, she languished on the arm of her stalwart and prominent art-director husband, Cedric Gibbons. But at Mayfair she was magnificent in quite another fashion—a sparkling, striking, exquisite figure, an aristocrat to the tips of her toes. Marlene Dietrich was also magnificent, but in more of a "Mittel-Europa" manner. Her high-arched eyebrows matched her Elizabethan costume and her glittering jewels.

ERNST LUBITSCH, looking very uncomfortable in his overly high collar, white tie and tails, puffed a big black cigar over Connie Bennett's high coiffed hair. They appeared more engrossed in each other than any other couple in the Beverly-Wilshire's rich and gorgeous supper room. Connie, whom I consider really a great actress lacks *something* how-

ever in real life. I recall once years ago, at Davis Isles, a gambling establishment near Tampa, Florida, with what abandon she carelessly chucked thousand-dollar chips on the greensward of a roulette board. But no longer, though seemingly she fitted that sophisticated picture better than she did this one. Joan Bennett was nearly looking for all the world like a very little girl, garbed in "Mommy's" clothes, and trying to play grown-up. Both Bennett sisters were covered with shimmering tinsel.

Of course Norma Shearer was there too. But I was a bit disappointed. Time has told a tale, and although she still dresses well she was not as chic as Marjorie Cummings, Louis B. Mayer's niece, and wife of one of MGM's star-producers, Jack Cummings.

Edmund Lowe and Bob Montgomery, both unostentatious but very much the Men-About-Town, danced the feet off their dinner partners, newer girls in the films, none of whom my hosts seemed to know. And Charlie

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

Farrell, a very mischievous twinkle in his eyes, pushed a lot of dowdy dowagers about, and "did his duty" well.

Jean Harlow's figure would put even Mae West's to shame, and Jean knows it! Her white frock with pleated furrows at the fall emboldened even more every single contour. Her shock of platinumed hair fell, as she evidently had expected it would, at just the right angle on her exquisite shoulders. Her eyes were half-closed. She had mastered in every single detail the gentle art of experienced subtlety. And yet, seeing her in all her glory like this, she somehow gave me a feeling that she really didn't know that Scott Fitzgerald and the Plastic Age were sinking into oblivion.

Dick Powell sat sedate and quiet, at the end of a long table half way down the room. In every respect I have found him to be a delightful gentleman. The fact that he had eyes only for Polly Garland convinced me of his excellent taste! For although one of the few not in pictures, she was decidedly the most interesting newcomer in the room,

with the possible exception of Katherine Rutherford, a Hepburnish youngster whom many directors think may some day excel her ideal.

Joan Blondell was indeed a surprise. If she hadn't

been pointed out I wouldn't have known her at all. O fickle lens! Colleen Moore's black, shimmery, gunmetal gown became her perfectly. Colleen has settled down so much I scarcely knew her, also. And Gary Cooper gave me a great shock too. Never have I seen such a rawboned cowpuncher change so fast. He has outwardly done a complete Gene Tunney, and I hate to think that marrying charming Sandra Shaw should have made him so Park Avenue-ish. Maybe it's only a momentary illusion. Let's hope so!

Strange as it may seem from his screen characterizations, W. C. Fields was as well groomed at Mayfair as the most discriminating fashion plate of what-the-well-d r e s s e d-m a n-should-wear! And conversationally I found him quite the nicest man of his age in pictures. As a shock (Continued on page 78)



GARY COOPER is a tall cowboy who wears his tails with grace; NORMA SHEARER, in yellow, is not as chic as Louis B. Mayer's niece; MR. AND MRS. FREDRIC MARCH are happy (Florence Eldridge was her name and she did strong work in "The Story of Temple Drake".)



ROUBEN MAMOULIAN is seen, not with Garbo, but with MARLENE DIETRICH whose eyebrows were the sensation of the "Mayfair"; HELEN HAYES and DIRECTOR FRANK BORZAGE seem so interested in her. The next Hayes picture will be "Vanessa."

Common-Sensorship

Mrs. James F. Looram, foremost Catholic critic, favors education rather than blacklisting in an outspoken interview granted to this magazine

By PAUL W. KEARNEY

TO AN habitual movie fan with no financial stake involved, the presentation of the Legion of Decency pledge in New York's 440 Roman Catholic Churches provoked a series of conflicting reactions. At first blush, the objective is unquestionably commendable and the procedure decisive. But speaking as the nephew of four Sisters and two priests and as a layman with no official connection with either the Church or the movies, this sudden flowering of the movement into a deftly enforced conscription cannot help but give rise to sober thought. Not because of its immediate results, to be sure, which will be salutary in most instances, but rather in anticipation of conceivable future developments bound to come when the more radical of these self-appointed censors begin to carry their mission to its logical ends.

Grant the ample justification for this conscientious tempest (as all do) and you do not cover the subject completely: you merely commence to consider it. Grant that more and more illiterate producers have resorted to the box-office lure of salaciousness to put over dull and stupid pictures, and still you haven't arrived at the root of the matter as so many superficial commentators think—you have simply lifted the lid off the basic fact that salaciousness does have a powerful box office appeal!

This seems to be the point missed by the Legion of Decency and all other evangelistic reformers. And with that thought in mind, supported by an inborn, Irish aversion to official censorship whether it be in New York or Mexico City or Berlin, I determined to check my reactions with others. Immediately I found as many divergent opinions among lay Catholics as among Protestants and Jews. I also learned on excellent authority that there is certainly no unanimity even among the Bishops themselves in supporting the course the movement has taken. So, being sketchily familiar with the work of the Federation of Catholic Alumnae in this very field, that seemed the most logical place to go for an opinion which might be based on practical



Mrs. Looram is chairman of the Motion Picture Committee of the Federation of Catholic Alumnae which pre-views all pictures before public release; sends an approved list weekly to twenty-five radio stations; press stories to six hundred newspapers and periodicals, as well as to local parish bulletins; to Parents and Teachers magazines and associations and to public libraries everywhere.

experience of substantial tenure rather than on pure enthusiasm.

The Federation, by way of explanation, is composed of girls and women graduates from Catholic high schools, academies and colleges the world over, and among its numerous activities is the Motion Picture Committee with which we are concerned at the moment. For twelve years this committee has been interested in better movies, pursuing its goal through a closely-knit, nation-wide organization which covers the entire country.

UNDER the energetic direction of their chairman, Mrs. James F. Looram, some forty members on the pre-viewing staff in New York see and criticize every new film before its public release, grading its merits according to an established standard practice. Obviously such a practical and extended experience qualifies Mrs. Looram as a much better informed authority than most of those but recently converted to a cause which is brand new to them.

"I come to you as a biased interviewer," I confessed, "because I detest censorship."

"So do I!" she agreed quietly as she graciously submitted to the pad-and-pencil inquisition. "And in the movies, especially, we have seen too many

attempts fail for any of a dozen reasons. First of all, the censors themselves are not always qualified as such. Second, they seldom agree because individual viewpoints conflict even on fundamentals. I have seen State Boards' reports on the same picture vary all the way from a terse rejection of the entire film to a 30,000 word book of recommended changes. Finally, censorship is almost impossible to enforce even when unified because for every flat restriction there are a half-dozen subtle evasions possible to circumvent the ban—and too often the subtle evasion is infinitely worse than the original candor."

"Then you don't approve of the so-called 'blacklist'?"

"No," said Mrs. Looram, "my organization has never approved of it and has never (Continued on page 54)

Boycott and Bankruptcy?

By Rob Wagner

"Indecent, Immoral and Unfit" pictures listed by the Catholic Church . . . baby clothes become indecent . . . murders taboo . . . historical events of questionable heat degree are out. Hollywood today faces the rising Deluge of doubting with a quiver in its pocketbook!

THE two dreads of Hollywood are censorship and boycott. Howsoever happy and prosperous the celluloid carnival, these two "black cats" are always lurking in the background.

Why are they feared? Because they both attack the box office, which is the high corticle center of Movie-land's nervous system. If you cut down our income, how are we going to pay executives half-million dollar salaries? And think of the drama consequent upon a cut of a thousand dollars from the weekly salary of a big star.

State, local and Federal censorship would, of course, be fatal to pictures, due to the fact that you can't standardize morals or taste. What is moral to one group is immoral to another; what one censor approves, another denounces. For instance, the Pennsylvania Board forbade scenes of murder—"out" nearly every play of Shakespeare. Also coming motherhood is considered indecent in the State of Brotherly Love. "Delete scene of mother sewing on baby clothes. This presupposes a prenatal condition and is forbidden." Kansas also had its phobias and Ohio its qualms. The banning of a picture in Pennsylvania might mean the difference between profit and loss. These local censorships were bad enough; you can imagine what would happen if Federal censorship were added.

For years Hollywood managed to keep that particular black cat meowing in the distance. For two reasons. It employed Will Hays, the "Sacred Cow" of several Protestant churches, to fight censorship. And when Brother Will guaranteed purity, the brethren were inclined to defer to his ukases. The other reason was that during Prohibition and its consequent debacle of gangsterism and bootlegging, the censorial mind was pretty well occupied in fighting the Demon Rum and his jolly crew of crime boys.

With the repeal of the 18th amendment, however, purposeful souls who are always hell-bent on moral crusades found themselves without a cause, so almost over night they began hopping onto the movies. And the movies had become a swell target for the hoppers. During those tempestuous years when the censors were battling alcohol and machine-gunning, the dear old cinema was doing pretty much as it darn pleased, and it was pleased to pull some pretty rough stuff.

Gangsterism was running riot in the cities; then let's give 'em gangsterism on the screen. And whereas the screen writers would see to it that crime was a dreadful thing, yet it was pretty hard to hate the criminal when the fellow was Clark Gable. "Degrading to youth!" "Schools of Crime," "Is there no other subject but sin?" Thus the first yippings.

NOT only that, but we began undressing the gals until they were practically naked. True, the complete revelation of the "human (Continued on page 81)



The unblest love of DOUGLAS MONTGOMERY and MARGARET SULLAVAN in "Little Man What Now" is taboo.



DIETRICH'S "Scarlet Empress" is decreed against, while ELISABETH BERGNER'S "Catherine the Great" has not been.



"Of Human Bondage" is ruled against due presumably to BETTE DAVIS' excellent characterization of a "bad girl." Above LESLIE HOWARD and FRANCES DEE in a tender love scene.



CHARLIE CHAPLIN sued the author for a half million dollars. Mack Sennett discovered Chaplin



Bing croons to his wife, Dixie Lee.



Bing started the movement among neighbors at Toluca Lake to keep Oakie from settling among them. Outsiders didn't get the joke.

My Neighbors

By JIM TULLY

The Crooner, the Clown, the Master of Comedies, and the greatest of all Comedians bow to the pen of the renegade of the road, the picturesque Jim Tully

NEARLY everybody connected with the films in Hollywood lives in Beverly Hills, or at Malibu. These places are more swanky than our section and nearer the ocean. Our own neighborhood is unpretentious, but as beautiful as dawn on an Irish meadow.

A much smaller group has settled near the almost hidden Toluca Lake. Not over half a mile long and four hundred feet wide, it is located five miles from Hollywood. There is a pocket in the mountains a few miles away, through which a breeze comes every morning so precisely that one can set a watch at eleven, when the leaves begin to stir. Meteorologists can explain it, but like most of the priceless things in life we accept it without question. While Los Angeles, a dozen miles away, swelters in "unusual weather" we watch the swans, the mud hens and the mallards swim their lazy lives away.

One day I missed a mallard with a beautiful green head. My neighbor, Bing Crosby, told me that it had no doubt flown with its comrades to the faraway lake where it had been hatched. I am not certain that Bing knows as much about wild fowl as he does about crooning, though I like to believe what he said about the mallard. It puts a certain order in an otherwise disordered world.

I live at the end of the lake, in a two acre eucalyptus grove. Many of the trees are a hundred and fifty feet tall and six feet around. A half dozen live oaks, centuries old, are at one edge of the grove. In cavities, far up, the owls sleep through the day. When the sun sinks behind the far mountains and tinges the air with mauve, the owls fly to the tops of the tall trees and talk back and forth all the night long.

Our lake is stocked with fish which the neighbors never try to catch. Bold as war, the black bass swim in the shallow water at the edge.



W. C. FIELDS is Mr. Tully's most widely travelled neighbor though he speaks no language other than English. He and BABY LeROY are still fighting it out.

AMONG my neighbors are Bing Crosby, W. C. Fields, Mary Brian, Dick Powell, Paul Muni, Mary Astor, Richard Arlen, Louise Dresser, Walter Lantz, the creator of Oswald, Frank McHugh, Mack Sennett, Boris Karloff, the one time truck driver who became the successor of Lon Chaney, and Warner Oland.

A variegated people, we have traveled over hard, uneven roads.

Bing Crosby arrived in Hollywood seven years ago. Traveling with another embryo crooner, his rickety Ford broke down two miles from the place where he was later to build a mansion. After studying law for several years he began to entertain the neighbors of Spokane with song and to his amazement he was soon earning forty dollars a week. Bing's Irish father, in the words of the crooner, was "always in hock." No sooner would the sewing machine be paid for than he would go in debt for a victrola, then a piano. It was the elder Crosby's bad luck to be a book-keeper in a brewery at the dawn of prohibition. His son helped him to survive this disastrous experience, and when the mortgage was removed from the piano, the heir left the home in search of the rainbow. A small growth in his throat had given his voice a peculiar tone and had proven popular with those who had heard it in his home town.

Bing and his companion literally sang their way from the state of Washington to Hollywood. Often men at gasoline stations would fill their car, provided they stopped singing.

Leaving their broken down car along the side of the road not far from the film city, the two boys went to the home of a friend. She gave them food and shelter and loaned them money. In a few weeks they joined Paul Whiteman's band at a leading hotel. For several years Bing remained with Whiteman, until Mack Sennett became interested in him. He appeared in several comedies and all the while remained in touch with the radio. The peculiar quality in his voice caused by the growth began to attract a larger audience. So popular did his singing become that last year, at thirty-one, his earnings were \$275,000. He was paid \$75,000 to appear with Marion Davies in "Going Hollywood."

Unusual among the Irish, his temperament is very quiet. He is without affectation. His home life is simple and reserved. On a table in (Continued on page 77)



Hollywood biographer, JIM TULLY is feared as well as loved.



Director FRANK CAPRA worked his way through college as a waiter and is a graduate chemical engineer.



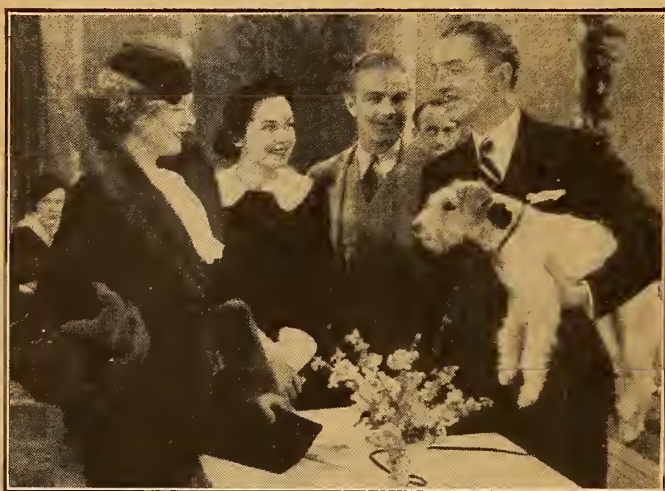
MACK SENNETT was a blacksmith, then the first satirist of the screen. He "drops in" at the Fields'.



Maybe you thought sex was important to box office returns. "Little Women" headed the list of successes of 1934 for RKO. Paul Lukas and Katharine Hepburn.

GOOD and BAD

The good ones fail—the bad ones distinguished critic of the Seven West analyses some of 1934's best



The so-called highbrow Mr. Seldes didn't enjoy any picture more than "The Thin Man" and they're still talking about it. Myrna Loy and the delightful Mr. Powell.



"It Happened One Night," gave the writer rare pleasure and fifty million Americans can't be wrong. Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable made romantic history in it.

IF YOU can remember as far back as 1934 (the year of the big censorship wind) the pictures I am writing about will be familiar to you and you will be able to do a fancy bit of classifying on yourself. Moviegoers, like human beings, are divided into two classes: those who like everyone to agree with them in their judgments and those who like to disagree with everyone else. To be a bit more specific: if everyone says a picture is great, and you think it is terrible, do you feel superior to them or do you knuckle under and think you may have made a mistake? And if you think a picture is swell and someone says it was lousy, do you think that someone is trying to be superior or are you intimidated to the point of suspecting that your taste is low? What you think of what I am about to say depends on your answers to these questions.

I am not going to discuss all the good pictures of 1934, nor even all the pictures I liked. Toward the end of that distant year, 1934, Douglas W. Churchill made an investigation of box office receipts—or found one ready made for him—and from this he made up a list for the *New York Times*, of the most important pictures of the year and their box-office returns. Mr. Churchill probably knows that dozens of pictures are made just to fill in time, without any expectation of great returns in money—the second features and quickies and lame ducks of Hollywood. He omitted those and concentrated on the pictures which you might reasonably have expected to bring in good cash, in large quantities, from the ten or twelve thousand movie houses of the country. And he made some surprising discoveries.

For instance, Fox had seven successes and Will Rogers was in five of them. And, on the other hand, "Meet the Baron" and "The Fire Chief," in spite of the vast popularity of Jack Pearl and Ed Wynn, were failures for Metro. Shirley Temple succeeded wherever she was cast, but Mae West's "Belle of the Nineties," in spite of or because of all the publicity it got in the boycott row, didn't pull as well as "I'm No Angel." Maybe you believed that Garbo couldn't fail: she could and did. Maybe you fancied any Tarzan was bound to be good in any picture: he wasn't. Maybe you thought sex was important: "Little Women" headed the list

Pictures

By
Gilbert Seldes

Box Office

*succeed—but not all the time. A
Lively Arts and discoverer of Mae
picture which made money too*

of successes for RKO. Or did you think that a million (more or less movie money) invested in building up a star must bring in good return: Anna Sten may prove it in her second picture, but "Nana" didn't make the grade.

Now out of the pictures which failed, some were extraordinarily good and they are the ones I want to consider; wondering out loud why they failed. But I do not want to give the impression that all the good pictures failed and the bad ones made money. I suppose I didn't enjoy any picture of 1934 more than "The Thin Man" which was a resounding success; I liked "Viva Villa" and it took in lots of money; and "It Happened One Night" gave me rare pleasure and in that I was with millions of others who made it a success; Miss West is an old favorite of mine (since 1926, which gives me a four year jump on the producers who wouldn't take my tip and hire her) and she apparently was America's sweetheart in at least one picture. So in many cases I am with the majority and I find that the majority also disliked certain films I thought were pretty bad.

BUT here are some first class films which were disappointing to the cashiers: "Twentieth Century," "Berkeley Square," "Queen Christina," "Tarzan and His Mate," "Duck Soup," "Counsellor-at-Law," and "Little Man, What Now?" You would hardly call that a highbrow list or call me cantankerous or special in my tastes. Put these seven films on a day at a time and you have a good varied movie entertainment for a week. You have seen worse. Yet these films disappointed the producers who were more than satisfied with "Paddy, the Next Best Thing"; "Dancing Lady"; "Too Much Harmony"; "Flying Down to Rio"; "The Bowery" and "Only Yesterday."

Suppose we look at the essential quality of each of the seven failures.

"Twentieth Century": all of John Barrymore's enormous talent for ham acting was allowed free play in this mad comedy; as if he were a ham himself, Barrymore got under the skin of the ham producer he was portraying; the story was a good one and was not spoiled by the transfer from *(Continued on page 60)*



Mae West's "Belle of the Nineties," in spite of all the publicity in the boycott row, didn't pull as did "I'm No Angel."

"It's Destiny" Says Al Jolson

The love story of the girl whose wedding ring never comes off! Gossips said it wouldn't last six months... but now this romantic marriage is seven years old!

By WILLIAM F. FRENCH

THIS is the story of Abie's Irish Rose come to life. And the story of the most widely discussed romance in America, a union about which varied and colorful tales have been told.

At the start it was not a betting favorite, as the odds along Broadway and Hollywood Boulevard gave it only an outside chance to last six months.

The odds were against it for several reasons. Among them were the disparity in ages, the difference in race and religion, the handicap of glamour, and the natural tendency of a foot-loose celebrity to revolt against the restraining bonds of matrimony and a healthy collection of the wife's relations—to say nothing of the little matter of professional jealousy. And with show people, we're told, this last is pure dynamite.

It was almost seven years ago that the odds were laid, and now this couple is undertaking what not one married pair in ten would attempt. They're making a picture together, with no tie-ups in production to date, and no soaring bric-a-brac to mar the calm tenor of their sequences.

But to get back to the beginning. It all started

when Al Jolson went to the station to greet Fanny Brice on her arrival in filmdom, and to give her the key to California.

"How about meeting a cute kid from Broadway?" promptly queried Fanny before Al could start in his speech of welcome.

"Well," responded Al, turning quickly to the matter of new business, "how about it?"

"And then," says Jolson, "I saw a white-faced, tired looking kid with wide-open blue eyes that seemed to ask me a lot of important questions all at once. So right away I got curious."

Jolson shrugged his shoulders, grinned, and added: "And then I married her."

"Before she got off the train?"

"Well, no. I took her to dinner first. She'd been playing the 'Sidewalks of New York', and had come out to open at Loew's Theatre in Los Angeles. As that was just before we started to make 'The Singing Fool,' I had a little time to spend on something real nice. So I went around back stage after she opened to tell her how good I thought (Continued on page 58)



Little Corner of My Heart

Grace Moore's happiness is a glass of champagne! This scintillating star believes—contrary to Joan Crawford—that no one can laugh alone . . .

By T. B. FITHIAN

"EVERY ambitious woman should be married." With that statement Grace Moore dropped a bombshell into Hollywood. Indeed, it is pretty much of a bombshell for our whole modern civilization.

For the last two decades the supreme question for women has been marriage or a career. Purely as a voluntary choice, apart from the economic factors involved, the latter has gained steadily. In a recent census of our leading women's colleges it was revealed that only a small fraction of the graduating class looked forward to just being a wife. It is a day of "careers."

And every attempt to combine a career and marriage has proven, for the most part, fatal. Particularly so, in Hollywood. It is almost an unwritten law of the movie colony that an actress cannot achieve greatest success if she is fettered by a husband. She must have freedom. Freedom to express every mood and whim of her personality. To be utterly herself. And yet, women are made for love . . .

Into this burning question Grace Moore has hoisted a triumphant banner. She has combined the two to a degree which should bring shame to any woman who has merely tried to succeed at the one. A sensation of the screen, a radio star, a Grand Opera prima donna, a hostess of international repute, a scintillating light of the musical comedy stage—a varied and exciting career that few can equal. And as she speaks of her marriage a beautiful lyric unfolds. A lyric of the heart.

We were talking in her drawing room. A profusion of flowers were everywhere. On the wall a few autographed photographs of celebrities—Herbert Hoover, Paderewski, Ruth Chatterton, Caruso. The cool depths beyond the grand piano seemed waiting, somehow, to tingle with music. Waiting, that is, until she came in. Then the whole room overflowed with her presence.

It is always like that. I have yet to know the time when her radiant personality fails to dominate any occasion. Her happiness is like a glass of champagne. It bubbles. To look at her, five feet two of poised loveliness, one note stands out above all others. So vitally alive! It is difficult to conceive that any moment of life eludes her. That is, any of the precious moments. . . .

So I asked her, quite frankly, what of her marriage. We had spoken about that before. But in her eager rush of words so much had been lost. Little sentiments that seemed so universally true and beautiful. The statement "Every ambitious woman should marry" I remembered well. Now she told me why.

"But," she said, laughing, "I have no formula for a successful marriage. Just as I have no formula for a successful career. I can tell you only about myself."

SHE leaned back in the corner of the divan, resting her blonde head against a wine colored pillow, and swung a silver clad foot back and forth. She can never

be entirely still. Too much nervous energy for that. And as she talked, I settled back in my Chippendale chair, tinkling the ice in my glass, and kept thinking of various episodes of her romance and marriage.

"Before I was married," Grace said, "I had achieved what everyone called a great success. But I wasn't happy. There was always in the corner of my heart that little dream which was unfulfilled. Since earliest childhood I knew that I was bound to love some one man. And be loved by him. Some women, after they have been bitterly disillusioned, try to kill their dreams. I never had the courage for that. It seemed the most precious thing that I possessed. And I had faith, deep down, that the dream couldn't exist without a possibility of its fulfillment.

"But I did try to ignore it. Human nature mutilates a sensitive nature with far too many disappointments. And one gets tired of waiting (Continued on page 58)



She is Mrs. Valentin Parera; he is *not* "Mr. Moore." They have no rules for love. Among 1934's "ten best" was "One Night of Love."



The Girl

By Jerry Asher

JEAN MUIR is the strangest girl in Hollywood. She is almost a monument of silence, an encyclopedia of information, a female soldier of fortune. When she is in a garrulous mood (which is rare) she takes on the vivacity of Crawford, the mystery of Garbo. Other times she stares straight ahead into space, while her fingers familiarly busy themselves with some fancy work. The corners of her mouth turn down, she keeps swallowing repeatedly, as if her throat were very dry. She's marked by tragedy yet her face has the serenity of an Elsie Dinsmore heroine. She's the most paradoxical personality ever to reach the screen.

The interesting part about knowing Jean Muir is that she is never the same person twice. Sometimes she is almost shockingly cold. Again she will be warm, understanding, bubbling over with a tenderness that only

a woman of mellow age is capable of showing. You either dislike her heartily, or you almost quiver with excitement because you realize you are in the presence of a personality. And the longer you know her, the more you wonder why you like her—and the more you look forward to seeing her again.

Personally, I took an intense dislike from the start. That's why we're such good friends today. I believe I've been fortunate seeing a side to Jean, about which very few people know. At least very few people in Hollywood. I believe I understand her because I don't believe Jean would give her friendship to a person who did not.

I met Jean quite by accident. We crashed into each other as I was entering one of the Warner sound stages! Jean was on the way out. And very much in a hurry. As I picked myself up a publicity man with me tendered an introduction.

"I'm so glad to know you," Jean said in quick short gasps. At the same time she gave me a hearty handclasp. "I'm in a big hurry. Please excuse me. Good-bye." And she was gone. It had all been said in one breath. There was no actressy display of emotion. She had made no effort to show that she was glad to meet me, or sorry that we had crashed. She probably forgot the incident before she was even out of sight.

But I didn't forget so easily. Maybe I was used to actresses who make a big fuss. Maybe I was curious because I had met a person who did not seem to care what the other fellow thought or make any effort to win him over. Then again maybe it was one of those things just meant to happen. A week later I went to the studio again. Jean Muir was in the

Green Room at lunch time. She came up to my table, extended her hand and called me by name. She did not refer to our accident of the preceding week. I realize now if she had I would have been bitterly disappointed.

Dear Jerry,
Thank you very much for
your story. It's one of the
finest stories ever written about
me. I wish I really could
be as interesting as all that
affectionately,
Jean

Loneliness and heartbreaks have developed in JEAN MUIR a mature understanding. She has been her own worst enemy.

They Threw Sticks At

SINCE then I have seen Jean Muir many times. At first casually. Then quite often. I have found her shy in revealing even the tiniest secret. Again almost bitterly hard if I have happened to strike on a tender spot or accidentally hit on a truth. I didn't realize what was back of it all until we took a long drive one day up the coast to San Francisco. Jean wanted to go up and see the Reinhardt production of "Midsummer Night's Dream" for the fifteenth time. I had friends I wanted to visit. It started out as a lark. It ended up by two people talking seriously for ten straight hours. It gave me a chance to know Jean as I never could have gotten acquainted in Hollywood.

"I guess I've always been a little different than other girls," Jean confided. "As a child I always seemed to be living in a world of my own. I was curious about life. Resentful at the way our elders would thrust us into it leaving so much unexplained. The other children I played with were quick to resent me. They believed anything that was told to them. It never occurred to them to doubt or to wonder.

"They use to throw sticks at me and call me names. Children can be so cruel in their brutal frankness. The girls hated me because I could boss them around. The boys hated me because I could fight them back. The only time they ever played with me was when I turned my back yard into King Arthur's court. Even then I insisted on being King Arthur. Soon they ignored me entirely.

"I grew up expecting people to dislike me. I had been used to it all my life. Finally in self-defense I would go out of my way to give them something to dislike me for. I was sent to a girl's camp but was left miserably alone. I found consolation in books but I longed for human understanding and companionship. There was a man and his wife living close by our camp. He used to come and read to the girls and we would sit around the fire and ask him questions. He was a combination of philosopher and

psychologist.

One day he asked me something about friendship. I replied that I could not answer his question because I had never had any friends. This interested him and he went out of his way to win me over. Gradually I came to know him and pour out all (Continued on page 67)



JEAN MUIR gained new fame for her exquisite acting in "Desirable," and she will appear next as Helena in "Midsummer Night's Dream," Max Reinhardt's spectacle.

Honest Critiques

By Jack Grant

NEVER for a moment does "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" let you down. There is drama, spectacle and rare comedy in it, the ingredients from which all good movies are made. And this is one of the best.

Gary Cooper is a young British officer in India, serving under Sir Guy Standing, an army colonel noted for his strict discipline in observing regimental traditions. Sir Guy's performance has authority—he is every inch the soldier. Richard Cromwell, the colonel's son, arrives as a replacement and Cooper mothers the boy much to the amusement of Franchot Tone, a fellow officer. The youngster's foolhardiness leads to his capture by the natives and when Cooper and Tone desert to go to his rescue, you have a climax that will keep you on the edge of your seat. And there is a real thrill in the spectacular charge of the Lancers.

All four principals deliver sterling portrayals with Tone particularly outstanding in his finest rôle to date. C. Aubrey Smith, Douglas Dumbrille and Kathleen Burke, the only woman in the cast, are splendid in support. If you were enthusiastic about Victor McLaglen in "The Lost Patrol," don't miss my greatest enthusiasm of the month.

CHARLES DICKENS must be turning over in his grave if he is by some spiritualistic chance aware that nearly every studio in Hollywood is preparing or busily engaged in filming versions of his great works.

It is not that your critic doesn't care for Dickens, but with "Great Expectations," "David Copperfield," "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," et cetera, aren't we being just a little promiscuous with the classics? And aren't we all just a mite fed up with the "Little Women," "Little Men," "Little Minister" type of picture? Individually these pictures are superb, but cinematic indigestion on the part of movie patrons, whether noble or not, isn't to be taken lightly.

This is why, with a chronic yen to scream aloud at



GARY COOPER shares honors with FRANCHOT TONE in the latter's most important role to date in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." It is filled with fine drama.

the cloying sweetness of such pictures as "Imitation of Life" and "Anne of Green Gables," your film observer turns with eagerness to the stark realism of "The Man Who Reclaimed His Head." Here is drama to whip your emotions. Relentless, in that it never deviates from its preordained course; honest and sincere in that it makes no concessions to "public taste," this film may not whoop it up at the box office, but it is none-the-less no small triumph.

Bold and cruel in the intensity of its drama, "The Man Who Reclaimed His Head" is a psychological study of a man in torment. He has sold his brains to an unworthy fellow who uses the borrowed intelligence for personal gain, and he believes that he can reclaim him-

of New Pictures

self by killing his enemy. So powerful is the performance of Claude Rains that the anti-war propaganda is lost in admiration for the genius of this finished actor. Joan Bennett and Lionel Atwill acquit themselves well in the other major rôles.

NEXT important in notes on the new pictures is the fact that Fox studios finally gets around to cast Will Rogers in the one rôle in which he is certain to be perfect. In "The County Chairman," Will spouts amusing political dialogue without end, playing the small-time political leader who seeks to defeat in an election Berton Churchill, the man who robbed him of the woman he loved. Rogers backs the candidacy of his young partner, Kent Taylor, who happens to be in love with Evelyn Venable, Churchill's daughter. It is altogether a delightful business with the beloved actor who only knows what he reads in the papers, turning in the best satire on political campaigns ever recorded.

There are two Ann Hardings to consider this month. One is dull and listless—the other gay and enchanting. It is hard to say whether or not Miss Harding herself thought "Enchanted April" was a good story, but by this time she knows that it is not a motion picture. Excessively talky, the action of the picture is at all times static and frequently stilted. The story concerns two estranged wives who rent a Villa in Italy with two more ladies as paying guests. The picture becomes exceedingly gabby as the ladies discuss love and life until the husband turns up, not to visit his wives, but to court a young, unmarried girl. Through it all, Miss Harding hasn't a chance to do anything with the rôle given her, nor has Frank Morgan, the husband. The only bright (Continued on page 55)



That outstanding English actor, SIR GUY STANDING, becomes more and more an important and beloved figure in American pictures. He plays the part of a colonel in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," the million dollar Paramount picture.



A new personality and stronger good-looks shine through in RAMON NOVARRO'S acting in "The Night is Young." HENRY STEPHENSON shares honors in this scene.



Anna Sten won't tell her Mother that she is with Gary Cooper in "The Wedding Night"

She Hasn't Changed a Bit

By CRUIKSHANK

I WAS the first to see her when she arrived a full thirty months ago to embark upon the new career begun when Samuel Goldwyn acted swiftly upon the recommendation of Regina Crewe, the critic who "discovered" her.

Then I described her for the record. Hair of mousey brown; small, unmatched pearls for teeth; femininely full-bosomed, wide-hipped in form; firm, cool, white hands; and a personality that matched her body in conveying the impression of a primeval Eve, strong, vigorous, virile.

I felt badly about what would happen to her in Hollywood. It'll be just too bad, I mourned, when they Harlowize her hair, Crawfordize her contours, synthesize her natural, different beauty into the Model T type of perfection that signalizes the complete cinema star.

But it hasn't happened. The lithe strength of her rounded, embraceable figure still remains. The soft, neutral tresses, enhanced through the beauty of natural high-lights, still frame her face. The white fingers are tipped with palest pink instead of dripping carmine. There is no crockery-like dental uniformity. Her brows and lashes are her own. There is no change.

"Yes," she smiles, "they tried. There were diets and dentists. But I would not have it. Whatever my personality may be, it is my own, it is me. Why should I discard it? Why substitute the false for the true? What I am, I shall remain."

YOU see, Anna Sten is really a great star, not a created satellite. Her maddening beauty, her tow-

ering talent has flashed from foreign screens, and if she ever wishes, the studios of the Continent and the Isles will pay a premium for her return to them. She can, and has, and does, and will say "No."

To those of us who have found the irregular verbs of French an insurmountable obstacle to bilingual achievement, the Sten mastery of English must remain amazing. When she came no word of it was hers. Now her vocabulary is surprising in its scope and eloquence. And the slight, indescribable accent that vaguely haunts her syllables, makes the language far more melodious than the nasal *patois* that tumbles from native lips.

"It wasn't difficult," she says, "and I find it an attractive language. Russian, too, is a tongue I love to speak. It is too bad it is not more popular. But I suppose that Russian suggests Asia to the public mind. And Asia seems, somehow, so remote, so alien. Of course it isn't, except when one thinks so."

I wondered how Hollywood had treated the stranger within her gates. I had heard before from others. Now I heard from Anna Sten.

"They weren't too kindly. I am, perhaps, over-sensitive. It seems that I am forever having things flung in my face. The strangest stories were circulated. I presume you have heard the one concerning the worker on our set. Everyone has. It was reported, in print, that I had responded to a courteous, 'Good morning', by saying that I did not know the man and did not wish to be addressed. The incident never occurred.

"As a matter of fact we get along beautifully on the set. We all work together for (Continued on page 56)

Portfolio of Fashion and Beauty



KITTY CARLISLE, Bing Crosby's new leading lady, after being paired with him in "She Loves Me Not," sings her youthful way to increasing popularity in "Here Is My Heart."

Posture

Kitty Carlisle

By Gwen Dew

THE room was long . . . she walked across its length with smoothness of motion, and seated herself at the end of the lounge. Although she sat informally with her legs crossed and turned sideways to face me, she did not for a second lounge or slouch. A sense of erectness held her shoulders and back in a straight line that still suggested pliancy and ease. Her hands rested quietly in her lap.

Yes . . . Kitty Carlisle knows what posture means. She not only knows, but is a graceful exponent of its importance in life from the slightest move in the least moment on to the most dramatic hour.

So then I told her I wanted to ask what value she thought good posture had in everyday life, and how one might attain that asset. Her response was immediate.

"It comes from within!" It comes from a serenity of spirit, the knowledge that one is acting in the correct manner, that one is not conspicuously dressed, in short that one is doing and thinking the things that a true gentlewoman would. Fine posture is of the utmost importance in accomplishing everything we desire in life, whether in private existence or on the stage. It spells confidence in self, training, cleanness of mind. Others judge you almost immediately by the way you carry yourself."

The sun poured in golden shafts into the dignified quiet of the room where flowers and books and pictures made friends of each other, and threw radiance on this Kitty Carlisle whose very name sounds like romance in bloom.

"Of course we all go through certain periods in life that are unavoidable," she continued with a laugh. "When we are little girls just beginning to develop breast curves and big girl attributes, we are apt to try to hunch in our chests, and so try to hide all these strange developments.

"Usually there follows a slouch stage of awkward lines and jerkiness of movement that comes with too quick growth. Afterwards if we're an average girl we adore the extremeness of motion of some mannequin, model or exotic star, and try to writhe and slink along in the most unnatural rhythm in the world.

"Then suddenly we wake up, and begin to try to move naturally and gracefully. This usually happens after we have come in contact with some true lady, one who guides her life by all the fine things in the world—music, books, plays—and living with worthwhile friends. After that we begin to strive for those things of the spirit which allow us to go through life with belief in ourselves. The result is that we hold ourselves with pride and confidence, and we become pliant in motion and carriage."

"BUT there are things we can do to help achieve some of this sureness and ease?"

Miss Carlisle smiled a vivid smile. "I can remember many hours of working at it! You know I went to private schools abroad, for I lived there from the time I was eight, and of course European women put a great deal of stress on correct carriage and posture. I've carried books and baskets on my head for long, tedious hours. I've walked slowly up and down stairs. I've practiced entering rooms with dignity. In Europe rooms are so immense and there are so many sweeps of stairs in homes, at the operas, or in public, that you must have confidence that you are moving smoothly and charmingly.

"On the continent one always rises to greet older women regardless of whether this occurs in a home or a public place. We were

(Continued on page 68)



Style

Sylvia Sidney

By Patricia Reilly

WHEN I first saw her, I said to myself, "What a smartly dressed young girl—the sort of girl with whom any college man would be proud to be seen." I looked again and exclaimed, "Why, it's Sylvia Sidney!" That's how inconspicuous she is. Her small, pale face was partly concealed by the dip of her shallow brown felt sports hat, the kind that will be in style five years from now. It was worn with a tailored leopard coat, three quarter length.

Sylvia has a sentimental attachment to this leopard coat. "I bought one with the very first money I saved," she smiled up at me, "and now I always have one in my wardrobe."

Sylvia Sidney's personal wardrobe is a simple one, within the reach of any business girl or school girl, and suitable to both. With this same brown felt hat, she wears a mink sports coat fashioned on lines similar to those of the leopard fur. The collars of these two fur coats are small and do not interfere with her brimmed hat. Even the mink coat is modest though the richness of its color gives away its pedigree.

Brown is the canvas on which this small brunette paints her portrait. It is not my choice for the girl with dark hair unless her skin is extremely clear, almost translucent. Sylvia's eyes, of course, are gray, so that she is not a true brunette, nor is she dark skinned. Green and blue are her favorite colors, for naturally they reflect in her eyes and blend with the tones of her skin, which is more creamy than white.

The dinner dress pictured has violet or mauve-blue castes throughout the wool skirt. The top of the dress is the same strange hue in metal cloth. Epaulets of beaver dyed in similar tone trim the little jacket.

"My first evening gown was white," Sylvia said, "because I thought white was conspicuous and I wanted it to be seen. I don't wear white very often now." She was poor once and it is no wonder that she wanted her first evening gown to shine, but it is interesting to think that even then she had the good taste to choose white.

SHE is not extravagant about clothes. She hasn't many in her own wardrobe and they are all dresses any of us might be able to buy. She attacks the problem of clothes as a business girl might, or a young school girl with a small budget for her yearly wardrobe.

"It is all right for the woman of leisure to have clothes for many different occasions and to change frequently but when you are working you can't do that. I don't have what is known as the 'dinner dress,' the long dress you wear with a hat in the evening. I've never had a 'dinner hat'. I have two kinds of dresses—daytime and evening."

"What do you wear when the man who is taking you out isn't dressing?" I wanted to know because it seems to me that there are exasperatingly few times when a man will dress. Recently I had seen what the average girl did about this problem and it had not pleased me. Wayne King plays soft music in a glamorous atmosphere in Chicago and girls in long dresses, some formal, some semi-formal, dance there with escorts who wear business suits. There was something not quite right about it.

"This," she answered, pointing to her chocolate colored light weight wool dress buttoned to her throat, with only a tiny white collar to give it life. "I don't blame men for not wanting to dress oftener—it's the stiff collars, I believe. In England there is a silk

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Dinner For

Eighteen



NO one, in our estimation, has a more widely accepted reputation for ease in social contacts than Norma Shearer. That's why we asked Miss Shearer to tell us frankly what some of the rules for a successful hostess are. Miss Shearer is away from home much of the time and depends upon capable servants for the details of the hospitality which she dispenses. But servants, china, crystal, fine linen, food and drink don't make a successful party. The hostess holds the key that makes the party click!

You know without being told that Norma Shearer is gracious. Through her ability to get along with people, she has held her place among the screen's "royalty." You can't talk to anyone on the M-G-M lot, from make-up girl to prop boy, who doesn't use a specially warm tone of voice when speaking of her. The cameraman smiles and says, "Miss Shearer—she's wonderful to work with!" Almost any of the girls who do bits in her pictures would rather be like her than anyone else. A famous writer, observant and often critical of screen stars, remarked: "She knows instinctively how to handle everybody. I never saw anyone who said the right thing so easily and at the right time."

It is no wonder that people enjoy themselves at her parties. They feel at home. She has not worked out any elaborate scheme that would be impossible to follow in a simpler home than her own. But she has definite ideas about the responsibilities of a hostess—and here they are, in her own words:

"WHEN MOTION PICTURE asked me to talk about party-giving, I was puzzled at first, because I didn't think I had any actual rules. But when I stopped to consider it, I realized that there are many important things to remember, whether the party is big or little, whether it's given in Hollywood, California, or Warren, Pennsylvania.

"When I invite people to my home, I consider that the most important factor is in selecting a group who will be really happy

Norma Shearer

A wife, a mother and then an actress, Norma Shearer considers her own problems of entertaining in the light of the small town hostess and has written for us her few simple rules for delightful dining at home

to see one another. I think a party should present an opportunity for these guests who haven't seen each other for a long time, usually because they've been busy, to come together for a few hours of enjoyment.

"Successful parties are composed, I think, of some foresight and much spontaneity. The rest is luck. Some parties just turn out to be successful. Others don't. It's a good thing to forget the failures and remember the good parties, because there's no hard and fast formula.

"In my opinion the 'background'
(Continued on page 72)

The color scheme of Miss Shearer's dinner service is yellow and white. She uses lace coverings on the honey-colored wood of her dining table. The gold and ivory of her dining-room is invaded by only one other note—the gray blue of the rug.



In My Mirror

Perfumes! Perfumes! Perfumes! Delicate and exotic ones, sophisticated or gay ones, Dolores Del Rio finds them an absolute necessity

THE pursuit of beauty is to me one of the most delicate of all arts, and one of the most enjoyable. I never begrudge the time I spend on it, or the money—because I think that I get so much more out of it (both physically and mentally) than I put into it.

My dressing-room is one of the most inspiring in my house. I worked over this room more than any other, because I know that a lovely setting inspires one to be lovely. Suppose I come home from the studio very low and very tired. I have only to be in this room for five minutes, and then I find new energy. Everything in it, and the room itself, is white. That alone relaxes me. Then too, the room is so fresh, so spotless, so delicate in feeling, that I just naturally want to make myself a fresh, spotless, delicate part of it!

You will see, by the pictures on this page, that perfume is one of my greatest hobbies. My friends laughingly say that I could open a perfume shop anytime, and not have to buy any additional stock at all. It's true . . . I have bottles and bottles. But there are two very good reasons for such a large number. First of all, I never use perfume in dabs and spots. I use lots of it! I rub it all over my arms and neck and shoulders. I soak tiny bits of cotton in perfume and put the cotton in my lingerie boxes. I have my maid sew perfumed cotton into my handbags, into my hats, into the hems of my coats. I use it everywhere, and lots of it at a time. For perfume should not be sensed as something *applied*. It should give the effect of emanating from one's *self*.

The second reason is that I am very, very fickle about perfumes. My favorite perfume tomorrow may be very different from my favorite today. I cannot even say that with this dress I will wear that perfume . . . or that in the afternoon I always wear a light odor, and in the evenings a heavy one. I can't say these things, because my choice of perfume depends entirely on the mood I'm in. It's fun to



She takes a sun bath daily and even when she is at home her make-up must be fresh.

— Dolores Del Rio



Perfume is her hobby. She rubs it into her skin. She has discovered that a small camel's hair brush paints lips smoothly.

indulge one's moods, I think—yet perfume is about the only way of doing so, without being selfish about it.

HERE'S what I mean. Suppose I am feeling very merry and gay, but I am dressing to go to a dignified, serious story conference at the studio. I can't act giddy and gay there, but I can at least indulge my mood with perfume. I reach for the most exuberant scent I can find. Again, if I am feeling quiet and thoughtful and introspective . . . but don't want to inflict my heavy mood upon my friends . . . I at least have the satisfaction of wearing a heavy, languorous scent. Strange, isn't it? But this is what the use of perfumes has come to mean to me.

I have always loved perfumes, and I have always been unusually responsive to them. Even when I was a child, while other little Mexican girls were playing with dolls, I used to spend most of my time at my mother's dressing table, trying out her many perfumes . . . and always thinking up ways for stealing some of it without her knowing. She caught me one time, however. I had taken about half a bottle, and was filling up her bottle

again with water, when she came in and saw me. She talked to me very severely, but the scolding wasn't half as bad as the punishment she gave me. I was never, *never* again to touch any of her perfume bottles . . . not until I reached the ripe old age of fourteen! In the meantime, I would have to restrict my use of scent to "eau de cologne." She bought me a large bottle of it afterwards, and that was all I ever used until my fourteenth birthday. We were in Paris at the time, and as a birthday present I was allowed to go into the Coty shop there, and pick out any perfume I wanted. After at least an hour of trying to make up my mind, I selected "Chypre" which, you remember, was all the rage at that time. And I used it exclusively for three years. It wasn't until I had my own money to spend that I began buying *every* kind of perfume imaginable!

I also love fragrance in every room of my house, but I do not depend on perfume for that. I grow my own gardenias and magnolias for this purpose, and my house,

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Left: White panama hat in the new off-face style that is so refreshingly young. Worn by Glennis Lorimer, a Gaumont-British Junior star.

Right: Gwyneth Lloyd shows the flattering advantages of this high-crowned Robin Hood hat in rich apple-red felt with its amusing back point. Below: Ideal for spectator sports and business wear. Jumper suit in the new jersey tweed in a subtle shade known as deer-beige, and with chunky wood buttons. Gwyneth Lloyd again!

Hatted and Suited By England



Lower Left: Excellent example of the classical tailor-made suit of pin-striped gray flannel which always marks the wearer as truly chic. White crepe de chine blouse and new shovel-brimmed felt hat complete the details. Worn by Leonora Corbett, star of the Gaumont-British film, "Wild Boy."

A Vale of Tears

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

"I THINK that I have never done such a difficult thing in my life as to help dramatize the story of the man I was married to for twenty years," sighs Billie Burke, who has just finished collaborating on Universal's "The Great Ziegfeld." "But I knew that someone would do it sometime. It was inevitable with such a man as Florenz Ziegfeld. He was an important part of the history of his times. He was too colorful, too dramatic a figure not to find his way, even after his death, back to his beloved theatre. I knew that in the hands of William Anthony McGuire, his closest friend, and myself, his memory would be safe, but I think . . ." she faltered, "that when the picture is done and I must see it, I shall run away."

Billie Burke deserves the title of the Bravest Woman in Hollywood. She has just finished a task that would daunt most women. From the secret places of her heart she has taken out intimate memories of the man she loved so well that for his sake she renounced one of the greatest careers on the American stage, she has unfolded for the public gaze not only her own love story but the stories of the other women who played a part in Ziegfeld's life.

"It has been a hard task to find women to play the actresses of my husband's earlier years," Billie says. Styles in beauty worship have changed since the days when our fathers and uncles drank champagne out of the slippers of Ziegfeld beauties, and sent roses with diamond bracelets about their stems to the reigning beauties of the stage.

Joan Crawford, Claudette Colbert, Dolores Del Rio and the other queens of Hollywood are adored by millions of fans but they are a generation too late to know the triumphs and tributes paid to Beauty when it wore Merry Widow hats, pompadors, and feather boas. The members of the original Floradora Sextette all married millionaires. Any famous beauty of the '90's had fortunes and titles laid at her feet. Hollywood film stars usually marry camera-

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BILLIE BURKE and William Anthony McGuire, the authors, find it difficult to select girls of the type "The Great Ziegfeld" made famous by his glorification

The "Great Ziegfeld" finds his way, even after death, back to his beloved theater. And in the filming of his life story Billie Burke, the beautiful, was asked to live again one of history's most romantic love stories, and her heart breaks with lovely secret memories

Feeding Your

Garbo eats a pound of caviar, Dietrich

let and Mr. Menjou makes his own

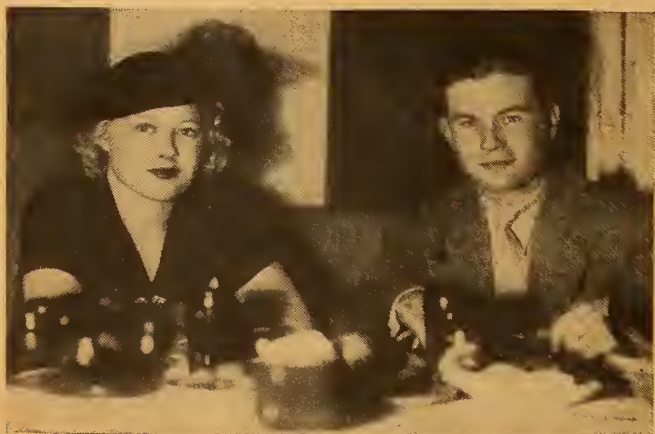
By Dorothy Spensley



KAREN MORLEY, co-starred with Paul Muni in his newest picture, "Black Fury," lunches at Sardi's with CHARLES VIDOR, her husband. It looks good!



JOHNNY MACK BROWN, Orchestra Leader VALESCO, General LODIJENSKY, Author GUY EMPEY prefer music to food at the Russian Eagle.



MARY CARLISLE better watch her calories if she is going to dine with TOM BROWN often at Sardi's.

HOP ABOARD, all of you *gourmets!* for a gastronomic tour of Hollywood. What we really mean, stripped of elegancies, is "come along, youse guys! We're going on an eating tour of the movie colony."

Hollywood, unlike Gaul, is divided into six or more sections. There is the section devoted to Russophiles (the *bortsch* boys and girls who favor the Russian Eagle Cafe), the Francophiles (what fun *this* is getting to be!) who favor the Trocadero Cafe with its French cooking (done by an Italian chef), the spaghetti-minded lads who flock to Italian Lucca's, the group who must have their hot, hot tamales in Mexico-town, and those epicures who'll take the best in international cooking at Sardi's, the Vendome, the Brown Derbies, et cetera.

Names like Adolphe Menjou, Marlene Dietrich, Lilian Harvey, Greta Garbo, Herbert Marshall, are spoken with reverence by the *restaurateurs*. "It's a pleasure to cook for Mr. Menjou," said Sardi's Eddie Brandstatter. "And Marlene Dietrich is another star who knows how to eat. She orders the finest foods and eats only a little of each, never dulling her sense of taste by gorging. She and her husband and Josef von Sternberg often take our Chicken Hamburger, and, if you want it, I'll let you have the recipe later."

That's the present situation in Hollywood. The fine old art of eating is at last coming into its own. Actors are becoming epicures. They're becoming cuisine conscious.

In wavering candlelight, helped by parchment shaded electrics, with a gypsy trio pouring forth soft, soothing music, and the red-smocked waiters scurrying about with sour cream and *bortsch*, the Russian Eagle Cafe, presided over by the military General Theodor Lodiensky, is a leading bright spot.

GRETA GARBO finds her way there, alone, or with Director Rouben Mamoulian, Salka Viertol or Mercedes d'Acosta. If you are looking for the Silent One, she always sits in the far right corner, as you enter,



At the Vendome—GLORIA SWANSON and JEANETTE McDONALD amazed at juggler Michael Farmer.

Favorites

prefers the cut-
French dressing

and her big-brimmed felt hat is pulled well down over her eyes. As a matter of fact, for a consistent recluse, Garbo is one of the best "diner out-ers" that the colony knows. She eats caviar (a whole pound at a sitting) at the Russian Eagle, and the next night is in the heart of old Los Angeles, eating chicken *taquitos* at Casa La Golondrina, a Mexican cafe, which, translated, is appropriately named "The Swallow."

As a caviar lover, Garbo has no equal. She likes hers fresh, and the best—either sturgeon or Beluga. Another continental charmer who frequents the Eagle might be induced to try it fresh, instead of pressed, if she but knew that the Great Unknowable orders hers that way. Instead Marlene Dietrich orders either pressed caviar or *kilki* (a marinated fish, small like a sardine, served in salt dressing).

"Garbo is very considerate," says Old Russia's General. "I notice that when she is someone's guest, she always orders the dinner, *table d'hote*, with no specialties. It is a flat sum, you see. But when she is alone, or the hostess, she orders anything she chooses, because she will pay the check."

Many times, as Garbo leaves the cafe, the fezzed and smocked doorman (Russian, of course, and the very cream of the Tartars) bowing her out, carries another pound of caviar with her for home consumption.

These continental girls know how to order food. Lilian Harvey never hesitates. She knows just what she wants the moment she is seated, and it usually includes a drink of vodka. Usually, too, the *entree* is *shashlyk*, that Caucasian dish of pickled lamb, barbecued.

"Ah, the Europeans," sighs the General with Tolstoi-an gusto. "They dine. The Americans *eat*. There is the difference. For fifteen years I have had cafes, first in New York, then in Hollywood. Always before that I was the guest. I have dined in every important restaurant on the continent. That is why I know what to serve my guests. Most of the cafe proprietors, today, are former bus boys, former chefs. I feed my patrons what I, myself, prefer."

And he ladled himself more tartar sauce to cover a wonderful white fish, embedded in aspic.

"Take the Cutlet, Russian Eagle, that Marlene Dietrich and Lilian Harvey like so well. It is really the specialty of the cafe, and so easy to make if you know how. All you need is the breast of a chicken. Fish and chicken, that is all I can serve here. In Russia we have *such* fish, fresh from the cold waters, and so many wild birds. The breast of a wild bird, say, spread with caviar. A splendid after-theatre snack, eh? And that is the way we ate in Russia.

"But for this dish, remove the breast of the chicken, pound it flat, and take out the muscles. If left in they would make the meat pucker out of shape when it was cooked. Now you must have a little sausage casing, such as your breakfast sausage comes in, and into that put a mixture of finely chopped mushrooms, truffles, ice cold butter. Wrap the chicken breast around this casing, so it is shaped like a cutlet. Roll it in unbeaten white of egg, dip it in bread crumbs, and have ready a pan of boiling hot butter. Into the (Continued on page 74)



Fred Perry, the English net star, squires BETTE DAVIS at Hollywood's favorite night spot, the Club Trocadero.



At the Ambassador or anywhere JOAN eats prunes stuffed with cottage cheese, and FRANCHOT TONE on toast.
—Wide World.

COMMON-SENSORSHIP

(From page 30)

employed it. Not only does it invariably defeat its purpose—I understand that the priest who picketed the Mae West film on Long Island the other day succeeded in selling out the house—but we feel that it springs from the wrong premise. Perhaps I can best explain our principle by telling you just how we work.

"First of all, our pre-viewers are chosen not because they are belligerent moralists but because they are intelligent, discriminating and endowed with the common sense, the good taste and the literary appreciation essential to a sound opinion. In other words, they are not crusaders but competent critics, all college graduates, and in sympathy with our program and its psychology. Secondly, we never formulate a decision on any individual's verdict but accept the consensus of three or four experienced opinions. If there should be important disagreement in the first ballot, we will have another pre-view and the benefit of seven or eight judgments before reaching a conclusion.

"But this is purely the mechanics of the thing, and I think the principle is much more important. That is based on our belief that it is unwise and futile to attempt to dictate or legislate the tastes of any group on such a matter as this over a long period of time. I am perfectly frank to admit that the Legion's crusade has borne good fruit in the immediate curbing of Hollywood's worst efforts from the moral standpoint. Some pretty rotten stuff came out during the first half of this year—the lowest grade I think we have seen in bulk in many years—and it was only natural that resentment should crystallize into a wide-spread movement supported by non-Catholics as well as Catholics. The immediate point is that since this movement became articulate in July, our committee has been able to approve ninety percent of the new films pre-viewed. This is an unprecedented ratio and speaks volumes for the sudden change of viewpoint among the producers.

"**B**UT from the practical, long-range angle, I am afraid that this cannot be anything more than a wave of reform because public indignation is short-lived and such an intensive drive can only be fueled by universal indignation. As soon as that cools, the engine has lost its power which, after all, was never more than punitive anyhow, and therefore temporary. So we gradually slip back to where we started because nothing fundamental has been done."

"That," I interrupted, "is what interests the thinking individual: what do you consider the fundamental thing to do?"

"It follows two lines," Mrs. Looram explained. "First, it is essential to educate people to demand better entertainment—which is hardly in the



It's difficult to get a picture like this of BABY JANE (Juanita) Quigley . . .

producer's or exhibitor's field, but is strictly in the realm of some of their most outspoken critics. Second, to bring to the attention of discriminating people the existence of good pictures so that such pictures will be better patronized. This not only operates to the immediate satisfaction of the public, but by making such pictures more profitable for the producer and exhibitor, assures the production of more of the same type.

"By 'good pictures,' incidentally, I don't mean 'goody-goody' pictures but films which meet reasonable standards of quality in literary, dramatic and amusement elements as well as in moral or ethical tone. In short, if we pre-view a production that is sappy, dull and devoid of literary merit, we don't approve it even if it is as 'pure' as the driven snow. And we feel that apart from a temporary drive those who base their whole case on decency alone are just nibbling at the problem."

"May I say, then, that you don't object to Sin when it is represented in its true light and meets with its just deserts, but that you do object to its glorification?"

The comely Chairman smiled and agreed that the case might be so stated—provided that Sin wasn't made the chief appeal. And as she pointed out, ethics entered into the matter quite as heavily as plain morals, and they could see no justification for making attractive any brand of unsocial conduct. All of which brought us back to the original premise that the most constructive and permanent good could be accomplished by according every support to those pictures catering to good taste, while providing adequate entertainment or amusement.

THIS the Federation does by publicizing its approved list of pictures weekly through some twenty-five judiciously selected radio stations; by sending press releases of these lists to more than five hundred newspapers and at least one hundred Catholic periodicals aside from local parish bulletins served through State Committees in every State of the Union. Still another important service is the interchange of criticisms with Parents and Teachers groups and other progressive organizations working along similar lines, as well as the weekly contacts with public libraries. More and more, Mrs. Looram explained, people are developing the custom of telephoning to the local librarian for advice on films they or their children may contemplate seeing, and reference to authentic lists (published well in advance of the picture's release) establishes an accepted basis for an opinion.

Two results of this continuous and tireless effort are immediately apparent. The first is that while the pre-viewing board approved only forty-nine percent of the films examined in 1928, in three years it was able to put its stamp on seventy-two percent of the current offerings. The second is that a direct result of this work is the grateful response of a "market" heretofore untouched by the movies: those thousands of intelligent people whose infrequent cinema visits had been so disappointing that they ceased to gamble on being bored or insulted by the brand of entertainment provided.

One graphic evidence of this is the whole-hearted support and cooperation now accorded the Federation by exhibitors and producers alike. In the early days, Mrs. Looram recalled with a chuckle, motion picture men shunned the endorsement of any woman's organization as they would the plague, for such an OK was certain to kill any film! Today they go out of their way to win the Federation of Catholic Alumnae approval because it has a definite box-office value.

The important point in the Committee's experience is that they can see a remarkable improvement of pictures in literary as well as moral standards, and a much higher proportion of films that are not only clean but also worth seeing.

Thus the Federation, through its energetic Mrs. Looram, has bent all its efforts along these two basic lines. First, it endeavors to stimulate among the public an active demand for screen entertainment of a finer theatrical and ethical quality. Second, it strives to spread the news of the presence of such pictures so that more and more of the prospective auditors, heretofore scornful of the run-of-mill production, would join the habitual theatre-goer in popularizing the worthwhile film.

HONEST CRITIQUES OF NEW PICTURES

(From page 41)

spot in the whole, over-dialogued affair is the comedy of Reginald Owen and Jesse Ralph.

The other Ann Harding is as light, frothy and sophisticated as "Biography of a Bachelor Girl," the comedy through which she breezes as a portrait artist who has more notoriety than money. The sale of her biography to a sensational magazine is the means of recouping her fallen finances, but complications set in when her first love attempts to stop publication of the revelations and she falls in love with the editor, Robert Montgomery. It is from the play "Biography" which Ina Claire did so slyly on the stage.

A LARGE bouquet of orchids goes this month to Gaumont-British for turning out "Evergreen", a neat but not gaudy little musical with a plot that is never forgotten and not allowed to become a mere vague accompaniment for the dancing and singing. Jessie Matthews, the star of the picture, proves herself to be a feminine, miniature edition of Fred Astaire. Playing opposite her, Barry Mackay takes the rôle of the publicity man who puts Miss Matthews over on the stage in an impersonation of her mother, a famous actress of a bygone day.

Aside from the few outstanding pictures mentioned, the month's screen product is nothing startling, and there are a few definitely disappointing efforts. Into this class falls "Night Life of the Gods." One of the most amusing ideas of the season, it somehow doesn't come off as it should. The fault is that the unique idea wears thin after the first few reels and there isn't enough incident in the story that follows to maintain interest.

"SWEET ADELINE" is another greatly ballyhooed picture which fails to live up completely to earlier promises. It stands as a loosely woven, faltering story that carries no weight as a musical and less as a romance. Two elaborate dance routines are excellent, yet seem out of place in the Spanish-American war period of the story. First honors go to Louis Calhern and Hugh Herbert. Donald Woods is the romantic lead and nice bits are contributed by Ned Sparks, Nydia Westman and Joseph Cawthorn. Despite these individual efforts, "Sweet Adeline" is but another backstage yarn with Irene Dunne doing one of those "the-show-must-go-on" finales.

While we are still on the subject of musicals, Evelyn Laye and Ramon Novarro offer a pleasing new romantic team in "The Night Is Young." You know the story—the one about a young archduke who becomes enamoured of a girl beneath him socially. To cover this secret romance, he employs a ballet dancer to act as his sweetheart. Despite the standard comic opera plot,

these two stars capture the imagination with their songs and fine performances. The laugh department is in the always dependable hands of Charles Butterworth, Edward Everett Horton and Una Merkel. The musical score is by Hammerstein and Romberg, with striking photographic effects credited to James Wong Howe.

In the tear-jerker class, still popular although a bit over-worked, "Little Men" is out and out sob stuff for those who enjoy a good cry. Deftly enacted by a cast of juvenile actors which includes Frankie Darro, Trent (Junior) Durkin, Dickie Moore and others, it will have appeal for adults. Erin O'Brien Moore follows in Katharine Hepburn's footsteps as Jo, with Ralph Morgan as Professor Baer. All in all it is a pretty large dose of sentimentality.

TWO current offerings which should not be missed if you haven't already seen them are Katharine Hepburn's "Little Minister" and Bing Crosby's "Here Is My Heart."

In the former Miss Hepburn is less gaminish, more subdued and consequently more charming. One of the year's best performances is the work of John Beal, whose struggle against the girl he believes to be a gypsy (Hepburn) comprises the story. There is his mother, the always appealing Beryl Mercer, and the impoverished Nanny by Mary Gordon. There are scores of others—Andy Clyde's lonesome policeman, Alan Hale's reformed drunkard, Donald Crisp's town doctor and all the church elders—a collection of fine actors trouping through a splendid picture.

"Here Is My Heart" finds Bing Crosby by more likable than ever as the wealthy

radio crooner out to keep the promises he made for himself as a lad. His duets with Kitty Carlisle, who carries herself like a queen, are particularly haunting. Memorable bits of the picture are the duet Bing sings with himself on the phonograph and the scene in which comic Roland Young learns the magic of the adding machine.

FRESH from her triumph in "Imitation of Life" Claudette Colbert again proves her versatility by turning light comedienne in that cream-puff farce, "The Gilded Lady". She plays an entertainer made notorious by smart publicity that links her name with that of a titled Englishman. Resenting the publicity and in a belief that theirs is a true love, Claudette follows the man to England only to return to marry the publicity man.

All this is told with a likable gaiety and amusing dialogue, slightly reminiscent of "It Happened One Night". The two men in her life are splendidly played by Fred MacMurray and Raymond Milland, both of whom you'll be hearing from in the near future. MacMurray is grand as the publicity man and Milland as the Britisher. The news flash, of course, is that Claudette wears a million dollars' worth of real jewelry in this picture.

The present Chan series, having exhausted the exploits of the character as written by the late Earl Derr Biggers, its creator, is being written by Philip MacDonald. And a mighty nice job he is doing, too. Only in minimizing the Chinese proverbs Chan loves to quote is there any change in the characterization. In fact, "Charlie Chan in Paris" stacks up with the best of film mysteries.



California sun shines on MARGARFT SULLAVAN, FRANK MORGAN, WILLIAM WYLER (Miss Sullavan's husband) and REGINALD OWEN.

SHE HASN'T CHANGED A BIT

(From page 42)

the picture, and we understand one another. I was tremendously flattered when the crew invited me to attend their party. At first I thought they were just making a gracious gesture. But I think they really meant they liked to have me, and I had a wonderful time and stayed until the very end.

"There was such difficulty on my first film, 'Nana'. It was ill-starred. Everyone was so unhappy. It showed in the rushes. Even the gay scenes were depressing. Poor 'Nana'! I feel toward the picture as a mother toward a sick baby, a crippled child. Full of sadness, full of affection for a heavy burden borne with love.

"**M**IND you, that first version, the one Mr. Goldwyn so valiantly destroyed, was not a bad picture. It was better than average. But it wasn't good enough for him—or for me. Neither of us could say just what was wrong because everything was wrong. When the later version was released, I slipped away from Hollywood and came incognito to New York to see it.

"When I sat in the Radio City Music Hall and looked around, wholly unrecognized, at the audience, I thought 'here are six thousand persons whom I am trying to make my friends'. It is quite an undertaking. I am still trying, not only with six thousand, but with sixty million. The thought is a little overpowering, isn't it?

"The second picture, 'We Live Again', ah, that is Tolstoy, whom I have always worshipped together with a multitude of Russians. If I had played that rôle for my American début, I fear I might have remained 'Katusha' forever. It is a part I have always wanted to play. I know the scene and the character so well.

"I am content with what we have achieved in the picture. Not that it matters in the least what I think of it. The estimate of the public is important, not mine. Now I am looking toward the future, for, you know, one may not live in the past. No completed work should be regarded as the paramount achievement of a career. I begin work on each new picture with the idea that it must be better than the last. Indeed, it should be. Otherwise experience is useless.

"I don't like the title, 'The Wedding Night'. I think it sounds badly in English, and assuredly it sounds much less desirable in Russian. My mother asks the name of the new one, and I write back that I don't know. But that isn't a lie, because I am quite sure the film will have a new name when it is produced.

"I am to be an American girl for the first time. And I must learn a little more of America than I can in Hollywood, or Chicago and New York. That is why I am visiting the tobacco growing region of Connecticut. So far the single thing that has impressed me most



CONSTANCE BENNETT and CLARK GABLE are 1935's newest romantic team.

as an American symbol is the Boulder Dam. But, confidentially, I think that the Russian project on the Dnieper is really more American than anything I have seen here so far!

"America and Russia have so much in common. Both peoples are creators, builders. And the builders are what count. Both nations attack their problems with courage and directness. And in both countries one finds something of the same speed and tempo. Maybe this helps tell why the Boulder Dam symbolizes America to me, the Dnieper project Russia, and both one another.

"Sometimes I despair of finding America. I don't feel I know anything of it as yet.

"I have made it a point to form no opinions, particularly political opinions. I do not feel that I, an alien, a guest, have any right to an opinion regarding the government of the country. Maybe, some day I shall be a citizen. Then it will be time.

"No, I know nothing of the story in the new picture. Or at least, very little. I find that when a story is in preparation one of two courses is necessary. Either one must get very close to every angle of production, or else remain almost entirely aloof until all is in readi-

ness. For me, the first has been impossible, so there has been no choice to make. But you may count on Mr. Goldwyn for a story. And I, well, I promise to do my best."

HER new picture with Gary Cooper will be Anna's last until late in the Spring. She cannot, so she says, appear in more than two productions annually.

"I know my limitations, and I cannot work in more. I have no creative power and I can give my best only when my whole heart and soul are in the rôle. That takes so much from one. So, with my slow Russian soul, I cannot attempt more."

During the last two weeks on a picture the star suffers from insomnia. She can get no sleep because of the nervous tension under which she labors. The making of a movie of the calibre of a Sten starring vehicle is far from being a light task.

"Although 'We Live Again' was photographed during eight working weeks, there were two months more of rehearsals and preparations which demanded her presence at the studios at seven o'clock each morning, which meant that she arose at five thirty. She was never late.

From that early hour she worked unceasingly until at least six in the evening, and at times, under the pressure of exigencies, she and the cast worked forty hours straight through both day and night. Parts of "We Live Again" were filmed during the hottest weather recalled by a lot of oldest inhabitants. And both Sten and her troupe were caparisoned in the costumes of the ice-bound steppes, fur coats, gloves, shawls. The electricians and studio workers labored in shifts. But the star and the actors stuck it out.

OF future rôles, Anna says:

"I am not one who enjoys posturing or posing. There is no joy for me in walking on a set, smiling into the camera and trying to look beautiful. I want to create character. A new one every time. Something absolutely different from the last attempt. To be just a type, that is terrible. There is no progress, no opportunity to expand, develop, go on."

So, through her serious, kindly, soot-fringed gray eyes, Anna Sten looks at life, and a little at love, down the vista of her twenty-four years. Nor in looking does she forget the chill struggle of the dismal past—the days when she was Anjuschka Stenski, or some such person, fighting for food in the streets of Kiev, striving for recognition, and winning it in the Film Academy of Moscow, where, even now, a portion of her pay-check goes to aid the fellow workers in art's vineyards now treading the road over which she has passed to fame and fortune.

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LORETTA YOUNG
STAR OF 20TH CENTURY'S "CLIVE OF INDIA"

LITTLE CORNER OF MY HEART

(From page 37)

for the right man to come along. So I plunged into my work. Tried to absorb all of my energies in feverish activity. I always had to be doing things—anything. It was no use. That little corner of my heart was a constant ache.”

“YOU see,” Grace smiled, leaning forward to measure two jiggers of Scotch in my glass and a long pull of soda, “marriage has eliminated my gypsy feet. There is no longer a restless urge to dash madly about or lose myself in my work. I can live. Before, even in crowds, the lonely feeling would creep in because I knew there was no one with whom I wanted to share the important things of life. Now, Val and I walk out in the evening. Every mood of nature, every note of music, every secret transport of joy, is more precious because I can share it with him. And my own capacity to live is vastly increased. Even by myself I never feel alone.”

“Don’t you see how it has helped in my career? No one can do his best work unless he is happy. And marriage has given me so much more time for my singing. I’m not constantly thinking of how to escape from myself in a lot of senseless activity. And someone who really counts, who understands and appreciates, is such a tremendous inspiration.”

“And marriage,” Grace said, “teaches you to be unselfish.” She squirmed around to adjust the wine colored pillow at the back of her head. “It is good to be unselfish. I had always been such a headstrong creature that I doubted, for one frightful moment, if I could succeed as a wife. That was when we were returning to New York. As I saw the skyline loom up, all the nerve-racking demands of a successful career came back to me. I realized, then, that I had always been pampered. Expected others to sacrifice for

me. But if I doubted myself for that little instant my confidence came flooding back a week later. I told you about that,” and her eyes began to shine, “remember . . .”

That was the night of their first reception. Because of her supreme love for Val she was torn by a dreadful uncertainty. She watched him, hoping and fearing, as the guests assembled. How would he act?

It is not easy to be the husband of a celebrity. It is not easy to stand to one side, a relative nobody, while the world bows down to his wife. Masculine pride in such a situation is unpredictable. Sometimes it tries to dominate by a vulgar display of ego, sometimes it cringes. In the first case the guests resent the self-assertion; in the second, they despise.

But Valentin Parera is born of a long line of gentlemen. He not only stood the test but came away with the honors. He was himself. Gay, amusing, charming. There was not the slightest deflection from his own natural manner. Afterwards, Grace received most of the whispered compliments. Lucky girl, they said.

“At best,” Grace was saying, “life is only an adventure. And it is so much better when it is taken together. Those little sacrifices I spoke to you about. They were not real sacrifices. They were things I loved to do. And I’m sure Val feels the same way about me.”

That night, for instance, after she had finished working on “One Night of Love,” the Hutton yacht had put in at Los Angeles harbor. Old friends were on board. They were invited to come down for a party. But Val was working at the time. She wouldn’t think of going without him.

And that other occasion. She had invited thirty guests to dinner and an evening of music. Val became ill. She sent out hurried notes to call the party off, and whenever she could dash off the

set, she phoned her husband to see how he was feeling.

THE most gallant gesture Columbia studio has seen was the day they finished “One Night Of Love.” To appreciate its full significance it is necessary to understand that Mr. Parera is the kind of fastidious gentleman who would as soon appear half nude as to stroll about coatless, in nothing but a vest. As Grace came off the set to hurry to the projection room she stopped, caught her hands to her throat in a momentary chill. Instantly her husband’s coat was around her shoulders. For hours afterwards he paraded around with shirt sleeves dangling.

This incident seems woefully commonplace in print, but at the time everyone understood that here was the kind of stuff upon which love was made.

“Everything about our marriage is spontaneous. We don’t have any rules. How can you dole out love? How can you hedge it about with a lot of ‘dos’ and ‘don’ts’? That is what creates those little rebellions of spirit until, finally, the one vital thing of all is killed. If people can’t love in perfect freedom then love is at fault, not marriage.”

But what was it she had said before? As I got up to say goodbye it came back to me again. “Marriage implies a subtle discipline which we must impose upon ourselves. And discipline is necessary if we are to select the things in life which appeal to us most.”

“So you see,” Grace smiled, “why I think every ambitious woman should marry. A woman is such an emotional creature. And a turbulent river must have banks if it is to get anywhere. Without them, it spreads all over in an aimless flood.”

Grace laughed as she walked with me to the door. The evening had lengthened the shadows outside the window. In the patio her canary was singing. I was thinking, somehow, of love.

IT’S DESTINY

(From page 36)

she was. I asked her if I could take her home, but she had an appointment. So I sent her some flowers, and dropped in on her at her next stop, which happened to be San Francisco.

THEN she went back to New York, and as soon as I finished ‘The Singing Fool’ I followed her. When we started going together there the wise guys began to talk. So when she agreed to marry me, I figured we’d beat the columnists and Forty-Second street town criers to the punch.

“That’s why we slipped over to Portchester, New York, on September 21, 1928, two days after the New York opening of ‘The Singing Fool’ to get married on the quiet. I had reservations on the *Olympic*, and had picked out a route by which we could get to the docks unseen after the ceremony.

“That honeymoon trip was all they’re advertised to be, and neither of us will ever forget it. Ruby liked England and Ireland best, and Napoleon’s tomb fascinated her, too.

“WE CAME back, stuffed the six months down those wise guys’ throats, and—” spreading out his hands—“lived happily ever after.”

“How about the time Ruby Keeler had to leave her play ‘Show Girl’? She wasn’t so happy then, was she?”

Al grinned—like the cat that has eaten the canary bird.

“Well,” he said, “it happened like this. Ruby had been out in California with me while I was making ‘Say It With Songs’, and we were having the time of our lives. Boy, it was grand!

“Then we went back east and I met Ziegfeld on the train one day. He told me he would like to have Ruby in ‘Show Girl.’ I signed a contract for her, as we both thought it would

be swell having her starred on Broadway. And don’t think I wasn’t plenty proud of her.”

And because Al was proud of his bride, the show-goers on Broadway got an additional treat. For Al sat out in the audience and sang “Mandy” to Ruby on the stage. To have the man who was rated as the world’s greatest entertainer put the way he felt about his wife in song was worth packing that theater to hear.

“But,” continued Al, “I had to return to the coast unexpectedly. When I told Ruby, she was all for going back with me, show or no show.

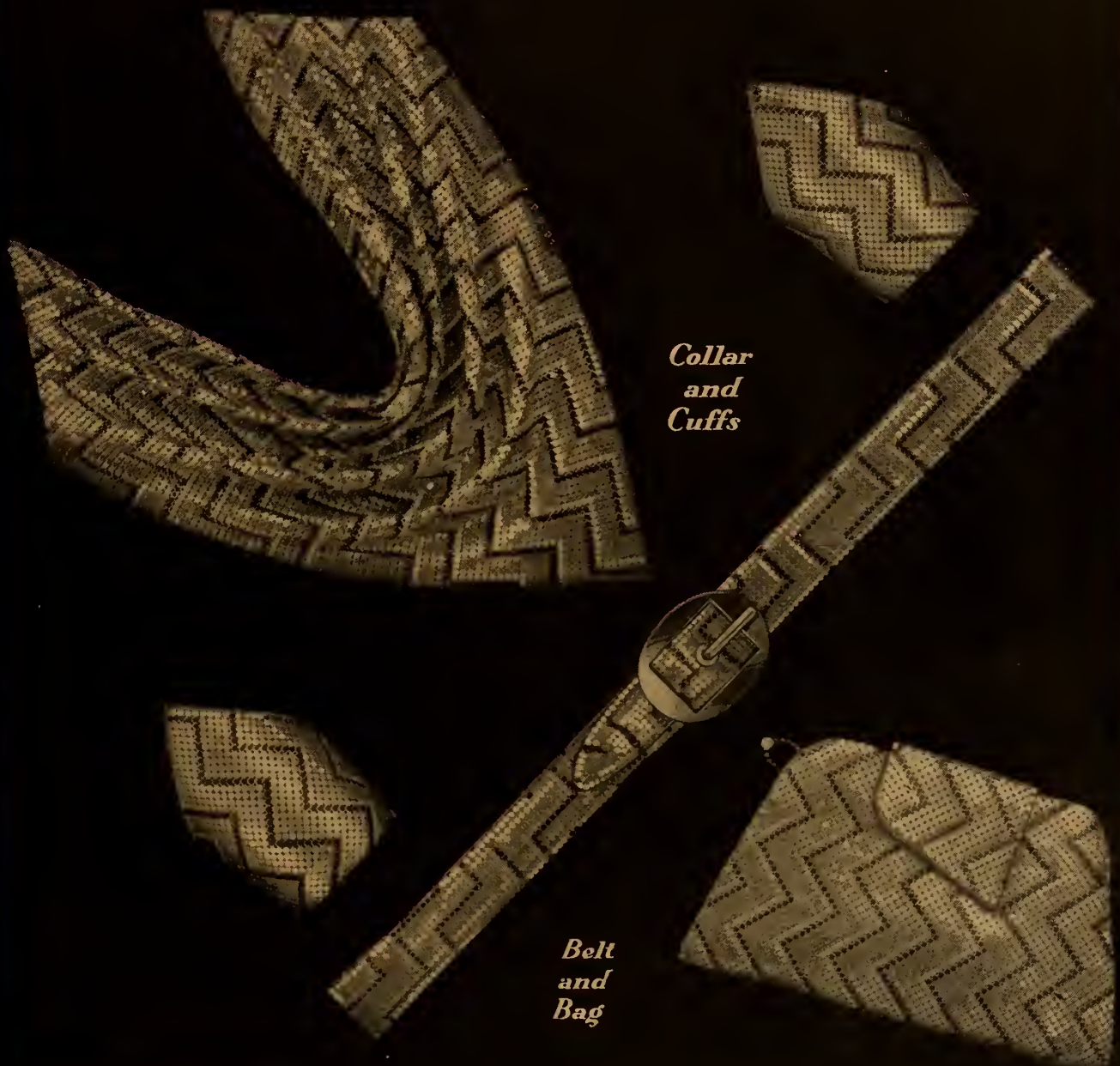
“‘I’m your wife,’ she said—just like a little kid. honestly, ‘and I’m going to be with you.’

“‘But you can’t leave the show,’ I argued. ‘You’ve just got to stay.’

“She said, ‘All right, dear,’ but I didn’t like the look in her eye.”

(Continued on page 65)

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● Gary Cooper, making the lipstick test between two scenes of his new picture, "The Wedding Night," a Samuel Goldwyn Production for United Artists.

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ANOTHER MARRIAGE FOR JOAN?

(From page 20)

people so often or to see so few people. How do I know another man would be any different?"

THERE was another pregnant silence while Joan considered the ins and outs of marriage and I considered Joan—considered the changes in her from the day I first met her six years ago when she was an impulsive, fun-loving girl who yielded to every impulse without counting the cost of anything, to the woman she is today who does nothing without first considering every possible result of her actions. She's come a long way since then, and every change has been for the better.

Presently Joan regarded me once more. "I told you a few minutes ago that I don't like many people and practically no women. Perhaps I should qualify that statement. There are a few women I like—those I have in my home, naturally—Jean Dixon, Katherine Albert and one or two others. But I find I get more out of associations with men. Their views and ideas are broader. Even at that there are relatively few I care about having for intimate friends. If I were married it would spoil even those few friendships. When I was mar-

ried to Douglas, I felt it was silly to give up all friendships with men and be with him exclusively. So I tried to keep up outside friendships. The result was there was a lot of talk and unfavorable criticism. So long as I'm free and unfettered I'm at perfect liberty to go with whom I please and whenever I please.

"When I want to have a dinner I don't have to go into any lengthy conference with anyone over my guest list. There's no worrying for fear this one won't be agreeable to my husband or having to argue him out of having someone for whom I don't care.

"I tell you, Dick," she exclaimed earnestly, "my life is fuller right now than it's ever been and I want to keep it that way. I'm living—and learning—and just that knowledge is tinctured with the divine. I don't say I'll never marry again. I hope some day I will. But it won't be for quite awhile, because I feel that until I've found myself more completely than I have, it would not only hinder me but it would be unfair to the man. For the present I much prefer to keep my friends and nibble at the edges of my cake."

GOOD PICTURES AND BAD BOX OFFICE

(From page 35)

stage to screen; the pace lagged a little; the gags were insanely funny. It was the rare kind of comedy that stayed fresh and comic in your memory.

"Berkeley Square": how this intellectual puzzle with overtones of Einstein ever made a stage hit I do not know—but it had "quality" and it was beautifully acted on the screen. The puzzle was simplified and the love interest heightened; for a serious picture it was always interesting and often moving.

"Queen Christina": Mamoulian made absurd mistakes—he even repeated the mistakes of Griffith in "The Birth of a Nation"—but he presented Garbo more expertly than ever before, with more variety in her moods and far more beauty radiating from one person than I have ever before seen on the screen; it was a good enough story (if you didn't worry about history) and it was almost all Garbo.

"Tarzan and His Mate": easily as good as any of the other Tarzans, about as good as any of the animal-and-adventure type of picture, with plenty of absurdity to laugh at and enough thrills.

"Duck Soup": perhaps the best of the Marx Brother revels, with a sequence at the end burlesquing all movie rescues, in which dolphins and Olympic racers vied with the Marines to arrive in the nick of time—abso-

lutely of the first order; backed with at least three Marxes disguised as Groucho and mirrors and lots of other comedy.

"Counsellor-at-Law": another first class drama well taken over by the pictures, and another excellent performance by Barrymore, doing it straight with modesty and intelligence. Loads of human touches, comedy bits, tear-jerks and a reasonably happy ending.

"Little Man, What Now?": from a famous book, the misery of which it sweetened a little, nicely and quietly done.

YOU will see that even in these very brief descriptions I have generally noted some defect in the pictures. But I am willing to take an oath that it was not the defect that made the picture fail, because there were similar defects in the pictures which succeeded. If a few dull patches and a few old gags prevented pictures from making money, there would be no money in pictures, and consequently no pictures. Note that in my list you have sex appeal, romance, pathos, high and low comedy and excellent drama—and in some of the pictures you have nearly all of these combined. What else can you ask? What else did the successful pictures have?

Well, some of them had the partic-

(Continued on page 63)



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HEPBURN IS A SHY FAUN

(From page 22)

divulge what is in her own brain. That she should be thus extremely shy, is the most natural reaction I can imagine.

Most of the picture stars were undoubtedly somewhat suppressed before they stepped into fame. So it is equally natural that they should expand, seek every possible medium of self-expression and be willing to tell the world practically all that the world wants to know about them. With Hepburn the complete reverse is true. For, if you'll trouble to remember correctly, it's not what you know about Katharine that irritates you, it's the fact that you *don't know anything*, which is exasperating.

Many people have said that her reticence is a publicity gag, patterned on the great Garbo mystery. But this is absolutely not so. There are two reasons why Hepburn won't talk about herself and they are both excellent reasons.

TO BEGIN with, like all genuinely well-bred people (and Katharine comes of really genteel stock on both sides) she feels that her private life is hers alone, and that nothing could be in worse taste than the discussing of it for publication. She feels, and I believe I can say this authoritatively, that to give out any intimate facts about herself, her husband, her men friends, or her tastes and amusements would be to put herself on a par with those vulgar women who pour out their life histories to some newspaper sob-sister after a murder. In Katharine's simple code, that sort of thing is just not done. She is not snobbish about it, she's simply behaving as she believes a lady should. And then, when some persistent interviewer hounds her beyond endurance, she suddenly reverts to the "kitten-with-the-claws-out" memories of her childhood.

The second reason is even more vital. As I said before, Hepburn is shy—not in the ordinary sense, but with a profound basic shyness of which she herself is keenly aware. Her trick mannerisms, her impertinence, are part of a defense-mechanism. She fights the world because she is terrified of what its intrusion may do to her art. She wants terribly to think her own thoughts in her own way, because that is vital to her best development. Her thoughts are original, delicate and yet daring, and if allowed to develop unhindered, of infinite value to her own peace and to the intelligent interpretation of her work. But on the other hand, she is extremely sensitive and, like all sensitive people, easily swayed by other people's views, if they are forcefully put. Her whole instinct is to protect herself from intellectual intrusions.

The result is that an extremely modest woman is put down as a sly termagant, quite stupidly and unfairly. Of Katharine it must be said that it's not a question of temper, it's a real case of temperament.

On still another count must her shyness be taken into consideration. I refer to the fact that she is supposed to be unpopular in Hollywood's social circles. As a matter of fact, Katharine is blandly unaware of their existence. The Hollywood party is something so far removed from her type of interest that I doubt she even realizes they go on. When she is in the Film Capital she is there to work. And work is something she takes so seriously that it's rather terrifying. Her acting is, indeed, the biggest thing in her life and in her case this is not a cheap catch-phrase, flung out for publicity purposes, but an actual fact. And above all, she is sincere in the statement that she wants to be accepted by her public for her public performances and nothing else. In other words, she feels that if she can't be accepted on her merits without having to bolster up fan-interest by an exposé of her private affairs, she has no business acting at all. And personally, I admire her for this attitude. It's decent, it's restrained, it's perfectly justifiable in every way.

This I must say, however. I believe that success is bringing Katharine a terrific problem. Self-discipline. Most of us are so disciplined as children that we learn our lesson then. Katharine Hepburn had none of it during her formative years. Instead, she was taught self-expression. But while that's a beautiful theory of child-culture, it doesn't work out in after life as Katharine is undoubtedly finding. The first thing which is required in any of the arts is self-discipline: to voluntarily assume strict hours, diet, exercise and all the thousand and one petty sacrifices which success exacts.

In many ways Hepburn is still the little girl who once snatched the cake off my plate, unrebuked.

It is the latter Katharine who is winning out, despite all the loose-ends which her radical childhood must have left in her soul.

Her work is superb, we all agree. Is that not enough? Can't we do as she wants and take her at her screen value, leaving her life in that cool shadow from which she emerges with such brilliancy, and which is so necessary to her spiritual welfare?

You wouldn't blame a faun for cutting capers when it's startled. He does it because he's shy. But he's none the less enchanting for all that.

And Hepburn is shy. That's why she cuts such capers. Don't frighten her with intrusions. But let her know how much you like her work. That is as necessary to her as the air she breathes. Because like all truly shy people, she needs constant reassurance. She can hardly believe in her own achievements and is more anxious to better them than you can possibly imagine.

And above all remember she's not a spitfire; she's a fire-sprite!

Good Pictures (From page 60)

ular stars of the year, such as Shirley Temple, Wallace Beery, Mae West and Katharine Hepburn. The pictures on my list, for the most part, had stars of five or ten years standing. Against the appetite for new stars, new faces and new tricks, no excellence can prevail. I look over my list and find that it is a little "old-fashioned." The same kinds of pictures could have been done three or four years ago. On the other hand, I see nothing peculiarly novel and striking in the smash hits of the same time.

I have avoided extracting a moral from the movie failures, but there is one thing more important than a moral which it is well to put down, although I do not think the producers in Hollywood will thank me for it. That is: a distinguished failure is better than a cheap success.

It is almost exactly twenty years since I began writing about moving pictures, and in all that time I have never suggested that Hollywood ought to make pictures which only a few people would like. I have suggested, again and again, that they can make popular pictures better than they are now. They can even make their pictures more popular by making them better. But I would say to the producers of the seven films I have listed above—and they come from all the major companies—that these pictures which did not roll up a fortune for them have probably created a goodwill toward the movies which will have its financial return in the future.

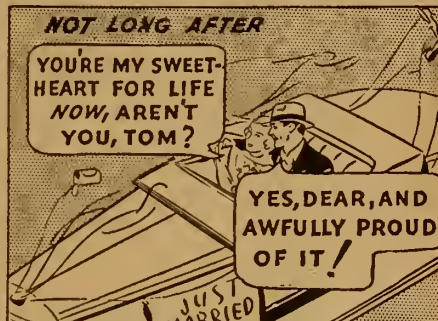
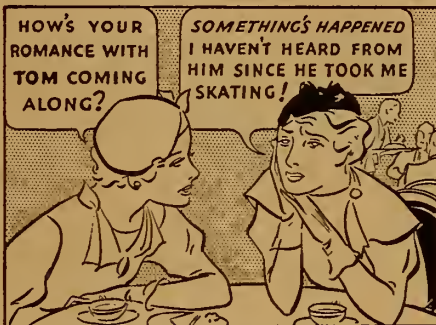
I KNOW that Hollywood producers are not interested in the future, and think that if they can show a big gross return right away, they have done their job. But if the movies are to go on another ten or twenty years (and pay dividends) you have got to keep people coming steadily to the box office, and you have got to seduce new customers all the time. Every bad picture, even if it makes money, sends a few people away from the movie house disappointed and more willing to stay at home with the radio. Every good picture, even if it loses a little money, creates customers for the future.

The most heartening thing I know about moving pictures in recent years is that at least six of the ten best pictures each year have been among the successful pictures of that year, and that the gap between the good picture and the money-making picture is closing.

SOLUTION TO LAST PUZZLE

K	A	R	E	N	H	O	W	S	T	O	N	E
M	A	N	E	Y	E	V	E	R	E	T	T	N
D	U	N	N	W	I	L	L	L	Y	O	N	T
O	N	E	H	A	L	L	I	L	P	A	T	N
L	I	F	A	H	H	O	R	S	E	N	E	D
O	K	A	Y	T	O	N	O	H	O	Y	V	
R	I	Y	E	S	T	R	E	E	S	I	R	N
E	V	E	S	O	N	E	A	R	O	N	E	F
S	A	R	I	T	O	N	E	R	I	T	A	L
S	H	I	N	A	E	L	L	I	O	T	T	S
C	A	R	O	L	S	A	L	O	L	A	N	D

How Beauty and Romance Came to Nancy



WHAT YEAST FOAM TABLETS did for Nancy's skin, they should do for yours. A muddy, blotchy, unattractive complexion is usually caused by faulty elimination or a nervous, run-down condition. Your trouble is internal and requires internal treatment. That is just what YEAST FOAM TABLETS provide.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS contain rich stores of vitamins B and G which strengthen your digestive and intestinal organs, which give tone and vigor to your nervous system. With the true causes of your trouble corrected, eruptions and blemishes vanish. Your skin becomes clear and smooth. Indigestion, constipation, lack of pep and nervousness all go. You enjoy new health, and new beauty.

Don't confuse YEAST FOAM TABLETS with ordinary

raw yeast. YEAST FOAM TABLETS have a rich, appetizing, nut-like flavor. And they cannot cause fermentation in the body because they are scientifically pasteurized. Many leading American universities and various laboratories of the United States government use this new-type yeast in their vitamin research.

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THE RIGHT AND WRONG ABOUT COLDS!

Facts It Will Pay You to Know!

THE "COMMON COLD" yearly, directly or indirectly, takes more lives and causes more illness—and more expense—than any other single ailment to which human flesh is heir.

The sad part of it is that much of the misery caused by colds is due to carelessness or ignorance in treating colds.

A cold, as your doctor will tell you, is an *internal infection*, resulting from a germ attack. In other words, a cold, regardless of the locality of the symptoms, is something lodged within the system.

Everything but the Right Thing!

The failure of many people to recognize the internal or inward character of a cold results in much mistreatment of colds. More often than not, people do everything but the right thing for the relief of a cold.

They rub pungent greases on their chests; they inhale stinging vapors; they swallow all kinds of preparations which, for seven months of the year, are good for everything but colds and which suddenly become "good also for colds" when cold weather sets in.

Many of these methods are good as far as they go—but they don't go far enough! They don't get at a cold from the inside which a cold, an internal infection, requires. The result often is that a cold may progress to the point where it becomes a serious matter.

Recognizing the apparent nature of the "Common Cold," it becomes

obvious that a cold calls for a remedy that is expressly a cold remedy and one that is internal in treatment.

Such a remedy is Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine!

It is expressly a cold remedy and not good for a number of other things as well. It is internal treatment and it is complete in effect.

The Four Things Necessary

First of all, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine opens the bowels gently but effectively, the first step in dislodging a cold.

Second, it combats the cold germs and fever in the system.

Third, it relieves the headache and grippy feeling.

Fourth, it tones the entire system and helps fortify against further attack.

This is the treatment a cold calls for and anything less is coming pretty close to taking chances.

Harmless As It Is Effective!

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine contains nothing harmful and is absolutely safe to take. For more than forty years it has been the standard cold and grippe tablet of the world, the formula always keeping pace with Modern Medicine.

Every druggist in America sells Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. Good druggists won't try to sell you a substitute.

JANE WYATT

(From page 25)

Her Universal contract calls for her to leave New York on June 9 and spend five months in Hollywood. Then she will appear in another play.

"I believe I like the stage better than pictures. If it had to be one or the other, I should choose a stage career." That's why Universal arranged for her to do both. She is muchly wanted in Hollywood.

Her idols are Katharine Hepburn and Charles Laughton.

She was with Laughton on the New York stage in 1931, in "Fatal Alibi," a grim play that fascinated some people but not quite enough, in such troubled times, to lift it into the hit class.

She has rollicking humor and is the proverbial picture of health—with a complexion you'd like to believe might belong to your favorite movie actress. She doesn't have to bother about dieting to keep her figure (weight, one-eighteen).

"Actually," she confessed, "I eat like a horse."

But then she takes some strenuous exercise, too. Jane on roller skates is a familiar sight along some of the better sidewalks of New York. Usually she skates with her brother, Christopher Wyatt, Jr., whom she adores. He is a newsreel editor.

Jane knows how to handle horses, play tennis and swim. She speaks very good French. Now and then—shh!—she enjoys a thimbleful of brandy.

It does seem that with such a girl as Jane, there might be a romance in the offing—perhaps with some socially prominent young blood. I asked her if she had any idea about the type of man she would care to marry.

"Just say," she answered, smiling, "that I couldn't find any sort of man to marry me, so—well, I just went on the stage."

"But truthfully," she went on, "I don't want to get married; I don't think about that just now. I want to be an actress."

Jane, one may suspect, appreciates the fact that she has admirers aplenty, and that adds much to the wholesome joy of living.

I know of one playwright (no, she doesn't know his identity yet), who came away from "Lost Horizons" so gaga over her that he has practically dedicated his life to turning out a script that he will consider good enough to present to her.

And she merrily informed me of this: "Just before curtain time the other night, a four-page special delivery letter was brought to my dressing-room. It really was the outpouring of an ardent soul, no question about that. And this effusive stranger ended up by urging me, if my heart was touched, to put an ad in the personals column of the *Sunday Times*, saying:

"Roger, please come. Jane."

AND then, an evening or two later, while Al was watching from the audience, Ruby fell down a flight of steps on the stage during one of the spectacular numbers in her show.

"I rushed back stage, scared speechless," recalled Al, unconsciously re-enacting his part of the drama as he spoke. "And there was Ruby, all cut up and bleeding. And her ankle was broken, too.

"Later, when I went to the hospital where they had taken her, she just cuddled up and said: 'I told you I was going to the coast with you.'

"And they said our marriage wouldn't last six months!" Jolson added in fine contempt.

From the time of that accident on, as Ruby frankly told her friends, Al was going to find he was married to a porous plaster.

So the Jolsons traveled to California together, and Ruby spent her days at the studio, watching Al work. She was offered many opportunities to work in Al's pictures, but each time declined, believing Al wouldn't want his wife mixed up in his work.

But now they're together.

"How do you like the idea of making a picture with your wife?" I asked referring to their activities in "Go Into Your Dance."

"Great! And Ruby is for it 100%. They said we couldn't make a go of marriage, but how many of our critics could do a job with their wives, or husbands, like we're doing now without china and chairs flying?

"But we love it. And we're not only getting a great kick out of it, but we're both doing the best job we've ever done."

"Hasn't the romance worn off a little by now, Al?" It was between shots that I asked this, almost immediately after Ruby had pulled away from a group of friends to come over and give Al's head a friendly shove.

"What do you think?" he challenged. "Ruby got a four day lay-off while she was making 'Dames', and jumped a plane for New York to spend a couple of days with me while I was broadcasting.

"Ruby and I get a kick out of every day. We're not much for planning our life out in advance, except that we know we're going through it together. We sort of live from day to day. If we take a notion to quit, we'll quit it all, and just take things easy. We have no property to tie us, and sometime if Ruby likes the idea we might take a trip around the world.

"We live pretty quietly. We like to have a few friends in to play bridge with us, if we can find some who play badly enough. Personally, I like hearts—but Ruby likes bridge, so we compromise and play bridge."

A little later Al reached forward to pluck at my sleeve.

"Look," he whispered, pointing to a wedding ring on Ruby's finger as she stopped close to us for an instant, "no matter what she's doing, that ring never comes off."



NEED A BLONDE FADE EARLY?

By *Lady Esther*

People say that blondes have a brilliant morning, but a short afternoon. In other words, that blondes fade early!

This, however, is a myth. Many blondes simply look older than their years because they use the wrong shade of face powder.

You should never choose a face powder shade just because you are a blonde or brunette. You should never try to match the color of your hair or the particular tone of your skin. A blonde may have a dark skin while a brunette may have quite a light skin and vice versa.

A face powder shade should be chosen, not to match your hair or coloring, but to *flatter* your whole appearance.

To Find the Shade that Flatters

There is only one way to find the shade of face powder that is most becoming to you, and that is to try *all* five basic shades.

Lady Esther Face Powder is made in the required five basic shades. One of these shades you will find to be the most flattering to *you*! One will instantly set you forth at your best, emphasize your every good point and make you look your most youthful and freshest.

But I don't ask you to accept my word for this. I say: Prove it at my expense. So

I offer to send you, entirely without cost or obligation, a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

When you get the five shades, try each one before your mirror. Don't try to pick your shade in advance. *Try all five!* Just the one you would least suspect may prove the most flattering for you. Thousands of women have written to tell me they have been amazed with this test.

Stays on for Four Hours —and Stays Fresh!

When you make the shade test with Lady Esther Face Powder, note, too, how exquisitely soft and smooth it is. It is utterly free from anything like grit. It is also a *clinging* face powder! By actual test it will stay on for four hours and look fresh and lovely all the time. In every way, as you can see for yourself, Lady Esther Face Powder excels anything ever known in face powder.

Write today! Just mail the coupon or a penny postcard. By return mail you'll receive all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

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FREE

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He can't forget
their beauty if
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Maybelline

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other feature, your
eyes express YOU.
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the first thing he looks
at is your eyes. If they
are beautiful and at-
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what he remembers most when he thinks
of you. So, make them unforgettably al-
luring with pure, harmless Maybelline.
Just a touch of this delightful mascara,
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dark and luxuriant. Your eyes become
lovely, bewitching pools... brilliant,
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But, you must use genuine Maybelline,
otherwise the effect is not all that it
should be. Moreover, Maybelline is the
tear-proof, non-smarting, harmless
mascara that has won the unconditional
approval of Good Housekeeping and other
leading authorities. Obtainable in Black,
Brown and Blue in a stunning metal
vanity. 75c, at all leading drug and de-
partment stores.



SYLVIA SIDNEY

(From page 45)

Tuxedo shirt with a silk collar which I think the men in this country would do well to adopt. When I go out at night I really want to dress up but I don't believe men like too much bare arm and back on display. You always bulge somewhere, so I try to choose dresses which cover the ugly part of a shoulder."

There is a black crêpe evening gown in her wardrobe sprinkled with tiny golden flecks; the jacket which may or may not be worn with it, has a soft fold of gold cloth around its neckline. This dress has a square neckline, not too low, a high bustline, all the fullness below the knees, the shoulders covered by cape-like little sleeves.

Sylvia Sidney talking about "bulging." She is as small as a hummingbird!

SHE had been posing for some hats which she liked very much. She showed me pictures of them—felt sports hats, again, which dipped over her right eye. She knows how to wear a sports hat, pulled down in front and somewhat over on one side in an Iris March manner. There's a trick to it and if you don't wear a sports hat in this manner you might as well not wear it at all.

This type of hat is suitable for printed dresses too. Sylvia wears a rather large one with a new, gayly printed frock she had just purchased in the children's department of a well known New York store, for sixteen seventy-five. She was pleased with her bargain, as pleased as I was with my eight seventy-five plaid taffeta from another of her favorite stores. The dress is a small patterned print because Sylvia is very small—bright green and red and black on a light background. One of those serviceable prints that cheer you up at this time of year under your dark coat. It had a corded, rolled collar which fastened close to her throat with a large jeweled clasp.

Isn't it encouraging to think that a motion picture star with a large salary goes into a store and comes out with a dress which you yourself could afford to buy? Of course all types of women can't do that. I can't imagine Jean Harlow or Carole Lombard, for instance, in a sixteen seventy-five dress.

I asked Sylvia what she lounged in—pajamas?

"Oh, no, not pajamas except for traveling and then of course I wear them because I never leave my compartment. They're just the thing for train wear. My real enthusiasm is something new—the top is like the old-fashioned middle blouse—open sailor collar; the sleeves are loose and long; the rest of it is just like a night-gown. I don't know what it is called but it is a garment which comes in dark colors much more interesting than the pastel shades. A heavy tailored silk, you understand, in dark blues and maroon. I wear these to read in because they are so comfortable. I'm crazy about them and about long sleeved nightgowns. I wear stockings because I get cold if I

don't—no, not to bed—but when I'm resting."

Her shoes are low-heeled oxfords "when I'm working." When she's dashing around New York she wears high heeled opera pumps. "They're always suitable—it's just a matter of materials. I have them in all kinds of leathers and in faille and satin. With that black evening gown I wear black satin opera pumps, perfectly plain with no ornament, though I do think when one has a broad instep it can be disguised by a small bow or a buckle. I really dislike sandals—straps and fussy detail on shoes, even evening shoes."

She isn't a sad person nor a sulky one, though her mouth turns down in repose. She outlines her lips with lipstick just as they are, for her mouth is very lovely. The corners fly up when she laughs. She smiles quickly like a child and then looks rather serious about things when she talks to you.

"Oh, tell them not to wear those dangling earrings at night," she instructed me. "I found out in one of my pictures that all a man can see when you turn your head is the movement of the earrings, and he really should see the line of your chin and cheek. Never dangling earrings!" She wears the minimum of jewelry, anyway—a tiny platinum mesh band with a small diamond on her little finger for day time wear.

She kept dipping into her brown pouch bag with its gold clasp and bringing out those little things that always fascinate men and which we advise every girl to cultivate a taste for—delicate cigarette cases, dainty compacts, little combs, good looking lipsticks, gold pencils, etc. Sylvia's comb had a gold ornament on it and went well with the purse and the gold cigarette case.

Trouble with splitting nails had caused her to change to iridescent nail polish, for which she apologized. It is really an evening polish and looks well with black without being either daring or conspicuous. We discussed nail polish.

"Most men don't care for bright polish, but now and then you will find a favorite man who does," Sylvia grinned, "so I wear a cherry red polish about twice a week. Magenta is not a good color, I think—I try to find a very clear red without any blue in it."

There is not much variety to her personal wardrobe but the ease with which she chooses and wears her clothes is a great deal in its favor—something to go with the mink coat or the leopard coat and the brown hat. The tailored woman really can't go wrong and Sylvia Sidney knows what men like.

Miss Brennan from the Paramount offices interrupted our exchange of opinions on clothes with, "Sylvia, did you know the studio has just bought a story for you called 'Morning, Noon and Night'?"

"Have they? I didn't know," Sylvia answered. It was a matter of business with her—she seemed to me ready to do anything which they asked of her without any temperament or without question.

JEAN MUIR

(From page 39)

the things I had held inside of me for many years. He never attempted to prejudice me or change my mind. He explained things.

"I had only two New York plays to my credit, and in both of these I had played small parts. I was licked before I even started.

"There have been many stories credited to me. Most of them are true. I suppose today I can only say I was putting on an act. In reality it was more than that. I was so sure that everyone was going to dislike me here, I did and said almost anything to keep myself strange and keep them all at a distance. I remarked that my feet were bigger than Garbo's. I have large feet and being conscious of them, I decided to make a remark first.

"The studio didn't have a job for me right away and I was resentful. I felt it was because I was a nobody and they didn't like me. So I went out of my way to attract attention, hoping they would give me work. I have always been curious and wanted to learn. In New York I had the reputation for being a pest. In Hollywood I soon enjoyed the same distinction. I would arrive at the studio every morning, even if I wasn't on call. I would go on the sets and watch the other actresses longingly. I stood behind the camera and asked countless questions. I pestered the electricians and made suggestions to the director. I wasn't trying to be fresh. I just wanted to know. If I didn't get a chance to act I at least wanted to gain a little technical knowledge, before my option had expired.

"I had no friends in Hollywood. With the exception of Jimmy Cagney there was no one who paid any attention to me at the studio. If it hadn't been for his kindness and encouragement, I think I would have taken the next train back to New York. That's an admission for me. I'm Scotch and I don't give things up easily!"

"AFTER a few small rôles my chance came in 'Desirable.' No one will ever know how hard I worked in that picture. No one will ever know how much it meant to me. I wasn't acting. I was living my life over again. My tears were real. I have always been a wallflower. I have always felt tall and awkward and been conscious of my long arms. Boys have never wanted to dance with me. Memory of my own unhappy youth came sweeping back in my emotion.

"In the last year I have learned a great deal," says Jean. "A year in Hollywood is equal to a lifetime anywhere else. I believe I am at last learning a tolerance I never knew before. I believe I am developing a sense of humor, something that I lacked sadly. I am working hard and trying to accomplish all I can. I seem to have found a new peace within myself. I have plans for the future and it is comforting to know that the day will come when I can carry them out. I believe that I can say that I have at last found myself."



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(From page 44)

never allowed to make up in any way except in private, for there is nothing lovely about powdering one's nose, and certainly not in combing the hair. These are a few of the little things that give you knowledge you are acting becomingly, and you will carry yourself erectly as a result."

"What are the important things to do in holding oneself correctly?"

"Three in number, I should say," Miss Carlisle replied. "HEAD UP, SHOULDERS BACK, HIPS SLIGHTLY FORWARD. That last is rather hard to explain, but what I mean is that you swing the pelvis slightly forward so that the hips are not too conspicuous. Then move smoothly and in a straight line. Try to start without a jerk, and walk naturally. But strive to make your *natural* walk and posture as I describe it. Become so accustomed to holding the head up, the shoulders back and hips forward, that it becomes a part of you, and you are not in the least conscious that you are standing and moving correctly."

"Nowadays we are often compelled to go into a crowded noisy room where it takes confidence to enter. Have you any suggestions how to face this ordeal?" I felt sure that when Miss Carlisle entered a room, no matter how crowded, people would sense that some one out of the ordinary had come, and would make room immediately for her, eliminating those awkward first moments.

"I always stop for a second, even if that second seems to exist only in my mind, and DRAW MYSELF UP FROM THE HIPS. I don't mean I raise my bust, but I stretch upwards from the hips until I feel that I look confident in my own self, and with my head up I go into the room, sure that I am entering quietly, but with that air of self-belief that does so much to put others at ease."

"What about clothes in connection with posture?" I asked Miss Carlisle.

"They are most important, of course. Being correctly dressed will help any feminine being to carry herself well.

"I've three suggestions to make about the things we wear under dresses. Too short shoulder straps pull your shoulders down, and spoil posture. Too small brassières restrict breathing and destroy naturalness. Tight waist bands cause rolls of flesh or uncomfortableness, and result in awkwardness. Watch those things!

"Naturally we move differently in various sorts of clothes. For instance in sports outfits and low heeled shoes we move differently than we do in long flowing Grecian evening gowns. We react decidedly to what we have on, but if we are graceful in one sort of wardrobe we will keep that beauty of movement in another."

In the accompanying picture Miss Carlisle wears a dress that enhances her slim grace. It is made of brown lace with a gold thread woven into it, and



Help your waver...

MAKE A SUCCESS OF YOUR WAVE

Mind this word of advice, and *you* will be in a position to assure the success of your *own* permanent wave.

Make certain that your hairdresser uses *nothing* but genuine Eugene Sachets for wrapping the strands of your hair.

Why this precaution? The answer is easy. The Eugene Sachet is the secret of the Eugene Permanent Wave.

When used on your long strands of hair with the Eugene Spiral method of winding—from roots to ends—it creates waves that are wide, soft, and natural.

When used for your shorter strands of hair with the Eugene Reverse-spiral method of winding—from the ends to the

roots—it fashions curls that are "springy" ... curls that will not come out or lose one bit of their pertness.

Any home-made wrapper—any less-ingenuous substitute for the genuine Eugene Sachet—may prove sadly disappointing. This wrapper, or "sachet" as Eugene calls it, plays too important a part in the creation of your wave for you to be careless about its quality.

Be sure that your hairdresser uses genuine Eugene Sachets. You can *make* sure by looking for the "Goddess of the Wave"—that little trade-marked figure that identifies genuine Eugene products.

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permanent waves

has flattering butterfly effects at the shoulders, and a softly draped skirt.

"Shoes should never fit too tightly, or the whole body movement is disturbed. Extremely high heels will throw the body off balance, and result in jerky movement. The new low evening sandals are lovely for tall slender people, but girls who are short from either hip to knee, or knee to foot, should not wear them.

"Let your hands add to the perfection of your posture. They are a most important part of this body of ours that we are trying to train to correct movement. In school in Europe we were taught to keep them calm, never to move them restlessly or fidget with them. Don't fuss at your hair with your hands or keep smoothing your dress, or picking at something. Let them rest quietly in your lap unless they are really expressing something vivid and vital. They can detract from your whole appearance by false movements." Miss Carlisle's long slender hands did indeed rest quietly as she talked, except as she used them to illustrate what she meant by certain definite motions.

"What about the posture of American girls in general?" I asked this star who has had the advantage of such schools as the Chateau Mont Choisi at Lausanne, Switzerland, and the finishing school of Princess Mestchersky in Paris, and has been trained in Paris, London and Rome under the finest masters of singing and dramatic art.

"It's grand to be able to say that I think the American girl has the best carriage of any I've ever seen! Although I've lived away from the United States most of my life, I'd hate to have to admit that European girls had more poise and better posture than those of my own country. I think probably the sports life that most of them live, with all their active participation in swimming, tennis, golf and dancing has developed them into a race of naturally poised beings. Bodily health and lots of exercise give one self-confidence, and that in turn brings about erect posture and the rhythm of smooth motion. You see it all goes back to what I said first—good posture comes from within, resulting from the knowledge that one is dressed simply and correctly, that one has a good healthy body, that one is acting always in the manner of the true lady of tradition."

Kitty Carlisle, this girl with all the advantages of European training, social background, private schools and stage and screen experience—all of the things of which most of us only dream—moved gracefully with me to the door and extended her hand in simple goodbye, and summarized for all of us the secret of good posture that years of the world's finest training had given to her.

"Live, move, and think simply and naturally. Good posture will develop, for it results from the fine instincts that come from within!"

CLAUDETTE COLBERT, Starring in Paramount's "The Gilded Lily"



A million eyes marvel at the beauty of CLAUDETTE COLBERT How many look at you?



FACE POWDER

...To harmonize with my colorings, black hair, dark eyes, olive skin, Max Factor's Olive Powder is correct... Fine in texture, it adheres perfectly and creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours.



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...Max Factor's Raspberry Rouge is correct for me. A perfect color tone, and creamy-smooth, like finest skin-texture, it blends evenly, imparting delicate, lifelike coloring to the cheeks.



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...Max Factor's Super-Indelible Crimson Lipstick completes my color harmony make-up. It is moisture-proof, the color is natural and once I've made up my lips I know they will appear perfect for hours.

COSMETICS OF THE STARS



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Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair Gray, select type above and here <input type="checkbox"/>
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STUART'S

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DOLORES DEL RIO

(From page 49)

is always full of them. My other favorite flowers are tube-roses and narcissus . . . all heavily scented blooms, as you can see.

MY FRIENDS are always asking me how I keep such an even, dark sun-tan, so perhaps you would be interested in knowing, too. In the first place, I have my own little sun-house, right outside my door. It is really a sand-pit, large enough for me to lie down in, and with a wall six feet high all around it. I have the sand especially imported from Monterey, for I think you always get a better tan when you are lying on sand. You see, the sand crystals retain the heat of the sun, and throw off a healthful ray, which is even hotter than the sun, for it is close to you. I remove all my clothes and lie there for about an hour every day. I toast first on one side and then on the other. Sometimes I read when I am sunning, and strangely enough, I never have to wear dark glasses, as most of you would have to do. I think this is because I was brought up in a hot tropical country, and my eyes are naturally strengthened against the sun. Squinting makes more wrinkles than age, I believe. Often it is just an unconscious habit, and every girl should guard against it.

If there is any way that you could manage to take a sunbath every day, it is the best thing in the world for you. If the sun is very hot, as it is in the middle of the summer, I sometimes cover my body first with pure mineral oil. It helps keep the texture of the skin fine and smooth. I do this daily to my face and neck, anyway. Many cold creams with a mineral oil base serve the same purpose. I allow the oil to stay on for a half an hour, then rub it off with a soft Turkish towel, and then apply luke warm water. This is almost my only regulation "beauty treatment." Of course I use cleansing cream every night, and in the morning I wash with warm water and a mild soap. My hair, too, I shampoo with plain soap, and lots of daily brushing keeps it healthy.

AND now I come to another of my favorite topics . . . make-up. I often remember the saying of a teacher of mine. She used to say, "Politeness is like an air-cushion. There may be nothing solid or substantial about it, but it helps to ease the jolts of the world." I suddenly realized that make-up was like that too . . . like the air-cushion. There is nothing solid or substantial about it—it is not as good as the *real* thing which is naturally red lips and cheeks, but it certainly helps to ease the jolts of the world!

Why, I wouldn't think of going down to breakfast without a careful make-up. Even if I am at home alone, learning lines of a script, my make-up must be just as fresh as though I were stepping out to tea. It does something to me—gives me confidence in myself. And I am sure it has the same effect on others.

ONE of my make-up tricks is the use of a small camel's hair brush for applying make-up. It's something you might try, too. Only be sure, when you buy a brush, that you buy a good one, for a good one will last for years, but a cheap one will fall apart. You'll have to use the brush for a while, before it is exactly right—before the point becomes fine and pliable. I just twirl this point into my lipstick, and then apply the lipstick on my lips. It seems to go on much more smoothly this way, and the line at the edge of the lips can be *perfect* when the brush is guided by a steady hand.

Another thing I've discovered is the use of a light film of heavy eye-cream under my eyeshadow. Perhaps you have tried using a little vaseline on your eyelids before applying eyeshadow. This does help the eyeshadow to go on more smoothly, but vaseline is apt to run and get messy in a warm room. So a heavier salve-like cream is better. An eye-cream that is sold for preventing and erasing wrinkles around the eyes is what I use under my eyeshadow—and this of course serves a double purpose. It *does* protect the eyelids from becoming lined, and at the same time, it helps to hold the eyeshadow smooth and to give it a glistening, shiny effect.

BEAUTY marks are coming back, and since I wore them so much in "Madame du Barry," I have been experimenting with them for my own personal use. And here's something very smart, I think, which I've discovered. I have always thought that ordinary beauty "patches" showed up too artificially against the skin, and besides, they are always falling off. So I suggest, instead . . . *paint* on your beauty marks with a waterproof, indelible, black mascara. It's best, too, to work with a sort of stencil. For example, if you want a perfectly round mark, cut a tiny circle out of a piece of heavy paper, then place the paper against your cheek, with the cut-out over the exact spot where you want your beauty mark, and apply your mascara through the cut-out, with your regular mascara brush. You can make yourself a set of stencils . . . one with a square cut-out, another with a half moon, and so on.

But no matter how much I have stressed make-up, I must remind you that my most important beauty rule is *health*. A sound body is the greatest beautifier in the world, because health gives off a beauty that comes from inside, and reflects itself on our faces. A lot of exercise, a lot of sleep . . . good wholesome food and sensible, sane living, is beauty's greatest aid. But heavens! That, in itself, is subject for another whole article. I guess I'd better let well enough alone, and stop here. . . . "until next time," which is, as we say in Mexico, "Hasta Luego!"

BILLIE BURKE

(From page 51)

men or scenario writers.

"IN those days women were born beautiful," sighs Billie Burke. "There were so few aids to nature then, why, even rice powder was thought a little bold! The great beauties of Broadway were those whose features, hair and complexions needed no plastic surgeon or beauty parlor. There was Maxine Elliott with the loveliest nose and mouth since Helen of Troy, and luscious Lillian Russell, as gay hearted as she was gorgeous, and a dozen others whose beauty set them apart from the common run of mortal women. Now"—her hands fluttered in a billieburkish gesture, "women are *all* beautiful. You can buy beauty on the shelves of every corner drug store, you listen to expert beauty advice every time you turn on the radio. But then a lovely woman was given the homage of a queen. They were feted, and toasted and mobbed by crowds. They were welcomed into society. Poets wrote odes to them, audiences went mad when they came onto the stage."

Edna Purviance may play Lillian Russell. In Irene Biller they have found a prototype for the sparkling Anna Held, she whose black stocking clad ankle wiggled at an audience from between the curtains never failed to bring down the house. William Powell will play Ziegfeld. But who will play Billie Burke, the one great romance of the life of this great Romanticist?

"Why not you?" we asked her.

BILLIE'S smile was sadder than tears. "Ah, if it were twenty years ago!" she sighed. She looks like a girl still with that glorious nimbus of auburn hair and her quaint beauty and fluttering, helpless hands. "Besides," she added, "I couldn't. I have done hard things in my life. I gave up my career when Baby came. I fought down my own feelings and kept our home filled with the most beautiful women I could invite there. But this would be *too* difficult, living it all over again. No, let them get someone else. Miriam Hopkins is rather like me then."

Brave Billie Burke! William Anthony McGuire who wrote the script of "The Great Ziegfeld" with her help pays her tribute. "Billie cried over every scene," he says "Flo Ziegfeld was like that—nobody that knew him could ever forget him. He was so good to his wife and daughter that they'll never be quite happy again."

"I wrote the picture for two reasons. One, Florenz Ziegfeld was too important a man not to be glorified as he glorified hundreds of the actresses in his shows. And second, when Flo died he was between fortunes. All his life he'd been that way, always making and losing money. So I thought that if this picture made royalties for Billie, it would be as though Flo was still looking after his wife and child."

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NORMA SHEARER

(From page 47)

of a party is tremendously important—congeniality, good food, comfortable chairs and becoming lights that are neither too dim nor too bright. These are the things that the successful hostess must look after, as a matter of course.

"I list congeniality of the guests first. If the people who come to a party aren't naturally drawn together the party can't very well succeed, no matter how well the food is selected or how beautiful the house.

"We can all think of women who in their own homes seem too busy, too preoccupied with how a party is going, too concerned with details. Such women are really worse than one who doesn't act like a hostess at all, who doesn't take any responsibility for the enjoyment of her guests. There should be a happy medium. The hostess should enjoy herself without forgetting that for the duration of the party she must be a subtle executive. The best way for her to do this is to plan her job before the guests arrive, before, indeed, she invites them.

"Now most people don't like to be told what to do at a party. They don't like to be pushed into this game or that. But I think it is nice to have some sort of entertainment in the background in case conversation runs down. Bridge or backgammon for those who like it, music for others, or whatever social pastime seems suitable.

"**M**ANY people make the mistake of thinking that a large party must, to be successful, be very large. When it comes to dinner parties, I consider that a formal party of not many more than twenty people is ideal. By formal I simply mean the opportunity to dress. In too large a crowd, the individual begins to feel rather lost and insignificant. In a group of less than twenty there is enough range of interest for each guest to choose whomever he likes to talk to without being conspicuous.

"To me it seems a superfluous gesture to put place cards on the table for a really successful dinner party. If the guests are such strangers to each other that they cannot find their places naturally at a suggestion from the hostess, then they haven't been very carefully selected with an eye to their congeniality.

"Many good parties break up early. I think one-thirty or two is a good hour for a party to end. It's nice to serve Champagne or highballs and thin sandwiches to speed the guests along. I like to do this because then they usually stay later, which I love!

"Now, in spite of all these definite rules I've mentioned, I really can't call myself a 'perfect hostess.' And I don't think of myself as an authority on the subject. I like parties, and I usually manage to have a good time at them, whether they're given by others or at my own house. If that's a rule for expert hostessing, then I give it for what it's worth."

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AN INVISIBLE MAN

(From page 27)

desire to 'go social'.

"Social life has no appeal to me because I have discovered that in society, no matter what the city or town, people talk too much. I have also learned that while they talk a lot they usually say very little. Don't you think, with me, therefore, that social life is quite a waste of very valuable time? We have so few years allotted to us that it seems a shame to waste a great part of them in useless conversation."

That little outburst, probably one of the longest speeches made by him since he came to Hollywood, gives you some indication of what Claude Rains is like.

RAINS sort of slipped into pictures. He was playing in New York in the stage play, "Peace Palace," when a representative of Universal asked him to make a voice test for "The Invisible Man."

"I didn't take the matter very seriously," he said. "I dropped in and read the lines that were given me, then dashed on to the theater for my performance. Imagine my surprise the next day when the Universal man called me on the telephone and told me I was perfectly grand. Would I do the part? Would I arrange to leave for Hollywood as soon as possible? Would I sign the contract? I who had been longing to get into pictures for so many years . . . I was quite flabbergasted, but I said, 'Yes,' to everything, and I eventually arrived in Hollywood for a rôle in which no one saw my face until the end of the picture when I was dead. Then they got a tiny glimpse of me. While it was a bit uncomfortable to work in the picture with my head all covered up by blue cloth, it was a perfectly gorgeous thing to do. Would I sign the contract? Would I!"

"Why didn't you come into pictures long ago?" I asked.

"For the very simple reason I was never invited," came the typically frank and honest reply of Rains. "I wanted to get in pictures long before pictures seemed to want me."

RAINS might well be termed an opportunist, for his entire career has been one of waiting for opportunity to knock, and then grabbing it and making good. He was a choir-boy when at the age of eleven he appeared as a singer in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury" at the old Haymarket theater in London.

That one experience was the turning point in his career, for he felt the call of the grease paint in his blood, and soon secured a job as a call boy at His Majesty's Theatre. From this he rose to stage prompter, and eventually landed as stage manager for the famous Sir Herbert Beerbolm Tree. He remained in this job for seven years. Then he took a similar position with a touring company.

"During this time," he explained, "I never considered becoming an actor myself. I could paint scenery and build it. But I never thought of acting. I used to worry myself almost to death over what were undoubtedly minor details in the performance of various actors. And then came an opportunity to take a part which I considered an especially good one, and I did it. Strangely enough, it was in the same old Haymarket theatre in which I had appeared when a child. The play was 'The Gods of the Mountain'. It changed my whole life."

The war interrupted his career for three years, and it almost stole this player from the theatrical profession.

"I had definitely decided during the war," said Rains, "that the stage was too trivial a thing to take up the mind of a he-man. I was all through with it. I was going to do something big and man-like, something like joining the Royal Canadian Northwest Mounted Police. But a half hour of conversation with one of my old stage manager friends over a hot dinner changed my mind, and I was back on the stage where I started."

IN THE matter of knowing his lines, Rains is very serious. At times he is a bit embarrassing to other players who are accustomed to the slipshod methods of many Hollywood actors who learn their lines between scenes on the set. He has been known to flash his piercing brown eyes toward a player who is holding up a scene because of not knowing his lines, and to exclaim rather sarcastically that the place to learn lines is at home.

"I cannot understand the attitude of any actor who either arrives late on the set or who has not learned his lines before coming," he told me. "On the stage there is a definite time when the curtain goes up. If an actor is not there he knows an understudy will step into his place, and he will be in the cold looking for a job."

"I cannot see any difference between reporting on the set to perform before the camera and reporting in the theater to go before an audience. It does not seem right to hold up an entire company just because you are a star. After all, a film star is just an ordinary person who has been blessed by God with the ability to do something well."

Rains has the uncanny ability of making everyone feel at ease at the start of a picture. The first day of a big production is usually a very trying one, with little work done.

Filming of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" was scheduled to start at nine o'clock one morning. The usual tenseness was in the air. Rains walked on the set at ten minutes of nine and very casually remarked, "Well, I hope it will be a nice picture." There was a let-down on the part of everyone, and the picture started on schedule time—a rare thing in Hollywood.

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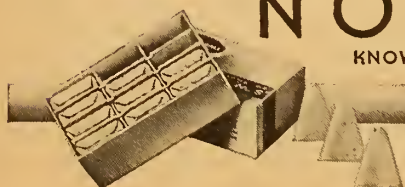
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FEEDING YOUR FAVORITES

(From page 53)

butter dip the chicken cutlet, lifting it out and in as you do French fried potatoes. When it is three-quarters cooked, put it in the oven and let it finish cooking. Serve it with shoe string potatoes, and you have my patrons’ favorite dish.”

THE other day the General had a mysterious request. Since then it has happened several times. The great grandson of Count Leo (“Resurrection”) Tolstoi who is the cafe’s smooth, dark, handsome head waiter, said a young lady wished to speak to the General and would he come to her car? With military dignity the General obliged. It was Janet Gaynor, shy of entering the cafe without masculine escort, asking for the General’s assistance.

Eddie, small, ruddy, Bohemian, with a world of cooking tricks up his sleeve, says it’s a pleasure to cook for a Menjou, and that speaks well for Hollywood’s preoccupations. Menjou and his new wife Verree Teasdale are frequent patrons of modernistic Sardi’s, and Eddie stands back like a benign marriage god to watch the groom instruct his bride in the gastronomic delights of the house. “Try this, my dear, and try that,” are the words you hear as you pass the Menjou table. He wants her to try stuffed breast of lamb, cold; calves liver with chives; puree of kidneys.

But, first of all, Adolphe is anxious that his new wife acquaint herself with the mysteries of his specially named dish. All you need is a sauce made of butter, sherry, Cayenne pepper, paprika, salt, in which you plop beef tenderloins, cut in strips, lamb kidneys, fresh mushrooms and diced potatoes, and simmer until tender.

Or if you want to duplicate what Katharine Hepburn has for lunch, try a Chef’s Special which is simple enough to make you weep. Shredded lettuce, water cress, sliced tomatoes, hearts of artichokes, chopped chicken and tongue with Thousand Island dressing.

AND if you wish to continue, here’s another chicken dish (this sublime delight is “Chicken Hamburger”) that warms the heart of Marlene Dietrich.

Chop up, finely, the dark meat; also raw pork. Add green pepper, mushrooms, onions, all chopped finely. Season with salt and pepper. Add to the mixture one raw egg; stir well; mold into patties. Place in casserole and over the patties pour melted butter. Bake in oven until done.

Not all of Brandstatter’s patrons are luxurious eaters. Maurice Chevalier orders the most simple of foods, with no dessert except fruit, but he insists upon his Chianti wine. When Charlie Chaplin dines Paulette Goddard they explore the menu’s rarest delicacies. Alone, he eats very simply. Wally Beery eats like a tea room habitué—toasted cheese sandwiches. Sometimes he varies his meals with ham and eggs, or a hamburger. His brother, Noah.

FEEDING YOUR FAVORITES

never changes from hot cakes and coffee, and is plenty pleased to see his famous Paradise trout (he has a fish hatchery) featured on the menu.

When Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone made their first appearances at Sardi's, Tone's orders sounded something like this: "Oysters and some soup—and Eggs Cocotte, with an order of sweetbreads." But Joan soon had something to say. "You sit too much to eat food like that," she counseled him. "You should eat the same type of food at a meal." Which sounds to us like none other than good Dr. Hays' litany. Joan, herself, usually orders prunes stuffed with cottage cheese (yes!) and ginger ale.

The film girls are very maternal, very considerate, about their boys' foods. Before their marriage (and after) Ginger Rogers saw to it that Lew Ayres counted his calories. Their favorite dinner, quite plebian, is Sardi's pot roast and potato pancakes. Dolores Del Rio doesn't give a darn about her figure, and bravely eats spaghetti. Joan Blondell always has onion soup and often an omelette.

Down in cobble-stoned Olvera Street in Los Angeles Mexican section, dark-haired, plump Senora Consuelo Castillo de Bonzo wanders amiably among her patrons while a Mexican musician strums a marimba, another a guitar, and the waitresses all dress in national attire. Casa La Golondrina is a reconstructed wine cellar, part of the first brick house built in Los Angeles, but its sacred, pungent history is not responsible for its popularity.

First, it was a civic duty to make the pilgrimage to the cafe which has as godmother Dolores Del Rio, as godfather Ramon Navarro. Then the offerings of La Golondrina (chicken *mole*, chicken *taquitos*, *quacamole*) became indispensable to Hollywood's palate. Greta Garbo found herself drawn there again. So did Gloria Swanson, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, William Powell, Maureen O'Sullivan, John Boles, Anna May Wong, Jean Harlow, Marlene Dietrich, Warner Oland, Warner Baxter, Billie Burke, Lawrence Tibbett, Toby Wing, Janet Gaynor, Una Merkel. Senora Bonzo's autograph book carries a burden of hundreds of important names, including that of Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. Garbo is, so far, the only celebrity who has refused Mrs. Bonzo's request for an autograph. "I am not in the habit," she said in negative.

Will Rogers, on the other hand, was delighted. "I will consider it a privilege to be in the book," he told Senora Bonzo, and Max Baer was moved to eloquence when, accompanied by Judith Allen, he visited La Golondrina. "After the enchiladas, what could be better than romancing with my sweet?" he questioned all future readers.

The Vendome Cafe is next to the swankiest cafe in town. It is only exceeded in swank by its sister, Cafe Trocadero. The latter, with de luxe music, a de luxe floor show, a handsome

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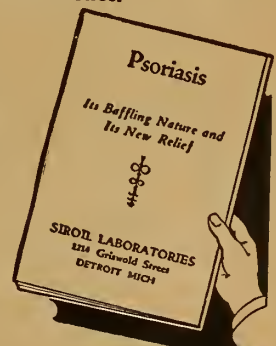
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FEEDING YOUR FAVORITES

bar, a sidewalk cafe, private dining room, soft-piled carpets, is rumored to have cost \$60,000. Little sister Vendome is a neat job of interior decorating, too, with knotty pine panels, soft red cushions and an air of opulence.

The head waiter, Ralph Pauli, just returned from four or five months at the Ritz in Paris, the Savoy in London, the Ile de France in the Atlantic, is loath to mention personalities and his patrons. It seems he betrayed a culinary preference in Paris, to his regret, but he has no qualms about commenting upon Adolphe Menjou's preference for the more simple foods, such as stews and roasts. Also upon Mr. Menjou's delight in preparing his own French dressing at table, and his addition to it of a dash of dry mustard. Chaplin, at the Vendome, orders frogs legs, and just about everyone who is anyone breaks bread (and Melba toast) at the Vendome. At night there is mad, merry mirth, in tuxedos and tails, at the Cafe Trocadero, to Phil Ohman's band.

What the Vendome (and its manager H. W. Hoffman) really prides itself on, is its wine cellar, kept at fifty-five degrees, and harboring such rare pieces as those of 1890 vintage. It is the biggest cellar in town, and there are rows upon rows, outside, of bottled vodka, kirshwasser, benedictine, and about every fine liquor you can name.

That leaves us, regretfully, with only one more cafe—Lucca's. The Italian Lucca Cafe is as shy as a Parma violet, although they serve from two to three thousand patrons a day. Gay as a festival in Venice, Lucca has concertina music, costumed waiters, booths decked out to resemble small houses, gorgeous food—very inexpensive, and broadcasts (artists singing from the cafe) such standard operas as Traviata, Faust, Rigoletto, every Sunday.

When they see a celebrity enter for some of their famous Scallopine Maddera (veal cooked in butter and wine), Sweetbreads Romana, Sea Bass Livornese, they pretend not to recognize her. Their theory is that Hollywood's famous prefer to travel incognito and far be it from them to intrude. The waiter, of course, is exceedingly attentive, the service perfect, but there are no spotlights and no curtain calls. Perhaps the stars appreciate this unusual treatment. Certainly Lucca's (they have a San Francisco cafe, too) have had no complaints, and the discreet employees (187 of them) are impressively silent.

"If they come," says Lucca's Paul Revere, "it is because we give good food—no sauces, everything cooked fresh, just like mother cooked it back in Italy. We don't stew anything, and the seasoning we use is only a little 'rose-marie' and garlic."

Far be it from us to cavil, but we have a hunch that a welcome addition to Lucca's staff would be a master of ceremonies who would single the star from her spaghetti and lead in a round of heart-warming applause. However, that is just one woman's opinion.



Illus.

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ALICE WHITE Universal Film Star

MY NEIGHBORS

(From page 33)

his bar room is a small keg labeled "MICKEY FINN for JACK OAKIE."

It was Bing Crosby who started the movement among the neighbors at Toluca Lake to keep Jack Oakie from settling among them. The joke was taken seriously and the most unaffected neighbors in the world were accused of being snobbish by a nationally known columnist.

Mr. Oakie later fell into the lake and nearly drowned. He then begged the neighbors to start a movement to keep Lake Toluca out of him.

OUR most widely traveled neighbor is W. C. Fields. He appeared as a clown pantomimist in the capitals of Europe at twenty-three, and has since been around the world thirteen times. His family name is Dukinfield and he is of English Quaker origin. Once his father stepped on a rake, the teeth of which pointed upward. This was none too serious a matter, except that it flew upward and hit him on the forehead. When the son laughed the father became so indignant that he chased him from home. Twelve years of age at the time, the future comedian never returned. Instead he became a waif on the streets of Philadelphia.

He discovered himself by stealing three apples from a grocer and beginning to juggle them. He became so enchanted that he ate the apples and returned to steal three more. For two seasons he worked on an ice wagon and was then fired for teaching the man he worked with to juggle the accounts. At twenty he was with a show in Coney Island.

He was told by a friend to tell the owner who engaged him that he could not afford to work for less than thirty dollars a week. He remained on the job for the entire season and when he left, the owner said, "I'd heard about your jugglin' and was goin' to give you sixty a week, but as long as you said you couldn't afford to work for less than thirty, I didn't want to interfere." The great clown has never forgotten. "I make them tell me now what they'll give me . . . then I tell them."

At home in all parts of the world, he speaks no language but English. Learning early that pantomime was universal, he did not talk on the stage for twenty years. His costume was always the same—that of a befuddled tramp. Not even Chaplin is his peer in evoking laughter and tears. Like Chaplin, and other great clowns, his mental capacity is far beyond the average.

MACK SENNETT is a frequent visitor at the Fields home. A one time blacksmith, he became a chorus boy, then the first satirist of the screen. His real name is Michael Sinnott. Mabel Normand always called him *Moike*.

Just beginning to go down the hill of life, Sennett has long gray hair, a

strong good-looking florid face, and large even teeth. Responsible for the success of more beautiful women on the screen than any other man, he has never married. Among the women who first appeared in his comedies are Gloria Swanson, Mae Busch, Betty Compson, Louise Fazenda and Mabel Normand.

Numerous directors have received training under Mack Sennett. William Beaudine, who directed W. C. Fields in "The Old Fashioned Way," was once the Irishman's script clerk.

Frank Capra, director of Damon Runyan's "Lady for a Day," among other screen successes, by many considered the greatest director in Hollywood, also received two years training under Mack Sennett.

Being kings of laughter, they are melancholy men.

I once said in a published interview that Sennett was capable of turning death into an Irish wake and pouring liquor down the throat of the corpse. He did not forgive me until the years had made him mellow.

During this period, I sat near him at the ringside. A Negro boy had won nine of ten rounds by a wide margin. In the last minute of the tenth he was knocked out. There were wild cheers for the white winner; none for the Negro. At last, when all was silent, and the broken black boy was being half carried from the ring, one man clapped his hands. He was Mack Sennett.

IT WAS Sennett who discovered Charlie Chaplin. He had gone to a second rate vaudeville house in Los Angeles where the comedian was appearing. Months later, he remembered his work in the act, but not his name. Chaplin was finally located in a Pennsylvania town and brought to Hollywood by Sennett at one hundred and twenty-five dollars per week. Soon Chaplin became the spoiled darling of fortune. More ambitious than Sennett, he learned a great deal from the one time blacksmith. Those who write about the comedian a hundred years hence will trace most of his sources through Sennett. The sardonic attitude toward life in many of his better pictures had been ingrained by his discoverer.

Disrespect toward pretension and other human vanities can be seen in Sennett's pictures of the period. Chaplin transcended his discoverer in pathos,—the finest streak in his make-up as an artist. The sentimentality in his work did not come from Sennett. If the blacksmith could not rise to the one, he could not descend to the other.

After being close to Chaplin for eighteen months, I wrote the story of his life for a national magazine. The comedian sued the magazine and myself for a half million dollars, on the ground that his picture had been illegally used in the state of New York for advertising purposes.

(Concluded Next Month)

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I COVER THE STARS

(From page 29)

to those who believe the "Horrible Hollywood" stories I must report that the party was the *driest* social event I've been to in the past twenty months, yet everyone had a good time; and when 4:10 a.m. came we hated to go home.

Outside under the marquee I spied Burns and Allen going through one of their inimitable duets to the joy and amusement of numberless autograph hunters who still lined the sidewalk.

DINED with the perfectly-matched Mervyn LeRoys (she Doris Warner) in their beautiful mansion on a Bel-Air hill. It is quite the most lavishly decorated house I've been inside of since the depression began, and reminiscent more of Newport—Palm Beach—Southampton a decade ago. Every piece of furniture, every object of art, every tapestry would be a perfect joy to an exacting interior decorator's eye. Took Louise Henry, a new M-G-M find, with me. Her father, Dr. Jesse Straus Herman of New York, has for years been saving the lives of the stars. Two of my other screen favorites were there, hard-punching, ruddy-complexioned Spencer Tracy, whom I'll never forget in "The Power and the Glory," and again Dick Powell, fresh from three weeks at West Point. He said he was sure the cadets put up with the toughest life of any collegians on earth.

Dinner was served in a large and lovely dining-room. The table was covered with beautiful linen and silver, and gathered by the LeRoys on their recent world honeymoon tour. Afterwards we went downstairs to a huge gaming room done in Tyrolese fashion. Adjoining it was the bar, a perfect replica of the one aboard the world-cruising Canadian Pacific liner, the *Empress of Britain*. A copper indoor barbeque, shiny and bright, was right alongside the bar.

Next day wandered for hours and hours about Charlie Chaplin's immense new sets where he is completing his first picture in three years. And at what a cost! One whole sound-stage is given over to wheels within wheels in a factory, through which Charlie has somehow gotten enmeshed and sucked through. Another stage was given to the ramifications of a jail, with two tiers of barred cells. And still another to a cafeteria. Down at Wilmington, where ships from all ports in the world dock for Los Angeles, a five-acre lot below the cliffs has been built into a sailor's honky-tonk on a waterfront. Finally Charlie came in; he'd been out most of the day looking for locations, and was very, very tired. His gray hair had been died black, a hated necessity for the part he had to portray. A bundle of nerves at this stage of the game, he is hopeful of completing the picture by spring! Charlie, by the way, is a good NRA'er. He is employing three shifts of men, six hours a shift, more than three hundred men a day on sets.

NO VISIT to Hollywood is complete without lunching at the Beverly Brown Derby, and supping very late at the same establishment in Hollywood. Barbara Pepper, the newest blonde United Artist's discovery who made such a hit in "Our Daily Bread," was my luncheon companion. Across the way sat Loretta Young looking perfectly divine. In the five or more years that I have known and admired her, Loretta has never ceased to be quite one of the nicest girls I have ever met. With her was Sally Blane, her charming young sister. Rollicking George Hearst bounced in beside them. Over in a far corner sat Elsie Ferguson, the perennial charmer; and near her the Arthur Byron's, very much engrossed in each other. Gracious Grace Tibbett (Larry's first wife), with Jeannie Olmsted, her sixteen-year-old niece, were there too. Jeannie was so excited she could scarcely eat. She'd just landed a long-time contract with Sam Goldwyn, and had been renamed if not rechristened: Iris Meredith. The Marquis de Polignac who owns most of the champagne in France was in another pew. And near him sat the George Palmer Putnams, she Amelia Earhart to you, and he editor of Paramount. Carmel Meyers, to my utter astonishment looking very blonde, was in the offing, whilst Ben Schulberg walked about, shaking hands and chatting with everyone. Senator Homer Bone, from the state of Washington, accompanied by Saul Haas, collector of the ports of Seattle and Tacoma took it all in, and I bet anything wished that the floor of the U. S. Senate cafeteria was half as pulchritudinous and interesting.

Dined at the Hal Roach studio and helped a friend preview "Babes in Toyland," the most original picture of the year for kiddies, big and little. Laurel and Hardy couldn't be more amusing, the toy village more dainty and attractive, Charlotte Henry more enticing, and the finale more thrilling! The funny expressions on the rubberized faces of the Three Little Fiddling Pigs and the fuzzy Cat-and-the-Fiddle were simply amazing. But the bogeymen gave me chills and the tin soldiers sent icy tingles up and down my spine! The only thing lacking is that there isn't really enough of Victor Herbert's grand music.

ONE evening a gang dropped in on my hosts, the Rob Wagners, in their comfy Beverly Hills home. Rob and Florence both edit *Script*, the weekly of the Pacific Coast, and what a kick they get out of it! Paul Gerard Smith, who writes like Mark Hellinger and O. Henry shoved into one, brought Idwal Jones, whose columns I've read for years. Decla Dunning just in from new triumphs in New York, and brought her fiance John Runyon, a young advertising man. Dynamic Ralph Block, the writer who hadn't been away from Hollywood in years and was now

I COVER THE STARS

Manhattan-bound, acted like a youth about to take a honeymoon. The Walt Disneys, connoisseurs supreme of all Mickey Mouse life à la pen-and-ink, talked of vacationing some day outside the territorial boundaries of these US-es, which they've never yet done. The Sol Lessers, he the big producer, and she a tiny mite as attractive as they come.

Edward Everett Horton, the great stage and character actor, came all dolled up in spats and double-breasted vest, but full of yarns that brought many a chuckle. Donald Crisp, just back from a yachting trip to a cannibal isle off Central America, brought his delightful wife Jane Murfin, the only woman producer in Hollywood. Jim Tully, stockier and shockier (of hair), came in black shirt opened at the neck and enthused with Adrian, picture's most famous costumer, and Richard Sheridan Ames, the very high-brow writer. And Al Cohn, once a famous writer, and more recently President Roosevelt's Man-Friday in the colony. And last but certainly not least the Alpha and Omega of Movieland—Shirley Temple, the youngest; and May Robson, the oldest of the stars. With them the Harry Lachmans, she a beautiful Chinese girl. Little Shirley though took my heart completely. Grasping my hand tightly in hers she led me back into a dark niche in the hall: "Are you as tired of standing on your pats as I am?" she queried. Admitted I was. "Then," she piped up radiantly, "maybe you'll hold me in your lap. You could squat on the floor and rest too!" What a darling child—and it only goes to show at what an early stage the Hollywood influence "gets you."

TOOK amusing Paulette Goddard dancing one night because the "copy-right owner" was busy at the studio. We started off at the world famous Coconut Grove in the mammoth and splendidly run *Ambassador Hotel*, where to Ted Fio-Rito's orchestra we could tango to our heart's content. Tall, symmetrical Marian Marsh in the rarest of light green gowns, swayed about the floor in the strong arms of handsome Howard Hughes. Nearby the Ed Flynns, he Jim Farley's assistant and prominently mentioned to fill Will Hays' boots, were dining with Winnie Sheehan, the Winthrop Aldrichs, and the rest of the banking crowd, out here to reorganize.

From Coconut Grove we traipsed over to the *Trocadero*, which to my own way of thinking is the Central Park Casino of Hollywood. Two orchestras, and quite the most refined night club atmosphere on the coast. The floor was simply oozing with celebrities. If I can remember just a few I'll be doing mighty well. Ramon and a new edition of Rosita, that famous dance team, joined us. She intrigued me by wearing size one-and-a-half shoes, believe it or not, and you don't know what ballroom dancing really is until you see them at it! Red-faced Regis Toomey

Charm!

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Photo of myself after losing 28 lbs. and reducing 4½ inches.

I COVER THE STARS

sat nearby with a beautiful blonde ex-Follies girl. Jack Emanuel, the N.Y. broker, who stops hearts as regularly as Michael Farmer, was with Ruth Withers, that simply exquisite child from Atlanta who of all things doesn't care to be screen-tested, and it isn't a pose either. Svelte Helen Twelvetrees was there too, her curls ringleted about the top of her head tighter than even Marion Davies' do, and looking for all the world like a Gainsborough. Happy-go-lucky Harry Crocker (the 'Frisco banker's son) kept Eleanor Barry, whom Vincent Astor admires, twirling about the floor, and Eddie Sutherland looking very spruced up with an unknown brunette charmer on his arms, did likewise.

From *Trocadero* which we helped to close at 2:30 a. m., we breezed into the *Clover Club*, high up on a hill overlooking the diadem of lights over Los Angeles below. Nan Blackstone was singing her famous songs, and later Linda Lee, a St. Louis lass, followed her. At the next table with a crowd of delightful people sat Pola Negri whom I hadn't seen in a couple of years. Then beyond sat George White getting grayer and George Stone tinier, and Leo Carrillo and Louise Fazenda. Arthur Hornblow, whom I've seen about the gay spots for years, was there too. And tall Paul Lukas with Claudette Colbert. And oh, so, so many others too.

Paulette and I closed our "night out" at past seven a.m. at Tommy Lyman's singing club *The Four Kings*, where we ran into Guy Renie, the songster, who had motored in from Manhattan that night, after great success in the Weylin Bar. Peggy Fears, really a very chic person, and Sally Blaine and Arthur Romero were there then too.

LUNCHING at Vendome on Sunset Boulevard one day saw the Princess Natalie Paley, niece of an uncle of the late Czar of Russia, who has been imported recently to help dress the crowd. She is probably the most chic young woman for her age in all the world, including Mona Williams, Jean Nash and Elsie de Wolf. And down in the Viennese dining room at the very exclusive *Town House* on Wilshire, spied Myrna Loy again looking too utterly unspoiled for all her publicized sophistication. And Arthur Hornblow was as usual her constant companion.

Ended my busy week by attending the opening of the new *Victor Hugo Cafe* in Beverly Hills. Movieland may be full of show and tinsel, it may scintillate in make-believe, but at last the Kings and Queens and Fairy Princesses have been provided with a real Palace Beautiful, quite as impressive as anything anywhere in this country or continental Europe. In many ways it is reminiscent of the Ritz-Carlton in New York, or the Adlon in Berlin. Still others might compare it with the Ambassadeurs in Paris. Yet unlike them all there is an atmosphere of quiet dignity and restraint. The music is stringed and gentle, the cuisine superb, and the stars who have luxuriated in imitation palaces for years can now find themselves delightfully at ease in a real one. Charlie Chaplin and Paulette were my hosts. "Irene," that simply sweet person who also designs clothes, was of the party. "A splendid time was had by all" and twenty-four hours later I was speeding away filled with a certain sense of the fullness of life as it is lived along the Milky Way of Hollywood.



It's fun to see DOUGLAS SENIOR back in this country, shooting craps with the equally mischievous M. CHEVALIER

BOYCOTT AND BANKRUPTCY?

(From page 31)

form divine" exploded much of its mystery and seductiveness until as Guy Kibbee said in "42nd Street," "I've seen so many legs that now to me they're nothing but something to stand on."

Shocks, shocks, shocks were what we were after. If a picture died at a preview, the producer would call in his scenario hounds and say, "Heat it up!" And by introducing a few "hot" sequences, the picture would be saved.

Worse still, certain producers even went so far as to introduce homosexual gags, merely to get laughs. Nances and Lesbians became as commonplace as crooks and cocottes.

Yes, pictures were ripe for the deluge, and it came over night. All over the country clubs, uplift societies, parent-teacher associations, and what-not suddenly went to bat and demanded not only a general clean-up but censorship.

It was at this stage of the game that the Catholic bishops jumped in and called for the formation of a League of Decency among the faithful. At first Hollywood was scared to death, but their fears were subsequently calmed by the first pronouncement of the bishops that all they asked was for the films to cut out indecencies and then stated that the "Catholic Church did not believe in censorship."

What a relief! For with their huge and powerful organization the Catholic bishops took the "play" away from the little, scattered uplift crowds, and soon had them all trailing in behind their acknowledged leadership. With the Catholics in command of the forces of reform and with Joe Breen, a good Catholic, pinch-hitting for Will Hays as head censor of the Producers' Association, we were sitting fairly pretty. We could all get together on indecencies and cut them out, but there was to be no censorship, which does not limit itself to indecencies, but attacks morals and taste.

BUT our relief was short-lived. One day out came the Decency Leaguers with a list of approved, partially approved and proscribed pictures. That meant censorship! Censorship is a great American weakness inherited from our Puritan ancestors who wanted everybody to think as they thought, so the idea of censorship spread like wildfire and other lists appeared. Father Coughlin of Detroit issued one and several other priests burst forth with their selections. Instantly there developed the old confusion that always goes with censorship. The lists were not identical. In other words what one priest found offensive, the other approved, and vice versa.

Hollywood was confused, confounded and disturbed. They were shocked to find several of what they considered their greatest pictures banned, pictures containing not the slightest suggestion of indecency. Apparently the church was going beyond its first intention and proposed to consider as indecent stories in conflict with their particular moral standards.

Arguments. Protests. Producers howled that the church had abandoned its spiritual leadership and horned in on business. A stupid blunder, for the Church replied: If you insist upon putting the question on a business basis, we'll do the same. We invest an awful lot of money in parochial schools in order to educate our youth according to what we believe to be high moral standards. Yet the moment they are out of school, they go to the cinema palace down the street and see all those standards outraged. So your business is in direct competition with our business.

CERTAINLY nothing could be fairer than that. If it ended there. But it doesn't. Hollywood admits that the Catholic Church has every right to ask its members to sign the Pledge of Decency and to stay away—yes, boycott—pictures it proscribes. But Hollywood protests that the League of Decency has grown way beyond the bounds of the Catholic Church, and now contains hundreds of other non-Catholic groups who are permitting Catholics to determine their cinema fare, people who would no doubt approve of many pictures to which Catholics object, yet when they see the names of those pictures on the proscribed list, stay away thinking they must be indecent.

In the meantime the Catholics are having their troubles trying to soft-pedal the confusion of conflicting lists put out by enthusiastic individual priests and bishops. Their latest move is to appoint one central, national committee of high grade, public-spirited men who will have final authority in the matter. This is the committee to which Al Smith has just been appointed.

So after all the excitement, Hollywood feels that it is in fact facing not only Catholic censorship, which it admits is fair enough, but national censorship, because all other Decency Leaguers are following Catholic leadership.

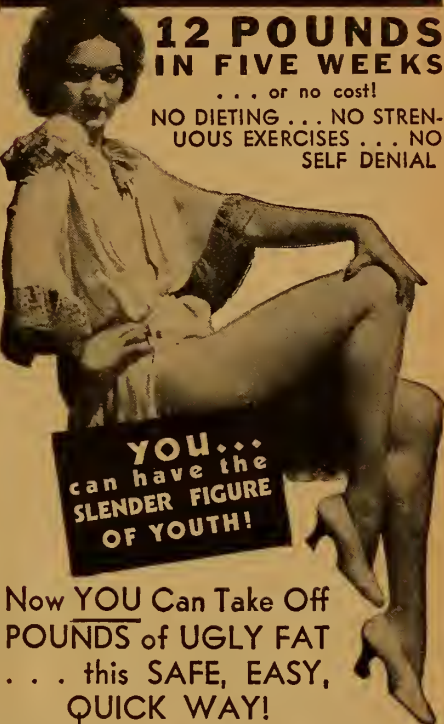
I HAVE talked to many responsible heads of production and they practically all agree that the Decency agitation has been a darned healthy kick in the pants for Hollywood, and that it will no doubt end rotten and tawdry films. But they are worried stiff over a general boycott of pictures that they genuinely believe to be high grade and decent, but which may be in conflict with the particular standards of the Catholic Church.

In reading over the list of pictures "indecent, immoral and unfit for public entertainment," I note "Catherine the Great," "Little Man, What Now?" and "Of Human Bondage" that I considered neither indecent nor immoral (in its effect) and all three grand entertainment. But maybe Cardinal Hays is right: "It is a matter of experience that the public presentation on the screen of scenes of shame and crime insidiously dulls the sensitive edge of right conscience." My—and your—conscience may be dull. It's all very puzzling.

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Editorial "We"



INTRODUCING OURSELF: Christmas, thank goodness, is over and we are starting the New Year right by editing a fan magazine. Our only right to do this is that we are a fan. We've edited many other kinds of magazines—literary, fiction, college—but we're new in this field. We took a deep breath and plunged into getting out this March issue just as we wanted to, hoping that you'd like it too. It has the things in it we've wanted to see in a fan magazine for years—fashions that are practical, beauty within our grasp, personalities and new faces, honest criticism, gossip. Our criticism will endeavor to be *constructive*—on the other hand, no bottles of Burgundy where lesser wines will do. We're not going highbrow because we're just a rather simple girl with simple tastes so far as pictures are concerned, but like Gilbert Seldes, we just happen to like good pictures. Of course opinions about pictures differ even among people who like the same breed of dogs. We, for instance, do not agree with critics who exclaimed over "The Affairs of Cellini," calling it the best picture of the year or something equally extravagant. We thought it amusing because of Frank Morgan's performance but otherwise rather trivial and not to be compared with the play from which it was taken, "The Firebrand." On the other hand we do not agree with certain exhibitors and critics who say that "Crime Without Passion" was very poor indeed. We liked it so much, we were induced to run the story about Claude Rains this month.

MEMORIES: Christmas brought us a card from Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck and the rest of the family. Our proudest accomplishment is our perfect imitation of Donald Duck. We are not bad, either, singing, "Will you help me eat my corn?" Gaumont-British sent us a plum pudding which came all the way from England for just such an occasion as Christmas.

Many stars spent the holidays in New York—Mr. and Mrs. Menjou, Karen Morley and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Penner and Goo-Goo, etc., etc. . . . Colleen Moore gave a doll house to raise money for crippled children, one she had dreamed of when she was Kathleen Morrison. Which reminds us that "we knew her then". She used to spend her summers in a little town in the foothills of the Alleghenies. We were just her age and everyone said we looked alike. We were movie struck

even at that age and used to watch her in wonder as she passed by, her hair in a soft fluff around her shoulders. We think it was the influence of Marguerite Clark. We still look like her although she probably wouldn't admit it. The first time a tall young man of hers met us, he said, "Why, you look just like Colleen". . . . This brings us to the matter of our contest to be announced in April. It has something to do with it, but we don't want to tell yet. . . . We really became a movie fan when we

met our first star. She was Pauline Bush, later Pauline Dwan, and one of the original Vitagraph players with Jack Kerrigan and Maurice Costello. Her pictures were Westerns—she had learned to ride when she was very young, and this gray-eyed daughter of a Nebraska doctor went from college into pictures and worked as few girls in pictures work today. Those were the days when there were no stand-ins, no doubles. She would ride horseback all day, retaking scene after scene. It was physical as well as emotional exercise. She is the most beautiful woman we know, very *chic*, very gay and her voice is like Dietrich's—and that she is our dearest friend is a matter of great pride to us. . . . Gary Cooper once leaned over our desk, fiddling with proofs and stuff, and said he'd always wanted to be an editor. We were as fluttery as any of you—he is the handsomest man, better looking off the screen than on, with coppery skin against which his bright yellow shirt made vivid contrast. . . . It

gives us great pleasure to publish a picture of Sir Guy Standing. We had a duck dinner and Champagne with him not so long ago and we're glad England sent him to us. He tells stories beautifully.

REQUEST: Do you remember "*L'isages des Enfants*"? Dudley Murphy, in the manner of Robert Flaherty ("Man of Aran" director) took his camera and gathered up some Swiss children and did an artistic and dramatic triumph. He's in Hollywood now directing. Watch for his name. We met him before he came to Hollywood and predicted he would do interesting things with a camera if he were allowed. We'd like to see him handle children again. How about filming Thomas Burke's "The Wind and the Rain"? . . .

PAT REILLY.



THEODORE KOSLOFF is not breaking PAULETTE GODDARD'S back. He was her dance instructor for Charles Chaplin's picture. Her Bali (not ballet) costume will be seen on smart beaches this year. The skirt becomes a cape, if your back gets cold.

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expensive tobaccos, I'm told, and that is probably why they never make my nerves jumpy. And it's so nice to know that if I get tired in the course of a busy day, smoking a Camel always gives me just the right amount of 'lift' in such a pleasant, simple way, without affecting my nerves."

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Miss Paine's Hattie Carnegie gown is typical of the new "peasant" evening dresses

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APRIL, 1935

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Cover Design by Morr Kusnet

CHARLES LAUGHTON, Academy Prize Winner for 1934, has some strong words in regard to fine acting with which he presented us for our May MOTION PICTURE. He makes his personal choice for the 1935 awards and you will be surprised and not a little delighted at what he has to say concerning the outstanding Hollywood actors and actresses. Why don't you send in your award vote? . . . Jerry Asher snapped his portable at "Katie on Location"—a delightful **KATHARINE HEPBURN** with a sense of humor and a sense of loyalty and a lot of commonsense . . . We knew that you either liked **JEAN HARLOW** or you didn't, so we sent a prejudiced young man to see why and he came away converted, as you will be when you read his impression of her . . . **JOAN CRAWFORD** was very mad indeed—she wanted to know where Katharine Hartley got all those ideas about her, so she just took Miss Hartley out to lunch and interviewed her . . . In the midst of a honeymoon, **CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.**, dashed about in his inimitable social way to the California resorts where stars and starlets and meteors go to rest and play when pictures are finished, and reports on their pastimes and playmates for May . . . **SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS'** amusing story, "In Person," of the psychopathic cinema leading lady and her adventures with a mysterious gentleman, continues in the "It Happened One Night" vein . . . and what one society woman-novelist thinks of pictures for her little girls will help other mothers to make up their minds about "Movies for Sally and Joan"—by Marion Strobel Mitchell of Chicago.

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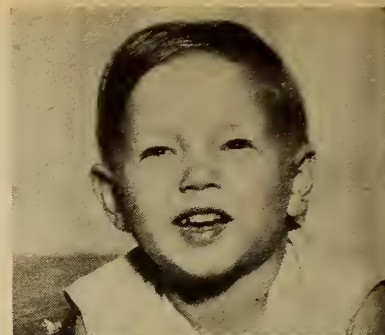
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Do You Look Like This?

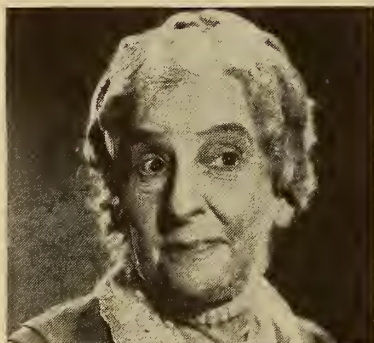
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Prize Contest

"YOU look just like Janet Gaynor," says your best friend. "You look just like W. C. Fields," says your worst enemy. In either case, you are apt to laugh it off. But it's no laughing matter—there's money in it. If you took first prize at the Junior League Movie Ball as Marlene Dietrich (and we'll bet you borrowed your brother's Tuxedo), or if Elsa Maxwell told you at one of her Hollywood balls that she really thought you were Gary Cooper, you have a chance in our contest. Any member of the family can compete and it's as simple as falling off a log. Ogdensburg has its Sylvia Sydney. What about Waco?



Baby LeRoy, Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable have their doubles somewhere.



May Robson



Will Rogers



Baby Jane

Prizes

First Prize	\$250.00
Second Prize	100.00
Third Prize	50.00
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Fifteen Prizes	5.00

Rules of the Contest

Send in your photograph (just one will do, but don't expect us to return it) or a photograph of your brother, or baby sister, or your old aunt, or just anybody. Paste on the back the name and address of the person in the picture and the name of the actress or actor the photograph resembles (we *should* be able to tell but if we can't it won't be our fault). In case of a tie, both contestants will be awarded a prize. Each month we will publish the photographs we think most closely match the physiognomy of a star. The contest will close at midnight, June first, 1935. The awards will be announced as soon as possible thereafter. Address Motion Picture Star Contest Editor, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

"Spanish Blonde"

By JAMES A. DANIELS

When she's bad, she's very, very good! success story in one short sentence. • The more the screen-goers love her, she shatters the louder the fans. In "Blue Angel" she played an all-wrecked the life and career of a promptly voted her the biggest



"Blue Angel"

"Morocco" added new when their Marlene swept Chinese background in of delight from her ad-Square to Timbuctoo. So day: La Dietrich is back

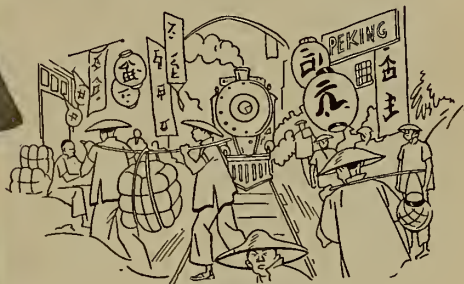


"Morocco"

heartless and exotic blonde Spanish in Spain." • Once again brings men to her feet. that rarest and most allur-takes everything and

"Carnival in Spain" unfolds a gripping story of the love of two men for the Spanish Blonde, the idol of all Spain. Unhappiness and tense drama follow in her wake. And through it all, this loveliest of all sirens, continues to prove that, when she's bad, she's very, very good!

That's Marlene Dietrich's suc-wickeder she is on the screen The more masculine hearts cheer. • Look at the record: luring but heartless siren who man who adored her. The fans box office attraction of the day.



"Shanghai Express"

legions of Dietrich fans. And devastatingly across the colorful "Shanghai Express" the whoops mirers could be heard from Times here's the good news of the in character—this time as the



"Carnival In Spain"

dancer in Paramount's "Carnival she exercises the fatal charm that

And once again she tramples on their hearts. As ing of racial beauties, the Spanish blonde, Marlene gives nothing. • Directed by Josef von Sternberg,

[Advertisement]

Motion Picture for April, 1935

The Gossip Shop

YOU simply must have a "motif" before throwing a party in Hollywood these days. Either you are invited to a "hangover breakfast," an "English Hunt" sip-and-bite, a "recording party," or a "surgical dinner." No one calls up any more and simply says: "Hey! We're having the gang over tonight. Come over!"

Undoubtedly this rage is an outgrowth of the many costume affairs held earlier this season. Carole Lombard anticipated it some time ago when she gave her "hospital" dinner. Food was served from hot water bottles and various types of receptacles found in hospitals. Eating utensils consisted of scalpels and surgical instruments.

The other extreme was the Victorian gathering held recently in the home of the Otto Krugers. The hot moment of the evening consisted of old songs sung by a quartet, Joe Cawthorne, Frank Craven, Leon Errol and Kruger. Of course, not all celebs in the film colony can remember many old songs.

Mary Carlisle decided to overcome the handicap of youth by introducing another type of novelty. Guests were invited to bring their own special dishes. Mary did have mustard and salt on hand.



Freddie Bartholomew came all the way from England because he felt he was the person to play "David Copperfield."

Which reminds me of those good old days when Charlie Ray was "the top" of Hollywood's upper crust. Charlie came to a formal dinner and brought his own butler! The host's own servants were not permitted to wait upon Charlie—none but his own butler could serve him. At the next formal party in Hollywood, there wasn't room for all the guests, because of the butlers tripping over each other!

I didn't mean to leave our "theme eats" so quickly. Not before I told you about the "hangover breakfast" held at the *Clover Club* by Peggy Fears and Charles Le Maire. The "breakfast" began at three p.m., just the proper hour for that meal on a Sunday. Incoming guests were met by waiters with trays of aspirin tablets, milk of magnesia, bromo seltzer—perhaps I'd better not elaborate. Food was served, too, with grilled kidneys, poached eggs, sausages and pineapple predominant. The only hitch in this party was that many of the invited guests thought the hours three to six p.m. were a misprint and came from six p.m. to three a.m.

The funniest remark I've heard at parties recently was made by Irene Franklin at my expense during the soirée in Fred Keating's abode, "Casa Escrow." Stumbling my way through the crowd with a cup full of creamy, fluffy egg-nog, I bumped right into Irene. She eyed the cup, the milky bubbles flowing over and down my suit-front.

"Why," she demanded, "don't you shave with that and have it over with?"

SO much for the parties, right now. This story won't hold much longer and, having been an eye-witness, I'll vouch for it. Charles Chaplin took his company, including Paulette Goddard, on location at Universal City. That studio is the tourists' delight, because the lunch room is open to all and they can see the stars in make-up, eating. On the day Chaplin and Paulette arrived for lunch, Charlie was in his regular screen character, trick mustache, cane, baggy pants. The room was filled with sight-seers.

Charlie and Paulette sat for one hour. To my amazement—not one tourist or fan approached him. I couldn't understand it, until a waiter walked up to the comedian, slapped the startled star on the back.

"Son," he declared paternally, "you're



Clark Gable with Jack London's daughter, Joan, and London's grandson. She thinks Clark looks like her father and would have been his choice for the hero of "Call of the Wild."

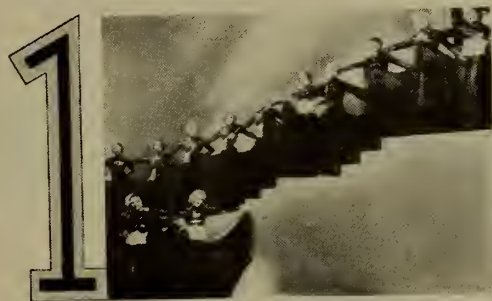
THE PICTURE OF
THE MONTH

At Last, After Two Years of Preparation, Warner Bros. Have Completed the Sumptuous Successor to the World-Famous "Gold Diggers of 1933"—a Show so Indescribably Stunning that We're Tempted to Change Our "Picture of the Month" Rating Right Now to "The Picture of the Year"!



In dance numbers such as "The Ballet of the Baby Grands" Warner Bros. touch a new high in spectacular surprise.

GOLD DIGGERS OF



1
9



The hundreds of gorgeous Gold Diggers seem actually more beautiful than they were two years ago . . . And

DICK POWELL

leads a round dozen of Hollywood favorites in the most side-splitting story that's ever been set to music—
GLORIA STUART, ADOLPHE MENJOU
ALICE BRADY, GLENDA FARRELL
FRANK McHUGH, HUGH HERBERT
WINIFRED SHAW, DOROTHY DARE
JOE CAWTHORN, GRANT MITCHELL
and famous RAMON & ROSITA

3



5



Credit BUSBY BERKELEY
for the brilliant direction of both story and spectacle . . . And a low, sweeping bow to Warren & Dubin for authoring the widely radioed songs that have made "Gold Diggers of 1935" famous long before it reaches your favorite theatre—"Lullaby of Broadway"—"The Words Are in My Heart"—"I'm Going Shopping With You."

The Gossip Shop

great. That's the best Chaplin imitation I've seen in years."

Charlie grinned and thanked him. On his way out, the cashier repeated the praise of the waiter. "Can you do the walk?" he asked. Charlie obliged.

"Swell," raved the restaurant employee. "Too bad there's no money in Chaplin imitations now-a-days!"

HOW long should a movie star know her leading man before she permits him to kiss her—in a picture? It appears that the production schedule for "The Wedding Night" called for the making of the love scenes between Anna Sten and Gary Cooper during the first day's shooting. Anna protested. "I do not know him," she informed Samuel Goldwyn. "How can I let an utter stranger kiss me practically before we have been introduced?"

The schedule was rearranged; the love scenes to take place in the third week of production. And Gary? He didn't mind either way. It was all in the day's work to him.

A group of extras and bit players stood fascinated, listening to the recital of a uniformed Russian on the "Folies

Bergère" set. Vividly he described a thrilling sea battle in the World War. Graphically he told of heroic exploits on a submarine and of the many decorations he received for his glorious deeds.

"Pardon me," interrupted a player who had been standing quietly among the group. "What submarine was that?"

"The 'thiskyandthatovich'," replied the modest one, naming a U-boat too difficult to spell here.

"Odd," mused the intruder. "I don't remember you."

"Why should you remember me?" flared the self-announced hero.

"Because," icily snapped Commander Youdenitch, formerly of the Russian Imperial Navy, "I was in command of that boat!"

I LUNCHEONED with Fred Astaire in the RKO commissary. The slender Fred, it appears, likes beer—but likes it served properly.

"Seems to spoil the taste of the beer to drink it from these water glasses," he said apologetically. "I think I'll have to buy 'em a few real beer mugs."

I'll confess that I thought Fred mere-

ly was talking. Now I have discovered that the nimble-toed Astaire doesn't say things just to hear the sound of his own voice. On a return visit to the Radio studio lunchroom, I was served beer in a beautiful, expensive glass, eight inches tall.

"This should make Astaire happy," I confided to those at the table. "He didn't like the water glasses."

"Happy?" retorted a studio executive. "Fred bought the commissary three dozen of these glasses to make everyone else content!"

SHOULD the time ever come when Clark Gable has to use tricks in order to steal scenes, he'll know the proper one for the occasion. Witness his advice to the veteran Western showman, Sid Grauman, daddy of the Hollywood première. Sid, having spent part of his youth in the Alaskan gold rush, was invited by Darryl Zanuck to play a part in "Call of the Wild" with Clark. For the fun of it, the wire-haired Grauman accepted. He was handed a four page script. Reading it carefully, the disgusted Grauman learned his entire part consisted of one word! He was to say "Pass!" in a poker game. Grauman burned a bit about his time being too valuable to waste it for just a brief bit.

Grinning, Gable beckoned Sid Grauman behind the set.

"Do you want to add ten feet to your scene on the screen?" he whispered.

"Yes," husked Grauman back. "But how?"

"When the time comes for you to say, 'pass'," advised Clark solemnly, "say, 'p-pup-pup-pass!'"

Smiling, Sid went back, determined thus to add to his rôle. The cameras turned, director Billy Wellman yelled "Action"—and the cards were passed around. Suddenly Grauman jumped to his feet.

"I can't pass with this hand," he shrieked. "I've got five aces!"

Sid had been doubly framed.

Charles Le Maire announced at a press luncheon that it had taken him five days to design a frock for little Shirley Temple. He was used, he said, to doing exotic things for exotic ladies and he had to readjust his entire mind to Shirley's size. He is dressing Alice Faye and Lyda Roberti in a picture now, and said: "I adore to dress Lyda. She thinks silks and velvets and satins. Now Alice is a home girl—you know—breakfast at nine, an uncle in Denver, a married sister who is going to have a baby. And that's the way she looks at clothes!" Le Maire has a dress shop in New York and admits that his clothes are expensive. (Continued on page 14)



Puck has broken his leg! Mickey Rooney dominates this rehearsal of "Midsummer Night's Dream" held by Director Max Reinhardt just before Mickey's catastrophe. Victor Jory and Anita Louise in foreground.

**THE GREATEST COMEDY
FIND SINCE CHAPLIN!**

JACK HULBERT JACK AHOY



**THE FUNNIEST COMEDIAN
THE FUNNIEST DANCER
THE FUNNIEST SINGER
THE FUNNIEST LOVER**
Discovered since Charlie Chaplin

**COMING TO YOUR
FAVORITE THEATRE**

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GEORGE ARLISS in THE IRON DUKE
JESSIE MATTHEWS in EVERGREEN
EVELYN LAYE-HENRY WILCOXON
in PRINCESS CHARMING . . .
NOVA PILBEAM in LITTLE FRIEND
CHU CHIN CHOW • POWER
EVELYN LAYE in EVENSONG
MAN OF ARAN



PRODUCTIONS

Readers Row...

\$20 FIRST PRIZE LETTER

"A Truly Great Artist"

THEY said she was a one-picture girl—that she couldn't repeat. They called her homely and criticized her off-screen acts, and she proved to them that she's the greatest star of them all—a true artist with unlimited possibilities. Yes, Katharine Hepburn is the most individual, unpatterned and distinctive star on the screen. Her acting is sincere and real, she is human and believable and has intelligence enough to be herself and talent enough to make us believe she's anyone she wishes to be.

In six distinctly different and equally difficult rôles she has given six of the finest performances ever to come out of Hollywood. In "Bill of Divorcement" she was magnificent. Her Lady Cynthia of "Christopher Strong" was compelling in its beauty and sincerity. "Morning Glory" was made enthralling by her genius. In "Little Women" she swept us away with the sheer exquisiteness of her portrayal. As the elemental and primitive "Trigger Hicks" of "Spitfire" she was superb. And now as the beloved "Babbie" of the "Little Minister" she crowns her glorious career with one of the finest performances it has ever been my pleasure to witness.

Katharine Hepburn is everything she portrays, whether it be the sweet and wholesome girl of bygone days or a sophisticated and ambitious modern of today. Her portrayals, varied and difficult, are always human and real. She is like no one else and no one can approach her.

Besides, she is beautiful in an aloof, detached manner; mysterious enough to be intriguing and modern enough to be interesting—and thoroughly human. Her inspired portrayals and amazing genius brings new lustre to the name of star. A truly great artist.

LOUISE WILLIAMS, Richmond, Va.

We're with you body and soul for Katie and her genius. We hope that she will continue to get the rôles she deserves.

\$10 SECOND PRIZE LETTER

A Convert to the Movies

AS a matinee guest to "Broadway Bill" I took my mother who was herself a horsewoman back in the days of the gay Gibson Girl, and I am glad that I did.

When Broadway Bill made his first appearance in the picture, Mother caught her breath and leaned forward. What a horse! She forgot everything else, the people, the theatre, the time, and tore her attention away from the beautiful animal only long enough to whisper to me, "What a superb creature! Oh, my!" (Compassionately) "It's a pity that you, poor dear, know so little about horses!"

To her that horse was the symbol of the joy, the thrills, the freedom and the good times of her youth. And in a few moments of real running Broadway Bill did more for the cause of moving pictures in my mother's eyes, than a week of lectures on that subject could possibly have done. In his last fine race the splendid animal not only won the Imperial Derby, but he won our hearts, Mother's and mine!

In addition to admiring the fine work of Miss Loy and Mr. Baxter, I felt that I had found in this picture a new screen friend in



The Bible KATHARINE HEPBURN is holding was given Robert Edeson (who played opposite Maude Adams in the play version) by Sir James Barrie. It is now John Beal's property. (Address your letters to Letter Page, Motion Picture, 1501 Broadway, New York City.)

Walter Connolly. Already this year I have seen him twice—in "The Captain Hates the Sea," and in "Broadway Bill." His natural ability, subtle humor, and human sympathy make him a real asset to any cast.

LETA MORIATY, Independence, Missouri.

We can just picture the pleasure your mother received from this picture. Be sure to see "The Iron Duke" . . . it has some good horsemanship, too.

\$5 THIRD PRIZE LETTER

A Suggestion for Bette

THERE is no doubt that countless movie-goers beside myself found themselves looking forward to seeing Bette Davis in "Bordertown." The reason is entirely obvious to the inveterate fan. Bette Davis' work in the dramatization of Somerset Maugham's "Of Human Bondage" is that reason.

The slim, blonde girl, noted for being a well-groomed ingenue prior to this time, blossomed forth overnight with a portrayal that brought her instant notice. And now "Bordertown." She plays the rôle of Marie Roark, (Charles Roark's wife) and again she plays a victim of neurasthenia, enmeshed in a mad whirl of episodes that

lead to her ultimate insanity. No one could have played the part better.

However, the striking similarity existing between Mildred and Marie strike up an unhappy thought—can she successfully repeat this type of hated rôle and still keep her growing public? Another picture of this nature will type her to do that kind of rôle.

In order to give Miss Davis the advantage of her versatility would it not be well to cast her in an entirely different character? For instance, as "Penguin Bird," the heroine of Eric Hatch's gay, light novel, "Road Show," she would portray the happy-go-lucky "wise" girl of the carnival, which is as wholesome a part as the others were neurotic.

ROBERT TANNER, JR., Hornell, New York.

There're some good pictures of Bette in this issue you'll like . . . they show her a long way from the types she has been recently acting. I'm sure Bette will appreciate your suggestions.

HONORABLE MENTION

A Minister Speaks

THE motion picture, like the automotive industry, is young, but one of the most encouraging hopes is that it has outgrown its adolescent age. It is growing into maturity and into the worth-while age in its career. Yes, the picture industry has outgrown its emphasis upon sex, its emphasis upon the sensational and vulgar. It has grown into manhood and womanhood and is looking into the future with a casting eye for the themes and dramas which have proved themselves through the test of time to be the best.

I am a minister and I have faith in both the directors and actors of our motion picture industry.

REV. ROBERT M. HARDEE, Cullowhee, North Carolina.

Thank you, Rev. Hardee, for your letter. Be sure to see "Little Minister," "The Scarlet Pimpernel," "David Copperfield," and I'm sure your belief will be strengthened.

Movies Are Happiness Lifesavers

MOVIES have saved me from going crazy from monotony and overwork. At home is a large family with me slaving all day and part of the night to keep up with the household tasks. Occasionally I slip away to a movie. What I see on the screen takes my mind off cleaning, sewing and stirring in pots on the stove. I imagine myself travelling, wearing stylish clothes, and eating meals served by a butler. The following days I think about those pictures and it surely makes things a lot brighter.

I'd walk five miles any day to see Charles Laughton. He's simply great. Bette Davis in "Of Human Bondage" deserves a prize. Leslie Howard in "Berkeley Square" kept me wondering for a week. And I like Grace Moore, Edna May Oliver, W. C. Fields and Laurel and Hardy. Of all the inventions that have made people's lives happier the moving pictures lead them all.

MRS. C. JAXSON, Salt Lake City, Utah.

We sometimes wonder if stars realize just what joy their work brings to the world. Certainly a letter like yours should mean a lot to them, Mrs. Janson.

The GIBSON FAMILY



DOT MARSH, Bobby Gibson's girl—16 years ago, reclining in Ivory-washed clothes on an Ivory-washed blanket.

TODAY Dottie uses pure Ivory Flakes because salespeople in fine stores still advise Ivory, just as they did when she was a baby.

Ivory Flakes suit Dot's impatient generation to a "T." No dilly-dallying—those curly Ivory Flakes burst into instant suds the minute they touch lukewarm water. And delicate textures and colors are protected by the soap that's "pure enough for a baby's skin."

Economy note: The big blue box of Ivory Flakes is your biggest bargain in a fine-fabrics soap. You get 1/5 more flakes for your money!

IVORY FLAKES • 99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE



"DAT OL' TEA SET of yo' great granny's ain't wuth damagin' yo' hands fo', Miz Gibson," grins Theophilus. "Don' yo' want yo' hands to look nice fo' this here impo'tant tea party?"

"Give me that Ivory and start making the sandwiches, 'Awful,'" says Mrs. Gibson briskly. "Long before you came here to work, I washed dishes all the time with Ivory Soap. I *know* how nice it always keeps my hands!"

PURE IVORY PREVENTS "HOUSEWORK" HANDS

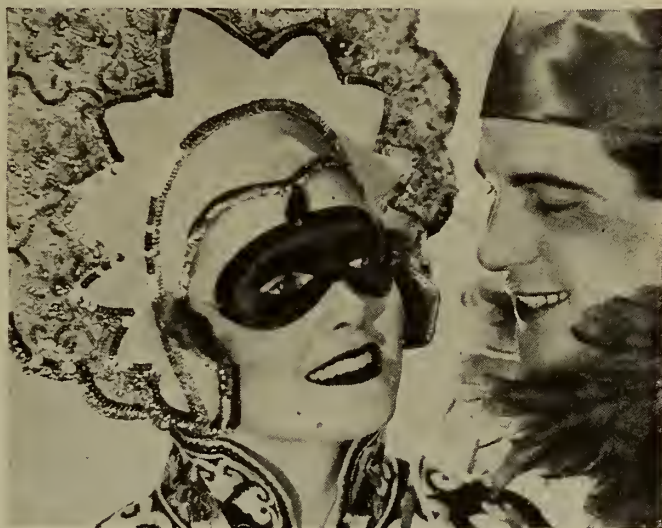


"PURL TWO — SLIP ONE," recites Dot Marsh grimly. "Gosh!—Where'd I lose those crazy stitches? Honest, Miss Jensen, will this ever be a sweater? Look at it—it's dirty *already*!"

"When and if it gets done, Miss

Marsh," encourages helpful Miss Jensen of the Knitting Shop, "just douse it up and down in cool Ivory suds and it'll look dandy. Every department in this store is advising customers to use Ivory Flakes now!"

"WASH WOOLS WITH IVORY!" SAY FINE STORES



"YOU'RE QUITE MISTAKEN, Mr. Hamilton," teases the Masked Mystery. "I'm *not* Sally Gibson!"

"Oh, Sally, darling," whispers Jack, "what a punk disguise. I'd recognize your complexion in Timbuctoo!"

"Oh, Jack!" melts Sally, "I ought to put that in an Ivory testimonial, since Ivory is my beauty soap!" Yes, pure Ivory has kept Sally's complexion lovely since she was a baby.

DOCTORS SAY "PURE IVORY FOR SENSITIVE SKIN!"



from **160 pounds**
to **132 in just**
8 weeks!

Just think of losing almost 30 pounds in twice that many days. That's just what Miss Hartford did through an easy method you can use.

"The day my weight reached 160 pounds I made up my mind that I must do something. The scales had been pointing higher each week until I despaired of ever looking my old self again. But that's all changed now—I weigh just 132 lbs.—exactly what I should for my height and age and, am I happy? Ask my family and friends.

"I used a simple method—one that is so easy I never dreamed it could accomplish such an amazing transformation. And, with this harmless, drugless method I ate my regular meals every day."

Anyone can reduce by this DRUGLESS method

Thousands of women—men too—are getting back to normal weight. With the loss of superfluous flesh comes increased vigor and vitality.

Wate-Off is a HARMLESS food compound (no salts, no drugs of any kind) which, however, becomes a substitute for certain fat-forming foods and supplies the body with the necessary minerals and vitamins so essential to health. The directions say: Take Wate-Off before meals, then eat your hearty fill. "Results," users say, "are simply amazing."

No Starving--No Punishment

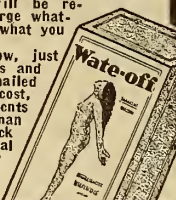
No need to punish one's self by excessive and back-breaking exercise. No need to fast and deny yourself anything you need for health. A trial under our NO RISK offer will convince you.

FREE Proof to anyone



We want every woman in America, every man, too, for that matter, to know that it is possible to lose unwanted pounds. Therefore we say: Try Wate-Off for 10 full days—we furnish complete but simple directions—and then if you haven't lost weight as fast as you would like to, or as is good for you, if you don't feel better in every way, send back the container and every penny you have paid us will be returned to you. No charge whatever will be made for what you have used.

Send no money now, just your name and address and everything will be mailed promptly. Deposit the cost, only \$2.45, plus a few cents postage, with the postman under our "money back guarantee" then let actual results decide whether or not you want to continue. Start that reduction now.



MAIL THIS COUPON

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510 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

You may send me a full 30-day treatment of Wate-Off for trial. I will deposit only \$2.45, plus a few cents postage, with the postman upon delivery, but this is to be returned to me without question or argument if I return the package in 10 days. No charge is to be made for what I have used.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____

NOTE: Of course, if you prefer, you may enclose \$2.45 (check or money order) with coupon, and everything will be sent postpaid with the same "money back" guarantee.

THE GOSSIP SHOP

(From page 10)

"I made a little black crepe frock lately," said he, "very plain with a dew-dad at the waist and another dew-dad at the neck. One of my customers complained, 'But, Charles,' she said, 'what do I get for a hundred and forty dollars?'" and I told her, 'You get a dew-dad at the waist and another at the neck, Madam!'"

Let's see how well up you are in your Peerage. There are three Russian Princesses and a Polish countess working in "Roberta." Their names are—read them carefully so that you will remember them and be able to scatter them carelessly through your conversation—Countess Dagmar Sarisheff, Princess Marina Golitzin, Princess Katia Bagratzion Emercinsky and Countess Katzia Czarnecka. No won-

THE Jocelyn Lee-James Seymour nuptials were Hollywood's first veil-'n'-cake-'n'-bridesmaid weddings since Ginger Rogers'. During the same week-end Josephine Hutchinson ran away to Yuma and under the name "Josephine Bell" married James Townsend, her agent, and Snub Pollard married a non-professional the same day. Jocelyn Lee wore a wedding dress of ice blue satin, with a blue tulle veil and carried lilies, the ice cream was in the form of slippers and the cakes had gold wedding rings on top.

The races at the newly opened Santa Anita track are keeping the stars excited these days. Marian Marsh is nursing a sore shoulder where Head Play, one of the champions nipped her as she posed with him. Thought she



Among the actresses to have their own entries at the Santa Anita racetrack is CONNIE BENNETT. She is accompanied by ROBERT MONTGOMERY and MRS. CLARK GABLE, while Clark is on location at Mt. Baker, Washington.

der Tullio Carminati prefers to leave his modest title of Count de Brambilla in seclusion because, says Tullio "there are so many titles in Hollywood that nobody believes in them."

WHOEVER heard of such a piece of bad luck as that which befell small Mickey Rooney—and Warner Brothers—when he took a toboggan ride at Big Pines Saturday and broke a leg right in the midst of "Midsummer Night's Dream"? It immediately became Midwinter Night's Nightmare to all concerned as the picture is half shot and Puck is everywhere in it. And Puck needs both his legs! "There were ten thousand people at Big Pines the same day," Mickey's father sighs, "and he was the only one to be hurt!" Fortunately, George Breakston has been playing Puck in a road company and is about Mickey's height and size so he may be called on to double in the long shots.

was stealing his scene, probably. The entire movie crowd lost their respective shirts the other day when they bet as one person on a horse named "Lady Louella," thinking to do a famous local columnist of that name honor, only to have their choice trail the leaders in.

They tell this story about little Freddie Bartholomew, the child actor of "David Copperfield." He has read the book four times in his ten years and worships Dickens. As he was dressing to go to the preview of the picture he slipped to his knees and prayed that his work would be good and the picture would be a success. Which reminds us, a famous actor's wife remarked the other day that her husband knelt down and said his prayers every night of his life. We won't give him away. Actors aren't ashamed of their sins always, but they are very shy about their virtues.

... JERRY HOFFMAN.



"Lightning"

From a Long Line of Actors

HIS grandfather was Strongheart, the first dog star, and he has made many pictures in his young life, for he is just two years old. Even Baby Leroy did not start to act earlier than Lightning.

You have seen him in "Born to Fight," "Case of the Howling Dog," and "Wings in the Dark," and now he plays the title rôle in "A Dog of Flanders."

For "Wings in the Dark" he studied at the Seeing Eye school for dogs who learn to guide the blind. His educational director, Elliott Humphrey, felt that Lightning's background as a German shepherd dog made him particularly adaptable to this type of schooling. He completed the five months' course in three weeks and after this picture was made went into training for "A Dog of Flanders," which required schooling in the arts of the hard-working domestic dogs of that country.

Earl Johnston is his master, so of course is prejudiced, but testifies enthusiastically to Lightning's unusual dramatic sense, initiative and fidelity.



FRANKIE THOMAS, JR., and HELEN PARRISH bandage their friend, LIGHTNING

Two of the 46,000,000



WHEN we tell you that 46 million people bought Ex-Lax last year we aren't just bragging. And we aren't talking about ourselves... but about *you* and a problem of *yours*!

Here's why it is important to you. Occasionally you need a laxative to relieve constipation. You want the best relief you can get... thorough, pleasant, painless.

And when 46 million people find that one certain laxative gives them the best relief... well that laxative *must* be good. When 46 million people agree on *one* thing, there must be something about it that is different... and better.

Why America buys more Ex-Lax than any other laxative

Here are the reasons: People realize more and more how bad it is to blast the system with harsh laxatives. Ex-Lax is as thorough as any laxative you can take, yet it is *gentle*. Unlike harsh laxatives, it won't cause stomach pains, it won't upset you, it won't leave you feeling weak afterwards. People realize that habit-forming laxatives are bad. And they have found that Ex-Lax doesn't form a habit—you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. People hate nasty-tasting medicines. Ex-Lax is a pleasure to take... for everybody likes the taste of delicious chocolate.

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes—at any drug store. If you would like a free sample, mail the coupon.

COLD WAVE HERE... and we mean *colds*. Sneezing, sniffing, coughing, misery-creating colds. To help keep your resistance up—KEEP REGULAR... with Ex-Lax.

**When Nature forgets—
remember**

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THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

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MP45 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

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**The bigger you are,
the harder you'll fall
for Shirley in
"THE LITTLE COLONEL"**

Another honey from the greatest trouper of them all—Shirley Temple. Watch fans of all ages go for this one. Here is the darling you adore in the kind of *dramatic* entertainment you'd expect with Lionel Barrymore as co-star!

You're going to laugh, cry, lose your heart as Shirley gradually steals the heart of Lionel, her grandfather, an embittered Kentucky Colonel of the hectic 70's . . . as she charms him into forgiving her mother (Evelyn Venable) for marrying a Yank (John Lodge). And you're going to cheer Bill Robinson, who'll show you some fancy steppin'.

And the finish— GUESS WHAT! A gorgeous, Technicolor sequence, showing Shirley as she really is . . . with her peach complexion, golden curls, smiling, blue eyes, dimpled cheeks!

So take my advice. Take the whole crowd to see "The Little Colonel." It's another in the list of "must-see" pictures coming from the Fox lots!



What a heart-stirring team they make! . . . this tiny star with Lionel Barrymore, veteran of a thousand hits.

**ONE MORE HIT FOR
GAYNOR AND BAXTER
IN "ONE MORE SPRING"**



Rave notices, everywhere! This unusual story from Robert Nathan's best seller tells what happens to two men and a girl when a winter of discontent melts into a spring of romance!

With Walter King, Jane Darwell, Roger Imhof, Grant Mitchell, Stepin Fetchit and others.

**SHIRLEY TEMPLE
LIONEL BARRYMORE
in
"THE LITTLE COLONEL"**

Based on the story by Annie Fellows Johnston which thrilled millions!

"Now we're going to baptize Henry Clay just like the big folks do."

"If the old Colonel ever finds out where we got these sheets, he'll baptize us good."



SPOTS in latest hits!

by Jerry Halliday



As the proud, fiery, Kentucky Colonel, Barrymore scores another triumph!



"Why do they call you the Little Colonel?"

"Because I'm so much like you! I've got a temper and I stamp my foot and I holler back at people, too."

Hollywood Notes—

The "grapevine" sees all, hears all, tells all! And right now the town is buzzing with the news that the Fox lots are rounding up the mightiest stories, the greatest plays . . . that Fox stars are scoring hit after hit *with more in the making!*

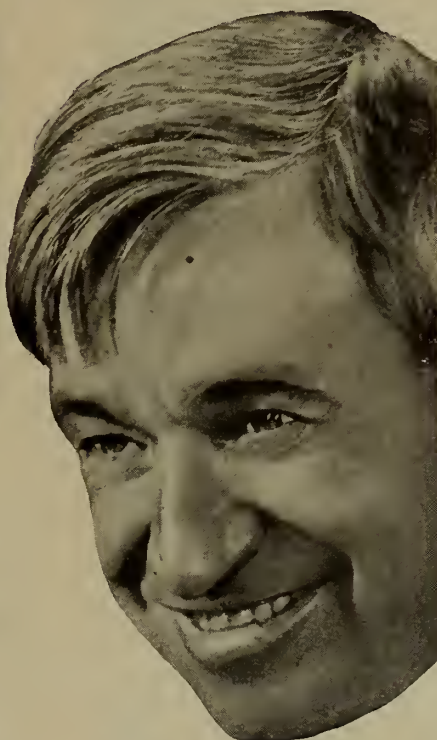
Just one look at these two pages confirms that story. So take a tip from Hollywood—if you're looking for entertainment, look for the name . . .



Laughter never ends with WILL ROGERS in "LIFE BEGINS AT 40"

America's Number 1 star!...That's Will Rogers. And he zooms 40 notches higher in his newest and laughinest Fox hit!

Imagine Will as a modern country editor who finds his greatest



fun in life after forty. Imagine Will dropping barbed wire wisecracks at pompous George Barbier, his sworn enemy! And *try* to imagine Will as a hog caller, aided by Slim Summer-ville, turning a political powwow into a hog's holiday!

Laughs galore . . . plus the heart-throb story of two lovers, Richard Cromwell and refreshing Rochelle Hudson, who fight the shame of a jail sentence . . . plus Jane Darwell who adds to the humor and romance . . . make "Life Begins at 40" another Will Rogers treat for the whole family!

So put this one down in your date book . . . it's another best bet of the month from the Fox studios!

PREVIEW FLASH from Geo. White's SCANDALS of 1935



Coming your way soon! Songs, comedy, beautiful girls! With Alice Faye, James Dunn, Ned Sparks, Lyda Roberti, Cliff Edwards, Eleanor Powell, Arline Judge and George White himself.



THE LOVERS IN "LIFE BEGINS AT 40"
Richard Cromwell and Rochelle Hudson

"Now that you've asked me to marry you, when will it be?"



"Of course I'll go— LISTERINE got rid of my SORE THROAT"



METROPOLITAN GRAND OPERA, direct from its N. Y. Stage—Broadcast by LISTERINE
announced by Geraldine Farrar . . . Every Saturday . . . All NBC Stations

Safe antiseptic
relieves inflammation
Quickly

It is wonderful how often Listerine relieves the pain associated with ordinary sore throat—the kind of sore throat that usually warns you of the onset of a cold. Frequently two treatments, and often one, are sufficient to get rid of that raw, constricted, painful feeling.

The instant Listerine enters the mouth and proceeds to the throat, it begins to work. Listerine attacks the bacteria lodged there in tremendous numbers; kills millions on throat and mouth surfaces.

The inflammation is quickly relieved by the destruction of the germs which cause it and by the soothing boric acid Listerine contains.

If, after several treatments with Listerine, your sore throat still persists, call your doctor. Some types of sore throat are exceedingly dangerous and should be treated only by a competent physician. Others may be the result of a chronic tonsil infection. Against these, Listerine can do very little.

The most common type, however, and the one against which Listerine is effective, is that related to a cold. In this connection, let us point out that full strength Listerine used twice daily as a gargle is an efficient aid in fighting colds.

Bacteriologists explain that Listerine kills the germs associated with colds before they have a chance to multiply and pass on to infect other near-by tissues.

Careful tests have revealed that regular twice-a-day users of Listerine caught fewer colds and less severe colds than those who did not gargle with it.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.



Elisabeth the Great

Greater than Garbo? A spiritual quality . . . a supremacy of artistic talent . . . Elisabeth Bergner now brings her famous talent to America

By Henry Albert Phillips

ELISABETH BERGNER on location in Venice for a scene in "Escape Me Never"

IT had been a long chase. When, last October, I heard that Elisabeth Bergner and company were down in Venice on location, I jumped a night express out of Vienna and landed in the city of Leonardo da Vinci the following morning.

"Why, she wouldn't see the King of Italy!" Jack Harlow, the assistant director said in answer to my plea. And Dr. Paul Czinner, her husband and director, was even worse. He jealously guards his wife's person and confidence and refuses to talk about her.

Nevertheless I had the gratification of seeing Bergner at work every day after that, in the public Market Place where many important scenes were being shot. Little by little, I learned to know Elisabeth Bergner's every look and gesture. But that was as far as I got. It was like trying to make the acquaintance of a little gray squirrel in the park, in the vain hope that some day it would come up and eat out of my hand.

I learned how she got the name of "The Little Madonna." I was present when they chose the lucky baby who should be carried by Elisabeth Bergner in her rôle of Gemma Jones and her illegitimate child. As in every matter requiring a decision, Miss Bergner herself made the selection. The troubled mother refused at first to give up her child to the little actress who at the moment looked scarcely more than a child of ten herself. When she saw the hungry and tender look in Bergner's eyes, however, she gave it over. The maternal, gentle way in which she hugged

caressed that baby told volumes about the character of Bergner and gave some clue to the source of overwhelming humanness that characterizes all of her acting art. Again, in that tense scene where Gemma Jones tries to tell Sebastian Sanger (Hugh Sinclair) that her baby is dead, the Italian mother—although she understood no English—caught the significance of it and rushed in, shrieking and weeping, seized her child and ran off. That was the last ever seen of *that baby!*

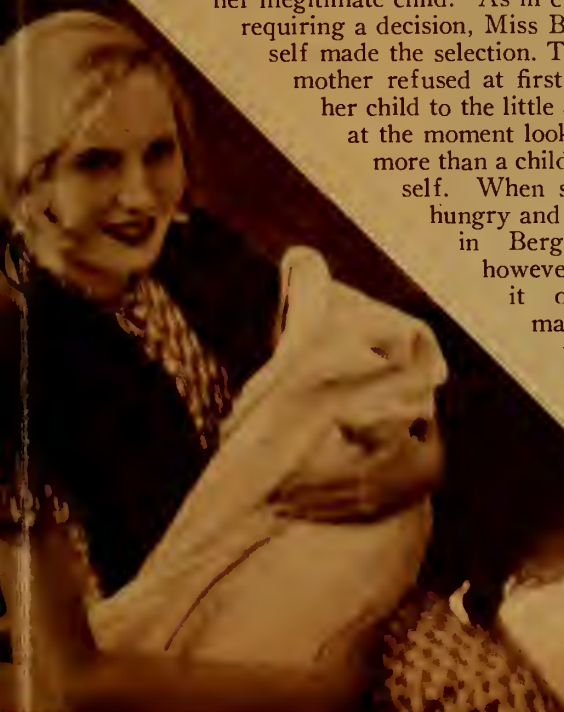
ELISABETH BERGNER was the "little mother" to the entire company, as well as to the Italian baby, and in return they each and all adored her. If anyone got a scratch or was indisposed, Elisabeth was the first to offer sympathy or aid. When Hugh Sinclair was seriously injured in a fall, she was the "nurse" who helped bind his wound. But when she herself was gashed by a rusty nail and her husband, Dr. Czinner, became ill with anxiety, pleading with her to lay off, she stoically went on with the day's work, much to the concern of the whole company.

Too, it has been whispered about that there is only a professional love between Elisabeth Bergner and her famous husband-director, who had worked with her in "Catherine the Great" as well. If there was such a tender devotion displayed by any other couple in moviedom, then I do not know of it. That they are wrapped up in their work with but a single thought and viewpoint to the exclusion of the whole world is one thing. That they are wrapped up in each other is equally obvious.

This was proved to my satisfaction on the one night that they managed to get away from the job and the crowd, incognito and alone. It was more romantic than any scene in the play itself. It was a moonlight night. Ah, what a boon for lovers is a moonlit night in Venice! The gondola pushed off into the Venetian night with Elisabeth clinging to her husband's arm. As though inspired, the gondolier set up singing a water song of ancient Venice in rhythm with the sweep of his oar as they disappeared down the Grand Canal in the direction of the Doge's Palace. . . .

Finally, the company returned to the studio at Elstree, just outside of

So realistic was the acting that the peasant mother snatched the baby from BERGNER'S arms



London, and I followed after. I was admitted to the studio of the London Films, where the "Escape Me Never" company was rehearsing, under the wing of Miss Bergner's theatre manager, Mr. Charles B. Cochran. As luck would have it, as Mr. Cochran and I sat there in a corner of the studio chatting, Bergner espied him and flew across the set and straight into his arms with a bird-like peck of a kiss. Then they talked together for several minutes, she clinging to his arm, her ruddy head laid on his shoulder, like Little Nell and her Grandfather in "Old Curiosity Shop." At length, Mr. Cochran seized on a pause in the conversation to introduce me. Her whole happy childlike disposition at once changed and she became tensely excited. She asked me sharply: "Who are you? How did you get in here? What do you want?" She was very much excited and perturbed. Before I could answer she rose and left us abruptly.

"I shouldn't have done that," said Cochran penitently.

I learned by accident that Dr. Czinner liked to talk about Vienna. I mentioned it to him the next time we were introduced—for we had met many times before. He stopped everything while we chatted about his and his Elisabeth's home-town. We happened to speak of Arthur Schnitzler, author of "Fräulein Elsa", in which Miss Bergner had played so successfully for years in Austria and Germany. Before he died I had known Schnitzler. He, too, like Miss Bergner had been a shy recluse running away always from a world that worshipped his work. "I'll have to tell Lisl that you know Schnitzler," said Czinner when he left me.

The next time I went to Elstree, Dr. Czinner met me with a hand extended friendly. "My wife wants to

meet you!" he announced, and hurried over to where Miss Bergner sat talking to her English teacher, Flossie Freedman. Out of the corner of my eye I could see him urging her to come with him. She came reluctantly, hanging to his arm and half hiding behind him like a child who must meet grown-up guests.

We met as though for the first time, and then Czinner left us abruptly to go back to his job. We stood a little uncomfortably, facing each other in the middle of the floor.

"For years I've been hearing that you were a perfect little ogress—to strangers," I began.

"And what is a little ogress?" she asked, her feminine childlike curiosity piqued.

I explained that an ogress was not a big bad wolf, but a little one—a female.

She laughed softly at this, offered me a cigarette and lighted it for me, then she lit one for herself after adjusting it in her long holder. Then we began to talk about Arthur Schnitzler.

And that's how Elisabeth Bergner and I became as well acquainted as though we had known each other for a long time.

TALKING with Miss Bergner is like communing with a lively spirit. It has that quality. It is not sex urge or attraction. Sex appeal is something that she does not display in either her art or conversation. Human appeal vibrates through personal contact just as it is always the dynamo of her art on stage and screen.

On stage and screen she gives varied illusions to those who see her perform. The Queen Catherine of history, as all schoolboys know, was a big woman. Yet in all the

press notices of the tiny Elisabeth Bergner's portrayal of that queen this discrepancy was barely commented on. Bergner seemed to have all the qualities of Catherine, both physical and spiritual. So it is that scarcely two persons will agree as to what she is like. Some insist that she is a tall biggish woman with piercing black eyes. Others say her eyes are brown and her hair is red—brown—blonde. . . .

Actually—and ours may be as much an illusion as the others—this little Bergner is more like a child than a woman—until she begins to talk seriously or to philosophize or to devote her technical grown-up perfection to her art. Everything she says and does, whether it be to discuss Nietzsche or to cling to your arm, is the essence of simplicity. None of your wide-eyed, baby face type of movie queen is she! As a matter of fact, she is not pretty in the least—until she begins to act out a fine human scene, when she (Continued on page 62)

Like a poised bird! IRIS ADRIAN gives her dancing beauty to the world in Paramount pictures





Shirley Temple and Bill Robinson show how to buck and wing in "The Little Colonel!" Listen to the rhythm!



Bill Robinson is teaching Alice Faye and James Dunn new steps for the 1935 version of George White's "Scandals"



Jack Donohue shows Eleanor Powell, world's greatest feminine tap dancer, his latest toe-tap step. She's in the "Scandals"



Go Into Your Spring Dance

"One More Spring" makes them all dance . . . old and young. Play, fiddle, play!



Those dancing feet! Fred Astaire kicks away the script . . . he doesn't need that! See him perform in "Roberta"

The dancing of George Raft and Carole Lombard in "Rumba" promises a new terpsichorean sensation of the season



Jessie Matthews and Barry MacKay of "Evergreen" are England's dancing contribution



The most beautiful head in Hollywood combined with a startling figure make JEAN HARLOW the tops when it comes to love and its portrayal.

School For Love

AN ARROW from the mischievous Archer sooner or later finds its mark in every human breast, and no sooner has it scored a hit, than the oldest problem in human history becomes the newest, the most important, the most devastating problem in the poor victim's life. It is difficult to find a normal person who has not been challenged by this love problem in the past, who is not grappling with it at this very moment, or who will not be confronted with it in the very near future. But where is the victim of love's strange and mysterious malady, part fever, part intoxication, part madness, to find a solution to his problem? Where will he find a school for lovers, a professor of the amatory arts? Search far and wide though he may, he will find no college or school chartered by the State to teach him how to handle this most difficult of all human problems.

Lovers are in a curious position. Their malady is well-

nigh universal, but doctors of love are few and far between. If you have a business problem you can call in economists, efficiency experts, market advisers, sales promotion managers, and even professors of business to help you solve it. If you have a professional problem to solve, there are countless text-books, encyclopedias, university foundations, and technical libraries where you can seek your answer and expect to find it.

NOT so for the lover! True, there are advice-to-the-lovelorn columns, radio advisers, even a few books to be consulted. Lucky individuals who live in large cities may even seek a psychiatrist who is technically qualified to solve their amatory problems for them. But volumes are too impersonal, radio advisers do not always get to your question in time, and psychiatrists are all too rare, and, alas, often too expensive. The problem of love is

*A Famous Psychi-
atrist Prescribes a
Psychiatrist for
Hollywood to Re-
place Censorship
and Present Ro-
mance Realistically*

By

Dr.

W. Bérán

Wolfe



Marlene Dietrich has completed "Caprice Espagnol," started a new vogue in fashion, and remains the most glamorous woman yet to invade the senses of men.

urgent. It requires a multitude of answers. It changes more rapidly and more drastically than a nerve-wracked chameleon on a piece of Scotch plaid!

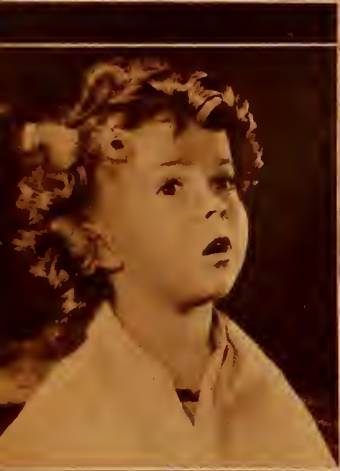
As long as our benighted civilization acts as if the problems of love do not exist, and as long as our schools and universities do not institute courses in the art of being a good lover, the art of being a good wife, the technique of holding your husband, or the science of making your wife contented, lovers, old and young, male and female, will have to find instructions wherever and however they can. Some look for it in novels and short stories, some in books on love and marriage, some at lectures and some listen to the radio for scraps of precious information. But by and large, Mr. and Mrs. John American go to the

movies for instruc-
tion in love, its arts,

its techniques, its pitfalls and its problems. The movies are, par excellence, America's primary school of love!

THIS fact accounts for the existence of more movies built around the theme of love and marriage than around any other single theme. In fact, a movie that does not have a "love interest" must be an absolute masterpiece to get itself produced, and such fine pictures as "No Greater Glory" or "Man of Aran" play to almost empty houses even in the great metropolitan centers. The American public wants love in its pictures, not because

(Continued on page 60)



SHIRLEY TEMPLE



JANE WITHERS



DICKIE WALTERS

Story Book

By Paula Harrison

PUT away your qualms about screen youngsters! And listen to me! I had them, but now I'm eating humble pie, for I've made the rounds of the most famous. I found a group of young players as unspoiled as they are talented, blessed for the most part with a high order of intelligence and extremely sensible mothers . . . children you'd be lucky to have as part of your own family circle.

We'll start with the babies, who make up in natural charm what they lack in conversation. Let Rachel Smith, his beloved Wee-wee, introduce you to Baby Leroy, if you want to see him at his best. Rachel Smith is the sweet-faced teacher on the Paramount lot, who needs a volume to herself to do her justice. Baby Leroy doesn't cotton to strangers, but Wee-wee can persuade him to anything. Looking like a forest troll in her arms, his chubby legs dangling from the brief pants of his green sweater suit, he eyes you gravely for a moment. Then his face lights up with that gleam known so well to his friend, Bill Fields, and he makes a grab for the pencil in your hand. "'ite on oo," he crows, "'ite on oo. 'ite on oo." Drunk with high spirits and the sound of his own voice, he forgets about writing on you, snatches the cap from his head and drops it to the floor. This he apparently regards as a clever stunt, for he wrinkles his nose ecstatically and bares his front teeth in a cherubic beam. Meeting Wee-wee's reproachful gaze, however, his own turns solemn. "No good," he explains, pointing to the cap at her feet and cocking his head irresistibly. Like most charmers, he knows his power and takes advantage of it.

Meantime, four-year-old Billie Lee, whom you saw in "Wagon Wheels"



Children

Baby Leroy is still a charmer... Dickie Walters makes his début... Jane Withers hated to be mean to sweet Shirley Temple

or missed something, sits with his arm tight around the neck of Lois Kent, who's eight and making ready for her first appearance in "The Big Broadcast." Lois, the maternal instinct already rampant, is reading aloud the story of "The Cat and the Mouse." Laughing little Betty Holt, David's sister, who worked in what she calls "Midnight Summer Dream," sits at Lois' feet. Virginia Weidler, the Europena of Mrs. Wiggs, elfin-faced, with two skinny braids sticking at comical angles from her head, listens too, though the story seems a trifle childish to her critical taste. She steals a glance at Billie's rapt face, at his eyes glued to Lois' moving lips, and exchanges with Miss Smith a smile of kindly adult amusement.

"Phew!" breathes Billie in relief when the mouse gets back his tail, and the still babyish contours of his face break into a smile so trustful, so beguiling that he slips into your heart as easily as a pleading puppy.

JOHN RICHARD WALTERS, familiarly known as Dickie, is the baby you'll see as Lee Tracy's son in "Carnival"—his initial appearance on any stage or screen. Judging from advance reports, a debonair interview manner and a head of ducktail curls which you keep your hands off with difficulty, he'll be making friends from now on. He'll answer questions cheerfully when urged, but he's far more interested in trotting back and forth from his mother's side to the desk of Bill Pierce, publicity man to the world in general but just an easy mark to Dick. There's a neat pile of paper in the top desk drawer, and if it hasn't been placed there for Dickie's special benefit, you could never prove it by him. He abstracts a sheet, pokes a hole through it, (Continued on page 64)



FRANKIE THOMAS



RONNIE COSBY

Family Portraits



Come out from behind them big bushes, Egbert! We know who you are!



"Love is such a lovely thing!" Yes, sir, Mr. Young and Miss Hyams

You musn't believe all you see, Miss ZaSu Pitts! At least not at Red Gap!



A table for two . . . with a little bit of help from Charles Laughton of Red Gap



"My good friend, Mr. Ruggles. A hic for you!" says Egbert

Better not, Mr. Young . . . there's trouble back of that bold pointing thumb!



Ladie-es and gentle-e-men . . . we take great pleasure in presenting the cast of that rip-roaring human comedy, "Ruggles of Red Gap"



PRINTED IN U. S. A.

Cold Colbert?

*Claudette Colbert is French;
to her, security comes first*

By VICTOR WEYBRIGHT

OF course she is not really cold. No star is ever completely remote from the warmth of humanity, as represented by the characters she plays or the audiences she entertains. But Claudette Colbert is certainly more detached from the errant whims and consequent perils of personal emotion than even shy Garbo or temperamental Hepburn. Magnificently on an icy pedestal reigns passionate Cleopatra. Claudette's marriage to likeable Norman Foster belongs to history. She does not refer to that domestic chapter of her life with either cynicism or regret. She leaves her heart on the lot when she goes home from work.

Remember, she is French. The French, you know, are a funny race. A few stray damsels on the streets of Paris have misled many men into suspecting that French women wear their hearts on their sleeves. Actually, in no other country in the world are girls of good family as carefully sheltered, chaperoned, and trained to take a long-range view of life. And in no country do women value above all things—even above love—security and integrity.

Claudette Colbert is a well bred and clever girl who was born and schooled in Paris. Well brought up, proper and conventional, she has never, and I dare say never can, shed the French attitude that security (in her case her career) is an inviolate thing.

ACTING has been Colbert's career since the afternoon in New York ten years ago when over the teacups at a gay afternoon party she banteringly asked for a part in "The Wild Westcotts." She was at that time more interested in fashion-designing than in the theater. She was scared to death when Anne Morrison, the playwright, assigned her a small bit in that play.

The play did not run very long. But Claudette was noticed. Within a few months she was picked to play the leading lady in Brock Pemberton's "The Marionette Man." It was not just by luck that she was noticed. As you can guess, her perfect petite figure and her brunette style of beauty, as well as her voice, were those of an inevitable leading lady. With the exception of an appearance in an all-star (Continued on page 72)

Is Claudette a marble statue? She has many friends but romance doesn't touch her.



In Person



ELEVATOR 4 of the vast Fleur de Lis Hotel stopped to take on several more passengers than it was built to hold. Their in-rush thrust Emory Muir into a corner already occupied. The occupant said "Uff!" in pained, pneumatic exhalation. Emory wheeled to apologize and found himself facing the blank unreceptivity of a thick veil.

"I'm very sorry," said he. There was no reply. Merely a wriggle, presumably of impatience. "Snooty," thought Emory. Well, he had done his duty.

Another heave of the sardine-pack, striving to adjust itself, jammed him sideways. "I can't help it," he explained. Again his apology was ignored. But he noted with consternation that the shoulder pressed against his own was moving convulsively. What ailed the girl? (By the rounded slightness of the form he judged her to be such.) Probably she'd burst into sobs in a minute. Then what should he do? Young Mr. Muir was in no mood to cope with an unknown female's hysteria.

Getting out at the ground floor she limped painfully.

"Take me with you," repeated the voice. "I wouldn't bother you. And I'll pay you anything you say," she said.

His fault? Very likely. He had landed hard on her foot. With a sense of responsibility, he followed her. At the exit she stood hesitant before the glare and clamor of a Washington noonday. Judging the veil to be for motoring, he expected to see a waiting car of expensive make: she seemed to be of quite expensive make herself. None appeared. The small, gloved hand nearest him opened and contracted in the spasmodic and significant rhythm of nervous irresolution.

With a rush she took the sidewalk and turned south. Emory trailed, resentfully asking himself why he was

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

Illustration by EDWARD COUSE

A star in disguise! A man the whole political world is watching! Here's the beginning of an exciting and amusing love story



chasing a strange woman along the crowded streets of Washington.

Whatever her intentions, it was not in fate's program that he should see them carried out. As she turned the corner into Pennsylvania Avenue, still walking unevenly, two taxicabs proceeding upon the fallacious theory so commonly held by their species that the same portion of the earth's surface can be simultaneously occupied by more than one solid object, came together head-on to the usual accompaniment of clanging bumpers and crashing glass. It was an insignificant accident, but the side-

walks, being full of lunch-time idlers, there was the usual rush. The object of Emory Muir's supervision was caught in it.

She did not even make a struggle. Down she went in a heap and with a wail so lost and desperate that it appalled him. Some fifty percent of the mob-attention was promptly diverted to the new and promising

casualty. A circle formed. This, Emory reluctantly perceived, was up to him. Breaking through the ring he lifted her to her feet. She immediately clamped upon him a stranglehold that all but dislocated his neck. An opportune cab drew in at the curb. He fought his way to it. The door swung open. With all the aplomb of a truckman shifting a sack of meal he heaved his burden up, jumped in after it, applied facial treatment to several aspiring spectators who had invited themselves up on the running board, and bade the driver move on.

(Continued on Next Page)

HIS charge stirred, shivered, and removed her slight weight from his shoulder.

"How are you?" asked Emory with a cheeriness which he was far from feeling. "All right?"

She shook her head.

"I saw you in the elevator, you know."

He thought but was not sure that she nodded.

"In fact I'm the one that stepped on your foot. So we aren't altogether strangers."

No reply.

"I hope it didn't hurt you."

Further silence on her part. Emory began to suspect that whatever was to be done in the line of polite conversation, he would have to do alone and unaided. His companion was evidently not feeling social. Neither was he, for that matter. He fell into meditation upon the futility of acting as Good Samaritan to a female flop.

The female flop evinced signs of returning animation. "Where are we going?" she asked in a queerly muffled voice which nevertheless possessed a definite quality.

"Wherever you like."

With a gulp she whispered, "The Washington Monument."

Emory passed it on to the driver. "Washington Monument."

"Wait. I don't believe I will."

"All right," answered her escort patiently. "Where, then?"

"I d-d-don't know."

"How about the Post Office?" he suggested helpfully. "That has its points. And many people find the Congressional Library attractive."

"I want to get out." Still in that subdued mutter. "Stop the car please." The car stopped. Emory, stepping to the sidewalk, waited.

"No; I can't do it," she choked. "I'm too f-f-frightened."

"Then you stick right by me till you get over it."

"I'll never get over it. Those faces!"

"I didn't see that they were so different from most faces."

"No; you wouldn't." She peered at him. "You're kind, aren't you?" It was a conclusion rather than a query, wistfully uttered.

"Me? I'm top of bottle, Grade-A milk of human kindness."

TO this she paid the tribute of an uncertain gurgle and seemed startled at the sound of it. "That's the first time I've laughed for weeks," she declared. "I suppose you think I'm crazy."

"Why, no, indeed. Not in the least. Certainly not." It was just a bit too effusive.

"Of course you do. And I'm not so sure, myself." She leaned back and began to cry quietly.

"Oh, look here!" he protested in that painfully hearty tone which is helpless mankind's instinctive defense against the incomprehensible tears of woman. "This won't do. You mustn't—er—give 'way, you know."

"Don't," she gasped. A moment after, she mumbled, "I know I'm acting like a fool. Do you mind taking

me back to the Fleur de Lis?"

Patiently Emory gave the direction to the profoundly interested taxi-man.

"And—and do you mind sticking to me as far as my room?"

"Not a bit."

She sat back, silent, until they came in sight of the hotel.

The elevator shot upward with them all the way to the top floor. Mindful of his promise to see her to her door, he followed her out. "You've been awfully good," she murmured. "Would you mind telling me who you are?"

"My name is Emory Muir."

"Oh! I've seen it in the papers, haven't I?" she returned vaguely. "I wonder if we shan't meet again sometime." She turned slightly towards him.

"If we did, I shouldn't know you probably. Unless I heard you speak. I'd remember your voice anywhere. But I can't see enough face through that veil to recognize."

"You aren't missing much," she retorted gloomily. With sudden resolution she turned upon him and thrust back the obscuring folds.

"Ouch!" he ejaculated as the disclosure burst upon him with full force.

"What?"

"Nothing," he hastily disclaimed.

"You said, 'Ouch!'"

"I didn't mean it."

"Of course you meant it. And about my face, too."

"Oh, come. Be fair. You've no right to suppose—"

"I'm an ouch-face, am I?" She was apparently deriving some sort of malign satisfaction from the idea.

"Maybe it's only something temporary," he floundered hopelessly. "Like poison ivy. Or mumps. Or an accident."

"The accident of having that arrangement of features. And since you don't seem to care much about 'em," she added vengefully, "we'll withdraw 'em from circulation." She jerked

back the veil, and turned away from him.

"Now you're sore."

"At being an ouch-face? Oh, not at all!"

Abruptly her mood changed. She darted out a hand to touch his. "Au revoir," she said softly.

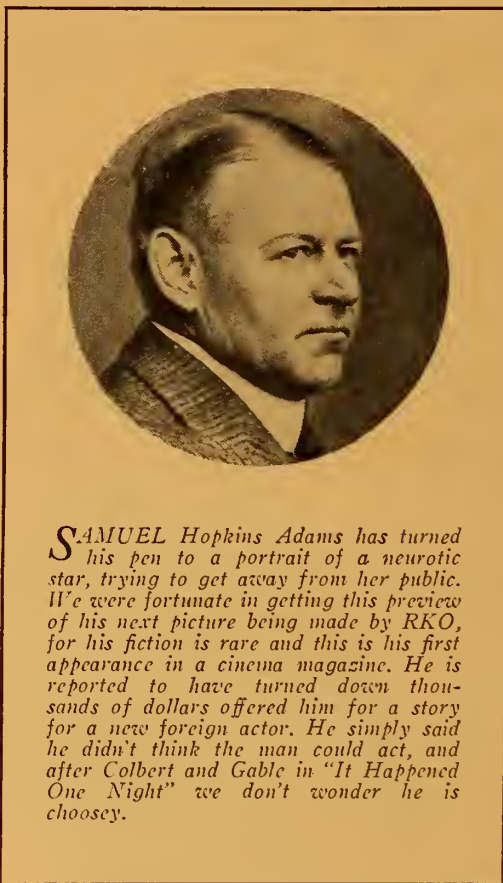
SHE vanished through the door like a grotesque enchantment, leaving the lingering music and promise of that farewell to bear him company for the duration of the elevator trip which he made in something of a brown study.

Inside the drawing-room she stood with her back set defensively against the door, and addressed the elderly and distinguished looking man in a chair near the window who said nothing, merely looking from her to the clock and back again while his grizzled brows moved up and down.

"Here I am."

"So I see."

(Continued on page 54)



SAMUEL Hopkins Adams has turned his pen to a portrait of a neurotic star, trying to get away from her public. We were fortunate in getting this preview of his next picture being made by RKO, for his fiction is rare and this is his first appearance in a cinema magazine. He is reported to have turned down thousands of dollars offered him for a story for a new foreign actor. He simply said he didn't think the man could act, and after Colbert and Gable in "It Happened One Night" we don't wonder he is choosy.

Garbo Fear

Boleslavsky was uneasy... Jack Gilbert had the jitters... George Brent will not discuss Greta Garbo. Why?



Arnold Genthe did this unusual study of the famous GARBO hands. Photograph by Arnold Genthe.

By HAL HALL

I WANDERED over to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio recently with the idea in mind of interviewing Garbo. It did not occur to me that asking to see her would cause any undue excitement.

"I would like to talk with Garbo," I announced.

"But you don't talk to Garbo," came the rather flustered reply.

"Oh, yes, I do talk to Garbo," I replied, "or, rather, I have nothing against the lady and will talk with her."

"You don't seem to understand," came the reply. "No one talks to Garbo unless Garbo wants to talk to them."

"That's fine," I answered. "Just ask Garbo if she will talk with me."

"We wouldn't do that," was the astounding retort. "Don't you know that you don't ask Garbo to talk with people. If she wants to talk, she will let us know."

By that time several other studio people had joined the conference and all seemed horribly disturbed over the fact I wanted to disturb their star, and some amazing facts came to light. I was told that even Louis B. Mayer, supreme boss of the studios, has not set a foot on a Garbo stage while she is working for the past six years. The reason given was that Garbo doesn't want anyone to come on her set, and everyone in the studio stays away for fear she will be offended.

I saw Garbo stalking across one of the studio streets one day recently. She was alone. A dozen or more studio employes hurriedly ducked out of sight when she appeared, taking quick and well-guarded glances at her. As I watched her, she struck me as rather a lonely woman

who would really welcome a kind word or a friendly nod from these people who act as though she is a goddess—or a freak.

It's a strange malady, this Garbo Fear. It makes some players fall in a dead faint when they first arrive in her presence. One young player took her first look at Garbo as she walked onto the set, then let out a little whimper and collapsed. Why? That is the puzzle.

That Garbo is not a creature to be feared was proved by the experience of Barbara Barondess, a newspaper reporter from New York, who followed her clear across the continent for an interview. Finally, in desperation, the girl crashed the Garbo set as a bit player. And when she approached Garbo, this fear-inspiring woman even confided to Miss Barondess the size of her shoes!

THE Garbo Fear hits everyone who comes to the studio to work with her. But after doing a picture with her, they all go forth shouting their praises of this woman. She has had something like fifteen leading men since coming to Hollywood. Everyone has admitted being afraid to start work, but all except one of these men has talked freely and enthusiastically about her when the film has been completed. John Gilbert, Clark Gable, Lew Ayres, Robert Montgomery, Herbert Marshall—all have told their stories of how lovely she is.

George Brent is the only one who will not discuss her. One of the few things he has ever said was just before he started work with her in "The Painted Veil." "I'm nervous at the idea of playing (Continued on page 77)

Top: Roger Pryor and Ann Sothern at the Actors Screen Guild Ball. Center: Stuart Erwin, and his wife, June Collyer, at the same party. Bottom: Anita Louise and Tom Brown at the Mary Blackford benefit.



"I Cover Cornelius

HOLLYWOOD has gone dressy in a big way! Never before has there been so much attention paid by this fast-living, fast-loving colony to just what is the right thing to wear as in the past three months of 1935. Blame the Santa Anita Races, or the influx of a host of fashion experts from the east if you will, but regardless, the colony is all "het" up on modes. Odd, too, because lots of my eastern relatives and friends tell me that Hollywood usually sets American styles more than Paris does; especially since the flight of gold from that country.

Muriel Vanderbilt Church Phelps, a close cousin of mine, buys most of her clothes these days in the western metropolis. She says she can find more lovely, original models in the specialty shops here than she can anywhere in the east or in Paris.

But actually Hollywoodians for the past two decades or more, except when travelling east, or out on parade, haven't cared much how they looked or what they wore. Supper clubs and restaurants were quite accustomed to beach-pajamas, shorts, polo-shirts and checked coats.

Today it is different. There is hardly a night-club in town where the men don't wear dinner jackets, and in a whole flock of them, tails and white ties. And the girls outdo themselves in chiffons and silks and satins. Of course, perhaps because Hollywood can never do anything without ostentation, there is a lot more swagger and show to this kind of dressing; but nevertheless they do *dress* and that in itself is something different!

The other night for instance at the opening of the very select Club Continental, out Burbank way, overlooking the airport, I found myself the only man in the entire assemblage in day clothes! And La Dietrich and Princess Natalie Paley were the only ladies similarly clad!

The most attractive *salle* was packed with as distinguished a crowd of stellar luminaries as I've seen since the party at Mayfair in December. And it is a truly gorgeous room, formal and yet *intime*. Its sloped roof is carved and panelled and tinted in shades that give it an air of respectability as well as gayety. The orchestral pit is done in lightest of blues with caricatured stars from the heavens vying and outshining those of Hollywood who were swaying about on the dance floor. This is supple—it gives and gives, but there is a tiny, annoying step from dining to dancing floor that bids fair to give the crowd a tumble.

I took sprightly Paulette Goddard with me. Her furs were draped

the Stars" by Vanderbilt, Jr.

in such a way about her as to project her right into the spotlight every moment of the time. Again poor Charlie had to work, or I would have felt most guilty about it. We joined Arthur Straus' large and amusing table of guests, with so many celebrities that of course I've forgotten half of them, excepting Luana Waters. She's a gorgeous child.

Near us sat the Jack Kirklands. She is lovelier looking every time I see her, and quite the most charming young woman I've met in years. Her red brocaded cape, threaded with quilted gold, had them all staring their eyes out. Jack wrote the very, very successful "Tobacco Road," and lots of other things. He is as nice a chap as you'd ever want to meet.

Howard Hughes, all his six feet two enveloped in a not too exaggerated full-dress suit, looked bored except when sylphlike Marian Marsh, her head ringleted in thousands of tiny blonde curls, was in his dancing arms. Then he would smile and hug her a bit closer. With them was Colleen Moore in yellow chiffon. And the Joe E. Browns who never seem to miss a party were there too; she wearing her bird-of-paradise brown velvet toque in which she is certainly most effective.

The party wound up at six, and from then until away past nine they gathered in little clusters at Sardi's, the many Brown Derbies, and Armstrong and Schroeder's, for a "sup-fest" (which is Hollywood's latest interpretation of the supper-breakfast combination.)

Another interesting party was Irvin Cobb's out Santa Monica way. The house he lives in is where Garbo spent her early (Hollywood) existence and it is replete in stage-lore, which of course doesn't bother Irv much. In fact it amuses him. He's grown a lot thinner but is none the less picturesque. And daughter Buff and Mrs. Cobb buzzed around all over the place to make their guests happy.

Mrs. Pat Campbell who announced (Continued on page 70)

At the Actors Screen Guild Ball—Top: Mrs. Ralph Morgan, Otto Kruger, Mrs. Kruger, and Ralph Morgan. Second: Richard Tucker, Mary Astor, Lucille Gleason, James Cagney. Third: Charles Chaplin, Mrs. Alistair Cooke, Mr. A. Cooke, Paulette Goddard, at Coconut Grove.



Next to bottom: At the Mary Blackford benefit: Tom Gallery, boxing promoter, Una Merkel, Jimmy Cagney, Madge Evans. Bottom: Patricia Ellis, Henry Willson, Anne Shirley, Sue Carol and Howard Wilson.



Mary Hayes MacArthur owns large shares of Helen Hayes Preferred

By Jack Smalley

HELEN HAYES belongs to so many people, it's no wonder that she's never had time to belong to herself.

Let's see—there's Charlie MacArthur, for one. He's that raffish newspaperman and playwright whom she married for better or for worse, and likes better every year. And of course "Brownie," the plump and humorous and clever mother of hers, Mrs. Catharine Brown, who started her daughter in as an actress at the age of six and fought shoulder to shoulder with Helen all that long way to the tip-top place on the stage. Then there's The Public, which is very much like a rich old Aunt and Uncle who are crochety, jealous, and full of demands—but who are making it plain that they'll leave a fortune in the lap of their favorite niece. And don't think a favorite doesn't earn it!

And there's Mary.

Mary, like a little Dutch doll with her two honey-colored braids over her small shoulders, with a soft, red baby mouth that most certainly is destined to cause havoc among the young men.

Since she probably owns more of our Helen Hayes than even her mother would admit, let's talk about Mary first.

It was drizzling when I went to see this adored Helen of yours, dear Aunt and Uncle Public, and Mary came in from her walk, too. The five-year-old daughter of the house of Hayes and MacArthur sat down in the middle of the floor and tugged off her absurdly small rubbers. Her new dog, Judy, came bounding from the kitchen to lick her ear in glad welcome.

"I got her for Christmas because I didn't have Michael anymore," Mary confided, "and she licked my face and I had to wash it, my face I mean, because you know I

"I've Never

wouldn't want to smell doggy, would I?" Such a long speech made her a little breathless so she grinned and showed a dimple. Then her mother, looking far too young and beautiful to be a responsible married woman and mother, sent Mary off with her collection of dolls, so that we could talk without making a certain pair of pink and curious ears burn.

"Mary hasn't shown any tendency toward acting, and I think I'm just as well pleased," Miss Hayes said, with a little weary sigh. It had been a very trying season in Hollywood. She had just finished "Vanessa: Her Love Story," and had just seen herself in "What Every Woman Knows." "I don't think I could have dragged onto the set if I'd seen 'What Every Woman Knows' before 'Vanessa' was finished," she said. "When I saw myself missing so many of the little touches that I hoped would be good, I could hardly bear up under it."

SHE berated herself sternly. Here she had implored Metro to film Barrie's play, and certainly she, of all people, should have shone in a rôle that she played for months on Broadway. The fact that critics are raving over it, that Aunt and Uncle Public pronounce it absolutely swell, simply won't convince her. "They're just being nice to an old friend," she insisted.

So we'll have to let her be stubborn about it, and pass the word along that you can't believe a word of it. But then, we must remember that Helen Hayes is a stage actress and never can become fully accustomed to seeing herself.

Mary, as we started to say, has shown no particular genius in acting.

"She's going to enjoy the childhood I missed," Helen said. "I don't for a minute regret my childhood. I love to look back on it. But I suppose it's quite natural that I should like to experience vicariously the happy-go-lucky life of a little girl, instead of being an old trouper at the age of eight.

"Whether it makes any difference in the long run is hard to say. Mary probably won't have any more fun than I did, and I wouldn't be sorry for a minute if something caused her to fall into acting as I did. But I'm not going to nudge Destiny and point out Mary. I'll let things take their course.

"I happened to get into the theatre much the same way as Shirley Temple. Mother wanted to send me to dancing school. That, I understand, is what started Shirley—dancing to give her poise and confidence. My need was even more specific—a turned-in toe that doctors said would straighten out with dancing exercises. Our school gave little shows in which all the students took part, and because I wasn't so very good as a dancer, Mother coached me in some impersonations. It was the custom to rent a theatre and have our performance on a real stage, and of course all the people who had children in the school would buy tickets.

Belonged to Myself"



*She likes belonging to you but
some day she'll slip away forever
to a garden-spot all her own*

Helen Hayes

"AT ONE of these performances Lew Fields came in and 'caught my act.' I was only five, just Mary's age. That started it. I think all children are born mimics, and take to acting easily. From then on, I belonged to Mother, producers, agents—Work with a capital W—and I loved it.

"Just the same, Mary is going to have regular schooling, regular hours, a regular childhood. Next year she starts school in earnest, and I think that she will go right on through the schools at Nyack, New York, without having to pick up a bit here, and a bit there, as Charlie and I did.

"Charlie's father was a minister and moved frequently. I was brought up in the proverbial trunk. But it is difficult for children to have to form new friendships, continually confronting strange faces, strange teachers. Child psychologists insist that children should be accustomed to change, so that they will become self-reliant and independent. Probably quite true. They say also that children are as difficult to understand as grown-ups, that their minds are as complex as an adult's. But

Charlie and I must be old-fashioned about Mary, because we want her to have the steady, settled life we missed.

"That's one reason why we are positively impatient for the time when we can retire, and enter that delicious period called old age. We're positively enthusiastic over the idea of being old. Charlie will pick up some absurd picture and say: 'This is just the thing to hang over the mantle to annoy Mary's beaux with!' We really will have a chance to enjoy life with wrinkles and gray hairs."

And now we're coming to another of these people Helen Hayes belongs to—Mr. Charles MacArthur. Fortunately, Charlie makes no demands to increase the complexities of his wife's life. (Continued on page 80)



A highly informal shot of Helen Hayes caught at a recent broadcast. Above: Brilliant and mischievous Charles MacArthur who owns some of Helen Hayes' stock too.



Becky Sharp Says

Men must be flattered . . . whether a Victorian Becky Sharp or an Ultra Modern, woman must resort to feminine flattery to succeed, according to Miss Miriam Hopkins

By Desire Davis

"THE world hasn't changed a great deal since Becky Sharp's day!" Miriam Hopkins told me, shaking Becky's yellow chignon decisively. "She would be perfectly at home in Hollywood. And she would be a great hit at any Hollywood party, with nobody even suspecting her of being old-fashioned in her ways. Can't you just see her making eyes at some producer, laughing heartily at his jokes and coaxing a contract out of him by her brave, bright way of telling him how hard it was for a girl all alone in the world to meet the right people who could help her get ahead in the movies?"

"Of course, the things a Becky Sharp wants have changed a little—today she would prefer a Daimler car to a carriage and pair, a mink coat to a box at the play and a square-cut emerald to a diamond brooch, but her methods of getting these things would not have to be modernized by so much as the flutter of an eyelash or the dropping of a handkerchief. Because this is a man's world still, and as long as men like to be flattered, cajoled, deferred to, sympathized with, and tricked, there will be Becky Sharps to do it to them," and Miriam's shrug set all Becky's bangles tinkling like tiny laughter.

To Hollywood and me, Miriam Hopkins is the Modern Young Woman in the flesh, as contemporary as a Walter Winchell broadcast or next season's motor car. She lives in the most delightfully independent fashion with all the advantages of domesticity—an ex-husband within phone reach still very much in love with her and always available for advice, a beautiful adopted baby, a charming home in New York with a garden sloping down to the East River. And in addition to all this, the advantages of freedom, the chief of which to a woman of course is the advantage of being courted and adored by a large number of eligible

suitors. Wherever you see Miriam, there you see men. "You are the most independent actress in Hollywood," I protested. "You turn down long-term contracts. You rush away to New York leaving picture rôles which any other star would give her eye teeth to get. You turn your back on enormous Hollywood pay checks to do plays on Broadway. You come nearer to living as you please than any other girl I know. How can an Ultra Modern like you understand poor Victorian Becky Sharp whose whole plan of life depended on winning the help and protection of some man?"

BECKY'S slipper tapped with Miriam's impatience. "And do you call that Victorian?" she demanded, "Becky found that this was a man's world and that a woman to get ahead—or even to survive—in it had to use her woman's weapons, smiles, blushes, coquetry, tears. This is still a man's world, and women still have to use the same weapons—except, perhaps, the blushes. I am afraid that blushing is a lost art and that's a great pity. A blush has made history a good many times!"

"As for understanding Becky—any woman who studies her carefully understands her because she recognizes a hundred traits that they have in common. Among the men who treated poor Becky Sharp so shamefully, the one who wronged her the most was William Makepeace Thackeray, who created the poor girl. It was he who started the rumor that Becky was an adventuress, a sly minx, a scheming little so-and-so! But in spite of all that he could do Becky was too smart even for her author! He intended her for a satire and she managed to become a flesh-and-blood woman in spite of him.

"I'm a feminist," Miriam confessed, "and every little trick and wile Becky employs to get the better of some



It's Still a Man's World



MIRIAM HOPKINS plays lead in the all-color feature "Becky Sharp". With her are Alan Mowbray, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Frances Dee and Colin Tapley.

lord of creation gives me a positive thrill of triumph! As for the poor girl's final defeat by the stronger sex, well—I wouldn't want it to get around, but between you and me I think that Thackeray was lying about her at the end! The Becky Sharps of the world end their days with a comfortable income, marry off their daughters well, maneuver their sons into doing what they want them to do, and use up their talent for scheming by managing something. In Becky's day it would have been society. Today she would probably go in for politics." And Miriam probably is right!

LOOKING at the tiny Hopkins, languidly crushing Becky's bustle on the *chaise longue*, the picture of helpless and appealing femininity, it was hard to realize that her struggle toward the success she wanted was as unaided and determined as that which Becky Sharp waged against the world. Alone, Miriam Hopkins made her way from the station in life to which she was born, refusing to become the society belle which circumstances would have made her, with the same undaunted spirit which kept Rebecca Sharp, daughter of an opera dancer, charity pupil, "a young lady of [Continued on page 65]



LEE TRACY was the object of Isabel's affections but that's all over now for reasons this story explains

Why Isabel Jewell FORSOOK LOVE

By Gladys Hall

"I HAVE a whip inside of me," Isabel Jewell told me—"it never lets me be."

Isabel was sitting, ninety pounds of blonde electric tension, on the extreme edge of the divan in my living room. Ninety blue-eyed pounds of such driving power, energy, determination, will-power, concentrated charm and will-to-do as I have never met with before.

She said: "I have only one 'story' in me, really, only one thing to talk about—and that is my *determination to be successful*. It is all there is of me or to me. I sleep success and eat it and dream it, live for it and by it—nothing else matters to me by comparison—there is

nothing else.

"I shall never marry because of it. I never had Youth as most girls understand Youth. I never had any of the pleasures or the pastimes; I never went to proms or football games or houseparties or out on 'dates'. I had very few beaux, for there was no time for them.

"I had one unfortunate romance several years ago which may have contributed to my really monastic determination to be successful—but it was only contributory—because nothing outside of myself has anything to do with it, really. I might almost call it a natural force. The wind just blows—it doesn't ask questions about it,

Isabel Jewell's great love for Lee Tracy is publicly confessed by both but marriage might interfere with romance and they're too busy anyway

or wonder why, or make any Problem of it. The sea lashes the shore and the stars move in their appointed courses. I am driving for Success and I ask no questions, make no Problem of anything but my objective.

"I was born this way. I've always been like this. Perhaps there is a plus to it because my mother always wanted me to be an actress, dreamed of it, talked about it and very little else. Even before I was born she wanted a girl so that that girl would be an actress.

"You've doubtless heard girls, and boys, too, Gladys, tell you that they always wanted to be on the stage, that they posed in front of mirrors when they were in rompers, that they read Sarah Bernhardt's biographies and went to the theater with every spare penny they could collect; that they Gave Up All for their Art. Well, they probably did. I did. And I believe that that is the only necessary ingredient in the making of success...the relentless determination to be successful, the ability to make all other things subservient to that determination.

"IF YOU have this you don't have to be a genius, you don't have to be beautiful, you don't have to have backing or pull. You can have all sorts of handicaps and you will still get there by sheer power of will.

"When I was a youngster at St. Mary's Hall in Fairbault, Minnesota, I took every kind of a course I thought might contribute to my being on the stage some day. I eliminated every course I thought would be superfluous. I studied elocution and dancing and voice. When I entered Hamilton College for Women in Lexington, Kentucky, I did the same thing. After two years there, during which I tutored in Latin and English to help pay my expenses, I decided that it was time to begin my career. I couldn't put it off any longer... years are so few.

"I went to Chicago and played small parts with the Minter Stock Company. *I willed them into taking me.* Young, totally inexperienced, not beautiful in the luscious movie tradition, it was my unyielding determination and nothing else that got me that job.

"At the end of the season they told me they had nothing else for me. They said that the only job they knew about was with a stock company in Lincoln, Nebraska, and that I wouldn't do for that as they wanted a very experienced, older girl. That night I was on the train for Lincoln, Nebraska. If it was the only job in the United States, I would go after it. I did. And I played with that company for eighty-seven weeks, day and night, without one single break. I never went out with anyone, I did absolutely nothing but act every night and then go 'home' and study for the next night. I figured that then was the time—I could afford the time then. And everything I was doing would contribute to—*Broadway.* I never thought of the movies. They never occurred to me as being for me. But I thought of Broadway as other girls think of Love and Romance and Marriage and Babies and all of the ends of which girls dream as they live and grow.

"At the end of that eighty-seven weeks of concentrated and unremitting study and work I found myself leading lady of the company and I left for New York!

I felt that I had got all that I needed out of it. I would come to an impasse. I have never been able to bear the feeling of standing still, of not progressing. I swore to myself that I would get into a successful play on Broadway if I had to batter down the doors with my own two hands." And looking at Isabel's "own two hands", small and restless and firmly knit, I was filled with admiration for the little thing who is so scourged by the whip within. She looked so tiny, so fragile, sitting there in her powder blue pajamas, her hair still wet and under a net from the hairdressers—but I was also aware of a strength that had nothing to do with fragility nor the ninety pounds—an electric strength that leapt and *lives*, the veritable stuff of which Success is made.

"I HAD several small parts in plays that were failures," Isabel was saying, "and then at last 'Up Pops the Devil' popped up and I knew that I had my feet on the first rung. Then came a rôle in 'Blessed Event' on the stage and when it was purchased for the screen I was 'purchased', too, to play in it with James Cagney. Instead, the leading rôle was given to Angel" (Lee Tracy has no other name than 'Angel' to Isabel Jewell—at least, she has never been known to call him or to speak to him by any other name) "and I was in *Hollywood!*

"I was somewhat surprised—but I was also pleased. I felt that I had made another step forward. I did a few small parts and then I began to feel like the Forgotten Woman. And I can't bear to feel forgotten. I can endure anything but inactivity, that sense of marking time without a forward step.

"Even though I was working (Continued on page 74)



Critical rewards for Isabel Jewell's dramatic achievements in "Counsellor-at-Law" and "Evelyn Prentice" have not satisfied her driving ambition



The Easter bunnies are coming to town! Richard Ralston Arlen, son of Dick and Jobyna Ralston, is the egg inspector of the Toluca Lake colony

My Neighbors

By Jim Tully

I WROTE the story of Charlie Chaplin's life for a national magazine. The comedian sued the magazine and myself for a half million dollars on the ground that his picture had been illegally used in the state of New York for advertising purposes.

The judge dismissed the case within an hour!

Before it had reached the courts Chaplin was invited to a home in

which I was a guest. While reluctant to meet the great comedian at the time, I realized that I was but a social kitten and made way for the lion. The lad from the streets of London was the Talleyrand of charm. The brilliant chameleon of the emotions was not to be outdone by a ditch-digger's son. Never had he shown me such courtesy as in greeting me upon his arrival. The guests were amazed at his solicitude for me.

A sudden impulse came to telephone him the next morning. Knowing his divergent moods, I refrained. I have seen him but once since.

At dusk I stood in a doorway and watched him walk alone down Sunset Boulevard. His cap was pulled low over his eyes, his hands were buried deep in his pockets. His lithe body slightly sagged. The emperor of mirth was in a tragic mood. I had the impulse to greet him, and have regretted since that I did not. Fearful of intruding upon a mood, I watched his lonely figure fade into the night.

Chaplin is not a fellow of one tempo. All the tunes in his rich nature cannot be played upon a single string. A man of infinite and terrifying jest, his sadness verges upon hypochondria.

He can seldom be made to discuss the failures of others. If upon rare occasions he does so, it is only in wonder at the ironies of life. Four of his sycophants, with the hope of pleasing him, dissected me when our quarrel was at the climax. Chaplin listened for some moments. When all had finished he said, quietly, "Well—he is trying to be an artist."

While walking with him in Hollywood, we passed a house in front of which a newly wedded couple and their guests were being photographed. Observing Chaplin, all pleaded with him to be photographed with the bride. Blushing, he consented. The picture taken, he made his assemblage merry for a moment, and hurried away.

The incident changed his mood. He was silent for some time. Then he said, "Poor devils."

The death of his own child, "the little mouse," came into his mind. He did not mention the mother, Mildred Harris. "After the child died, the undertaker laid it out with a little prop smile." He looked downward for a moment with serious face, then said quickly, "You know, Jim, that child never smiled."

Thus, the volatile man, who gives much joy to others and retains little for himself, goes on his tortured way.

IT HAS been my unique experience to live near two neighbors who have impersonated me on stage and screen. Having written a book of my vagabond boyhood called "Beggars of Life," it was later dramatized for the New York stage and called "Outside Looking In." Jimmy Cagney played the vagabond boy. His work in the play attracted the attention of the critics. Before long he was playing hard-boiled rôles in the films.

Charles Bickford also became famous in this drama of the road. His rôle was that of Oklahoma Red, a yegg whom I had seen die along a railroad in Arkansas. The play was later transferred to the screen. The part of the boy was played by my neighbor, Richard Arlen, and that of



"They do say"—and these neighbors are reported to have a ring and plans. They are Dick Powell and Mary Brian

The Hollywood raconteur continues his intimate tales of Toluca Lake... where "Charlie Chan" becomes interesting Warner Oland, Mary Brian is a next-door neighbor, and Paul Muni intently watches the play called life

Oklahoma Red by my friend of early days, Wallace Beery.

While writing this book I met Basil King, one of the finest gentlemen in Hollywood. Upon being introduced to him, I said, "You won't like me, Mr. King—I was a hobo."

The delightful writer put his hand on my shoulder and returned, "Tut, tut, my boy, put your mind at ease—I was an *Episcopalian minister*."

My neighbor, Dick Powell, found his way out of an Arkansas village many miles from a railroad. He began his career as a singer in local churches. Saving his money, he went to St. Louis. Failing there, he

returned home, then left again, not to return until he was successful on the screen.

We frown upon gossip in our neighborhood. They do say, however, that Mary Brian and Dick Powell are very fond of each other. They have been seen together a great deal. Perhaps there will be a wedding. Mary is my next-door neighbor and Dick lives across the lake.

THE most bizarre of my neighbors is Erich von Stroheim. A sardonic and sophisticated director, he prays to Saint Anthony with the hope that he will help him find lost things. With a bullet head, a monocle and a strut worthy of the Kaiser, he attracts the attention of even the blasé in Hollywood. He does not really enter a room—he *makes an entrance*. Often childlike, he is intense and complex.

A charming roustabout of fortune, and a forceful magnetic man, he is the greatest and most humble egotist in Hollywood. A one-time seller of fly paper, he later became a lifeguard at Lake Tahoe—he who could not swim! Having been everywhere in the world but upon a horse's back, he then became a riding master. Arriving in Hollywood with a carload of horses, the strong jawed fellow was soon finding himself in films.

I first met him while standing in line with a group waiting to be chosen as extra players in a military film. The assistant director selected von Stroheim first. Heels clicking, he stepped from the ranks as though a century of West Point were behind him.

Within six months, he had convinced Carl Laemmle, the founder of

Jimmy Cagney first attracted movie attention by playing lead in a stage play of Tully's life in New York

Universal Pictures, that he could direct a story called "Forbidden Wives," which he had written. Laemmle's faith was justified. The film was one of the most artistic of its day and was highly successful financially.

The riding master who could not ride was on his way again.

Paul Muni lives in a rambling Spanish (Continued on page 78)



Erich von Stroheim, extra player, convinced Carl Laemmle that he could direct a picture he had written



Warner Oland, portrayer of Charlie Chan, is a Swede who has been a bicycle rider and a translator of foreign classics



Francis Lederer and writer Edward Kaufman read a script

Lederer: Man of Action

Actor, Poet and Preacher of Peace, He is another Clive of India

By Jack Smalley

DRIVEN by fierce, inward hungers, Francis Lederer strives with the intensity of a poet to right the wrongs of humanity. To this end the youthful Czech, flaming his meteor trail across the Hollywood skies to stardom—idolized as one of the most glamorous figures in films, with wealth in his hands and women at his call—has renounced with monkish abnegation the frivolities of life.

He burns his candle at both ends, and does not count the cost.

To pictures he gives the dash and fire of his great talent and energy to entertain the world. But to humanity he gives the greater share of his activities, organizing every moment for fear that he might waste some of the precious time that he can give to the cause of furthering the happiness of everyone before that light goes out.

Every moment of his day is accounted for. Two secretaries work swiftly to handle his many activities through an office provided him at his studio; a manager handles the volume of papers representing the many enterprises and negotiations that involve Francis Lederer.

The star neither smokes nor drinks. He plays no golf nor engages in any time-wasting sports. When he attends a public gathering it is usually for a diplomatic purpose—or to further, for one thing, his interest in the World Peace Federation which he founded. He is not found at parties; night clubs never see him. Why?

His explanation is simple, without pretense; direct as the man himself.

"Do you remember the fable of Hercules at the crossroads?" he asked. "One way led to a life of hard labor, of action and strenuous adventure. The other led to a life of relaxation, of amusement, and leisure. Hercules chose the road to work. And I chose likewise."

He finds no difficulty expressing himself in a language he has spoken for only a year; although his accent is

noticeable, it merely adds flavor to his speech. As he talks, his eyes are bright with that candle, giving off its pleasing light. His hair clusters darkly in tight ringlets, giving his finely molded yet strongly masculine features an appearance that reminds one of the Marble Faun.

"**I**T IS a matter of conscience," he continued. "I hate to waste even a second of time, I see so many opportunities to be of use in the world. So many things to do! And always I know that whatever I do is such a small thing in this big world."

"And there is a continual conflict, too, between what I like to do and what I am doing, so many ways to wander from it and lose time. There is, for one thing, this custom of going to cocktail parties and talking long into the night. I cannot bring myself to waste hours that way! No, that is but short of a crime to commit upon the opportunities life has given to me. To spend hours talking is permissible only if one is learning. With some men who have talked with me the night through, it is like reading five good books—better, for I retain what I have heard."

Francis Lederer gave a Continental shrug to his broad shoulders. In his singlet, the power of his arms was noticeable. He followed my glance.

"Fortunately for me, I was born with strength," he said. "I exercise every day—for ten minutes only. I work then, tremendously. With dumb-bells, weights—any new thing I can find at sports stores. But I cannot spare any more time than that. Sports for pleasure I cannot enter; I have forsworn leisure, you see."

His passion for reality is one of his most important traits—dramatic critics have commented upon it before. In "Pursuit of Happiness," the robust, rollicking comedy drama which was his first popular picture, he demonstrates that time and again. In London and Europe, this same trait was always apparent. (Continued on page 66)

Portfolio of Early Spring Styles

Ultra-Fashionable LOMBARD



The 1935 silhouette as exemplified by this ultra new black crêpe frock; with surplice bodice and floating godet. The shoulder wrap has silver fox cuffs.



Stunning black dinner cap of pleated crêpe which only serves to hold the lavish sweep of black paradise.

THERE has been an epidemic of naming everyone from the President's wife on down as the "best dressed woman" these past few months. Among the actresses chosen under this banner were Constance Cummings of the stage and screen, beautiful Gladys Swarthout of the opera, now enroute to Hollywood, Kay Francis, and finally Carole Lombard. Of them all, Carole achieves for us perfection in style and we are glad to clap our hands when she sways down the runways of fashion. Travis Banton, who designed this dinner dress and hat for her and who dictates to her in every detail of costume, recently broke his record of never choosing merely one of the many women of the screen whom he dresses, and spoke right out in meetin' that he thought la Lombard really had a flair for clothes (even though they were his) that surpasses all others. We do not doubt that other designers will secretly agree with him.

This particular black gown represents his 1935 trend away from the sleek silhouette to pre-war draping. He has improved considerably over that period but the lines really do take us back. Whether or not Carole Lombard has the best figure in Hollywood, there is no one to deny that she is no hat-rack on which to hang an old ulster, and that her fearlessness and confidence in her own fashion instincts have put her 'way out in front of the class. In fact, she rates a Phi Beta Kappa key for that much abused word, *chic*.

Plaids, Prints and Polka Dots



Bette Davis makes a striking daytime appearance in this black and white wool gown. The bodice fastens with white bows, and the cape of oxford wool has a luxurious collar of gray wolf.



Smart town frock of sheer black wool brightened with tiny embroidered turquoise blue dots. The draped scarf is of turquoise angora edged with metal clips, as is the short fitted jacket.

for Young and Twenty . . .



Photos by Elmer Fryer

Bette goes a-dining in a crisp green and white taffeta frock in a smart new length, ten inches from the floor. The square pointed sleeves join the neckline to make a flattering stand-up collar.

And for dancing Miss Davis wears this enchanting gown of soft black crepe patterned with a brilliant assortment of field flowers. The unusual sleeve draperies are of bright tile red and very graceful.

Grace at Thirty



Above: Isn't it lovely? Kay Francis, the exquisite, wears this Orry-Kelly gown in "Living on Velvet." Soft angel skin crepe forms the clinging skirt and low cut bodice, while cord striped taffeta in deep folds make the peplum flounce and revers

Below: An extremely soignée dress of black sheer moss crepe with a diamond decote, high draped neck and bodice, and unusual finished taffeta belt with cameo buckle worn by Miss Francis

Charm at Forty



Left: "Dinner at home" . . . in black wool crêpe and white gardenias. Mary Boland favors this combination in a closely fitted dress with cape-like ruffles falling over the elbows

Above: This smart gown and cape is made of heavy white wool lace worked into a background of sheer net, and is worn by Miss Boland. Graceful draping marks the gown and trailing train



A HAIRBRUSH—

by *Maureen*

To buff your nails is all-important, says MAUREEN and shows you how to do it properly . . . and she brushes her hair daily to produce natural oil.

I DON'T know why it is that most of us can't learn what to do about ourselves—our face, our hair, our figure—till we reach the age of twenty-two or three. I know I am just beginning to "find myself" in matters of make-up and dress.

My first theory about make-up is that too much of it makes a girl look older than she really is. A young girl in her teens, or even in her twenties, has a quality in her skin that she never has after thirty . . . and she should never cover it up completely with piled on powder and rouge. That's why, even though I first cleanse my face thoroughly with cleansing cream, I always follow this with a good soap-and-water cleansing. Soap brings out that youthful glow. It's true soap sometimes turns the glow into a "shine," but that can be toned down with just the tiniest dab of vanishing or cold cream spread thinly over the face. Use lipstick, rouge, eyeshadow, mascara, the "works," if you want, but use them artistically, delicately.

Plucked eyebrows are something else which I think adds years to a face. Of course if your eyebrows are very heavy and scraggly, the edges should be plucked lightly into an even line . . . but, oh, I do hate those terribly thin, pencil-arched eyebrows

which we have been wearing in Hollywood for the last few years.

They look so very artificial—and don't try to fool yourself—anything artificial always strikes a false note. When I took that long trip to Ireland just recently, I was glad to see that girls in many of the big cities which I passed through were reverting to their natural eyebrows. You know, this sounds "preachy," but it's true that Nature had some reason for placing your eyebrows at the exact angle she did. Eyebrows give expression to the face, and since expressions on every face vary—there is certainly no reason why eyebrows should all be the same thin-arched lines, just as though they were stamped there by some mechanical stamping machine. (I guess you've gathered that I've stopped plucking mine in an exaggerated line and, like all "reformers," want you to do the same!)

THEY asked me to tell you how I take care of my hair. Well, I am more lucky than a lot of girls, I guess, since my hair is naturally curly, and I can give it that prescribed "one hundred brushings a day" without having to worry about a wave. And really that is the grandest beauty treatment in the world for your hair. I know real beauty experts have told you that time and time again. And I also know that you probably believe it, but just never do anything about it, because, after all, finger waves are expensive enough without brushing them out as soon as you get them. But if you won't brush your hair every day, you can at least compromise by giving it a good brushing treatment before and after your shampoo (which means before and after your new wave).

Do you know why it is that a shampoo at the beauty parlor always seems to leave your hair much prettier than when you shampoo it at home? Because the operator (if she's a good one), brushes it well, and massages the scalp thoroughly before

O'Sullivan

shampooing. Maybe you think she does that just to make you say "ooh!" and "ah-h!" enjoyably. No, she does it because she knows that brushing and massaging enlivens your hair—and where there's life, there's hope—for beauty.

So, next time you shampoo your hair, brush it for a good half hour, first and afterward. Always brush away from your head, not down over it . . . and separate your hair in

strands for separate brushings. A shampoo naturally dries the hair a little—that's why "you can never do anything with it—you just washed it"—but the brushing, afterward, coaxes the natural oil back into the hair and adds a sheen and gloss to it. Then, too, the oil which has been returned to the hair helps hold your wave in place much longer. And if you are troubled with too oily hair, the brushing will help that too, which sounds like a paradox, I know, but which isn't . . . for the excess oil will come off on the brush. Even such a brushing treatment only once a week, when you shampoo your hair, will improve its condition considerably. (Oh, yes, another advantage of brushing *after* the shampoo, is that you remove any tiny soap "dust" which you may have missed in the rinsing!)

AS for actual make-up, I never use anything but a very fine, lightweight powder, applied with a bit of cotton, and lipstick. I use a lipstick that is as natural looking as I can find . . . and occasionally, if I am very pale, I rub a bit of the lipstick onto my cheeks with my finger. That's one way of being sure that your lipstick and rouge match! And that's about all I use in the way of cosmetics. You see, I have at last discovered that I must not "over-do" myself if I want to look my best. And that goes for clothes as well as make-up. A raving beauty can wear most anything and everything and get away with it—but a "tailored" type like me . . . well, you have no idea how long it even took me to find out that that's what I was. If I over-dress my face or my figure, people look at me quizzically, wondering

A hundred strokes a day will brush your hair to beauty! Too much make-up makes you look old; too little exercise gives waistline trouble!

what I am trying to make myself out to be. If I just look like myself, like my best self—well, that is a lot better than trying to look like a poor somebody else.

I have one tailored suit that is simple and elegant and beautiful enough to wear to any daytime gathering in the world . . . even at the *Ritz*. I have others, of course, which are more sporty and I always wear low-heeled sports shoes with these . . . sports shoes and heavy silk stockings. Cobwebby-sheer hose and sports shoes just don't mix . . . and neither do high-heeled pumps and sports suits. This is the sort of thing that has to be observed if you want to look really smart in tailored things.

It's the same with make-up. Flaming lipstick and shadowed eyelids are grand for (*Continued on page 58*)

Maybe this isn't the dog MAUREEN means . . . but it's cute anyway! . . . Pencil line eyebrows are out . . . natural lines are maintained by consistent brushing.

AND A DOG



The Hostess Gown.

TWO NEW
LADIES OF
THE CINEMA



Above: Lovely Mary Ellis, Anglo-American commuter, opera singer, stage and picture star. The gown is a dramatic one of black velvet and yards of ruffles worn in "All the King's Horses." Right: Merle Oberon, Britain's noted beauty, now in Hollywood, wearing a gorgeous satin gown with extremely fine jewel accessories. Starring in "Folies Bergère de Paris."





LESLIE HOWARD
as "The Scarlet Pimpernel" is wicked,
amusing and brave

Honest Critiques of New Pictures

By PATRICIA REILLY

THERE are three "costume" pictures this month to stack against each other and really not one has risen above its hoopskirts and its drum corps. Two were made in England and the third was stirred up in Hollywood. Although there is too much marching around and nit-witty dialogue in the English productions, they somehow have history all wrapped up in cellophane and satin ribbons—on the other hand, "Clive of India" (Twentieth Century) has Loretta Young.

Of the three, "The Scarlet Pimpernel" (United Artists) is the most gracious, probably saved from banality by that blonde darling of the women, that taunting and enchanting Mr. Leslie Howard. After the realism of "Of Human Bondage," Baroness Orczy's "Scarlet Pimpernel" is light stuff for the dramatic abilities of the season's first gentleman of the New York stage, for Mr. Howard is packing the aisles on Broadway at this moment, prior to his next picture. As Mr. Howard himself says, "there is nothing that could be

censored about 'The Scarlet Pimpernel,' a romance between a husband and his wife." It is a story for children, a romantic one of the French Revolution, which kept us quite breathless and delighted us not a little. Those who have read the book say that there aren't enough of the Pimpernel's adventures. We can't help remembering—and wish that Mr. Howard, like Gary Cooper and Helen Hayes, would again be paired with Norma Shearer. We missed his presence in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

AFTER "The House of Rothschild," nothing Mr. Arliss may do will even touch fingertips with it. In "The Iron Duke" (Gaumont-British) he is, like Mr. Howard, ever the center of the scene, his voice the attraction, his gesture the guiding star. It's a bit confusing, having seen the Duke of Wellington and Rothschild dining together once, now to see Rothschild suddenly become the Duke of Wellington. An American major, who accom-

"The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" (Paramount) continues to be the outstanding 1935 picture, with "David Copperfield" running close second, as we go to press. With Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone and Sir Guy Standing, you cannot see the woods for the stars, but even they did not succeed in obliterating the sensitive playing of young Richard Cromwell of a rather unsympathetic part. Few people like a coward, even a young one, but his understanding of the Colonel's son is as deep and touching as the other performances which have been so highly praised. He will next be seen in "Life Begins at 40."



panied us at the preview, pointed out that they might have padded Arliss' shoulders for the part but admitted that they fought damn' fine battles in those days. We both thrilled to the battle scenes—horses coming out of the morning into a field of sun-kissed wheat; men and horses dashing through young trees in a mossy wood; scenes of Waterloo like "that morning on the Argonne." There must be something about the English landscape which far surpasses California, for these two English-location pictures are as fresh as spring to the eyes; we could smell the dew on the grass. You have not forgotten the trees in "Henry the VIII" and here again the countryside plays an important rôle. We need more verdure and thank Elstree for giving it us.

MINUS his moustache, Ronald Colman shakes off other trade-mark characteristics and gives us as one of his country's best loved historical heroes a virile and unforgettable portrait which never wavers from first

glimpse of the dissatisfied young East India trading clerk to the last view of Clive, broken and discredited. Loretta Young is beautiful in the costumes of two hundred years ago. We were haunted by Loretta's face as she listened to his impeachment in the alley but found ourselves wishing history had hurried a little faster in the modern manner. We felt a little embarrassed for Mr. Colman without his moustache and anyway we have always been susceptible to them in general and his in particular.

IT WILL be interesting to compare England's production of "The Old Curiosity Shop" made in the original settings with our own "David Copperfield" (M-G-M). If Dickens didn't bore you—you have to have that kind of Woolcott mind which likes such things—you will not be disappointed in the array of talent bringing your beloved characters to life. Freddie Bartholomew as the boy David stands out, with Roland Young doing an astonishing characterization as the unspeakable Uriah Heep. W. C.



WARNER BAXTER, JANET GAYNOR and WALTER KING make us very hungry in "One More Spring"



EDWARD G. ROBINSON behind those spectacles and JEAN ARTHUR have "The Whole Town Talking"



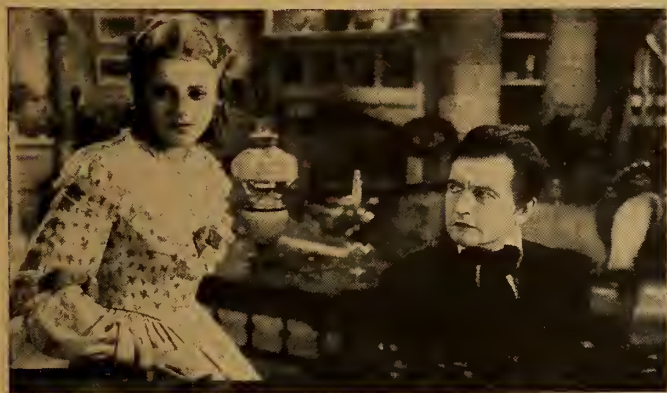
The Battle of Waterloo in "The Iron Duke" makes modern warfare the uglier and creates unforgettable landscapes

Fields to us, like Dickens to most people, just can't be wrong—we might even like him in "Chapayev." You will see "David Copperfield" anyway, and should, so nothing we can say will stop you, if we wanted to.

"CHAPAYEV" is the current Russian dish for intellectuals. It is a Russian picture, by Russians, for Russians, about Russians and in our opinion you've got to be Russian-minded to like it. It is supposed to be the outstanding U.S.S.R. cinematic attempt to date, a biographical picture concerning the Red leader by that name. We fell in love with a Russian Dick Barthelme but the rest of the picture was just a flock of beards without benefit of good direction or photography. The photography, as a matter of fact, reminded us of our old nickelodeon at home and if we hear any more social service workers saying, "Isn't it wonderful . . . isn't it simply superb?" we are going to kick the U.S.S.R. in its baggy pants.

OUR pet peeve of the month being off our chests, we can go back to Dickens. "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" (Universal) is Dickens in another mood, a Russian one, we might say. Hollywood has cleared up the fifty-year mystery of the death of handsome young Edwin Drood for all time and quite logically. Director and cast kept this gloomy old melodrama of the opium-crazed choirmaster in well-sustained pitch of eerie horror and as the sinister uncle, Claude Rains gives a performance of mental menace seldom seen on a screen. A spectacular suicide leaves the onlookers tingling, and those who like Mr. Rains as we do and enjoy telling ghost stories in the dark are invited to attend.

"LIFE RETURNS" (Universal) is eerie in a different way. This is one of the strangest pictures you have ever seen or will ever see. It leaves you under its spell for days afterward and at least here is a story that will make you think. Built (Continued on page 79)



HEATHER ANGEL and CLAUDE RAINS in a bad moment of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood"



RONALD COLMAN and LORETTA YOUNG—with Easter lilies—make romance in "Clive of India"

Indeed, the long-lashed, deep blue of her look was in itself a betrayal of the essential loveliness of the face. Hastily she picked up the veil. But Dr. Sylvester had a modifying thought. He telephoned and presently a messenger appeared with a pair of disfiguring amber goggles.

THE Conservatory Lounge of the Fleur de Lis is a justly popular gathering place at the cocktail hour. It was far from popular, however, with the guest who shrinkingly regarded it through goggles from the entrance. How was she to find courage to penetrate that human jungle?

Her happily roving glance fell upon one familiar face. Emory Muir had not seen her but the mere sense of his presence gave her comfort and support. She secured the convoy of a head waiter, and was presently seated at a small table back of the one at which her rescuer of the noonday episode was engaged in earnest conversation with a companion. A potted plant screened her and a cocktail justified her presence.

As she settled down, Judge Thaddeus S. Parke was saying, with that benignant smile which had deluded many an unsuspecting witness into believing that he was just a nice old gentleman: "You aren't worth a cent to me dead."

"Nor to me," agreed the young man.

"Considering what happened day before yesterday, and also last week—"

"That might have been accident."

"Twice?" said the lawyer with lifted brows.

"Well, I'm damned if I like the idea of running away."

"Temper," observed the Judge gently.

"Nerves. Sleeping pretty well?"

"Not so very."

"I thought as much. You don't like being shadowed, perhaps. But you really shouldn't have punched that amateur sleuth on the jaw. That sort of thing creates hard feeling."

The young man snorted. "I'm getting fed up," he stated. "On top of everything else, to have the investigation adjourned—"

"I did that."

"You did? What for?"

"To find out how high your interesting line of testimony is going to lead. So far we've involved one of the most important lobbyists in Washington, a Senator and two Congressmen, and a couple of department heads are going to have some painful explaining to do if you're permitted to go any farther. That's why I'm so worried about your—er—state of health. How would you like to pack some fishing tackle, your field glasses, and those sketch-books of yours and slip quietly out of town to a place where you won't have to speak to anybody but the birds you're so partial to?"

Emory Muir sighed. "Well, I'm not quite that unsociable, but I could certainly use a rest. Is there any such place within a thousand miles of here?"

"Within a couple of hundred. Son," he set a hand on the other's knee, "the loneliest spot known to man is a place that has once been lived in and no longer is." He brought out a road-map. "Here's the main federal highway, southwest. Across the second ridge of the mountains you'll find an ancient, abandoned tavern. Go around it and look for a half hidden dirt road, dipping down to the left. Pretty soon you'll sight a sugar-loaf mountain. Point for that and in fifteen minutes you'll come to a waterfall. Cross the bridge if it's still standing and skirt the forest. There's a steep little hill ahead. From the top of it you'll catch the scent of wild azaleas on a still day and maybe hear a veery in the thicket. Just around the corner you'll see one of the most beautiful old buildings that ever you set eyes on, smokeless and windowless and dead. That's the Old



NATALIE PALEY wears this violet crepe gown designed for her by Lucien Lelong. The large tulle ruff is separate.

Bluewater Springs Hotel, and across the lawn is the spring house."

"WHEN were you there, sir?" "Fifty years ago, the first time. No; fifty-one." He drummed on the table-top, looking far away at nothing. "In another century, another world. If you should hear the sound of singing on the mountain path above the azaleas, close your ears for you'll never get the echoes out of your heart."

The slight figure at the table back of them leaned forward, unnoted.

"You've been back again, then," said Emory.

"Many times. To find a few hours of rest in the peaceablest haven I know."

A waiter came with a telephone message for Judge Parke.

As he dreamily studied the map Emory heard the words: "Take me with you."

"Wh-what's that?" He recognized the queerly distorted charm of the voice even before he turned to stare into the vague goggles. They were no improvement over the veil; rather the reverse.

"How long have you been listening?"

"Since he began to tell about it. It sounds simply heavenly. If you knew how terribly I want to get away from here. Couldn't you let me go along? I wouldn't bother you. And I'll pay you anything you say."

"You and who else?"

"What do you mean, I and who else?"

"Who else would be going?"

"Why, nobody."

"Just us two?"

"Who else do you want?"

"Nobody. But—look here, how old are you?" he demanded abruptly.

"Oh," she retorted with a curious inflection. "It's the proprieties that are on your mind. Well, take a good look at me and then tell me whether you think you need a chaperone."

"I wasn't thinking about myself," he disclaimed indignantly. "But what I'd like to know is why you're picking me."

"Because I don't know anyone else that I could get. Because you're kind; you said so, yourself. Because I'm not afraid of you. Because if I don't get away from here I'm afraid I'll go crazy." All this in a wild rush of words. Now the vehemence died out and she murmured piteously, "You will take me, won't you?"

"No fair!" he protested. "What chance has a fellow got when you ring in that vox humana stop on him!"

"Your friend is coming back," she warned hurriedly. "I'm in Suite 1515. Mrs. Clara Colfax . . . Oh, please!"

Stepping aside to let her pass, Judge Parke gazed after her with curiosity. "Now what about that vacation?"

Emory took a deep breath. "All right. We're starting tomorrow."

"We?"

"Me and my 1931 runabout," he explained too hastily for grammar. He had somehow an idea that secrecy was indicated in the matter of his prospective companion. "If you'll excuse me I'll go telephone."

From Suite 1515 the voice answered instantly and with a new and tremulous clarity. "Yes. Is it all right?"

"I think so. I'll call you later about details."

"Oh, thank you!" came the music of her response.

Then Emory bestowed a glare of startled and incredulous disfavor upon the instrument in his hand. There had followed what sounded to his scandalized ears something suspiciously like an airy kiss wafted through the distances.

IN PERSON

CHAPTER II

ANY experienced nerve specialist is armored against amazement in the matter of feminine psychology. But Dr. Aaron Sylvester confessed to a sensation of limpness, the after-effect of an extremely spirited conversation with the most wilful of his patients. To the best of his knowledge and belief his niece was about to elope with a young man upon whom she had never set eyes before that day, and, short of locking her into her expensive suite, he saw no way of prevention.

And he was by no means sure that he wished to prevent it. Insoluble problems call for desperate measures.

When Emory Muir entered the office at the urgent request of the physician, that expert derived a distinctly favorable impression from the deeply sun-browned face, the quiet eyes, and the effect of general competency which were the obvious characteristics of his visitor. This young man looked solid and hard of personality. For his sake Dr. Sylvester hoped that he was.

"I want to speak to you of my patient, Mrs. Colfax."

"Is she a little bit touched?" asked Emory with interest.

"Hm. Your joint enterprise might suggest that the diagnosis would hold equally good for you."

"I wouldn't assume to dispute so eminent an authority, sir."

Dr. Sylvester chuckled. "In your own interests, my young friend, will you tell me why you're doing it?"

"I'd rather like to know, myself."

"Do you know anything of Mrs. Colfax?"

Emory took this under advisement. "She's got a voice that would lure an unhatched chicken out of its shell," he pronounced. "And," he added upon further reflection, "a face that would scare it back in again. Maybe the voice worked some kind of hypnotism on me. I'll admit that the shared expense had its influence. But if you consider, as her physician, that she ought not to go, of course I'll call the whole thing off."

DR. SYLVESTER rose and paced the floor, using unprofessional language. "Dammit, I don't know that I want it called off. It's rather a mess. Did you ever hear of agoraphobia? Fear of the market-place. That is, medically, fear of people, of crowds. It is an almost irresistible panic which may develop into permanent derangement."

"That explains the fit she threw this noon."

"Exactly. What must have seemed to you like silly hysteria is far more serious. I won't go into details except to tell you that Miss—er—Mrs. Colfax had a crushing nervous shock some weeks ago."

"Is that what makes her look that way?" asked Emory, instantly sympathetic.

The other hesitated. "It's one of the effects. A more vital one is that she

has been stripped naked of her personality, estranged from herself. She has a morbid dread of being recognized, spoken to. Until today I have been unable to persuade her to venture on the streets. And then that damned accident undid most of what I've been building up. Most unfortunate. But most fortunate that you were there and acted with vigor and sense. However, I must warn you against possible sequels."

"I don't think I get that, Dr. Sylvester."

"Mrs. Colfax is in an emotionally unstable state. She has, in a measure, substituted your personality for her own; your strength and reliability for her weakness. You would be surprised to know what phases the dependency of a neurotic young woman can assume."

"Hi!" said Emory in dismay. "You're



GINGER ROGERS has been made over by Bernard Newman who designed this polka dot taffeta pom-pom street costume for her.

not warning me that she's liable to fall in love with me, are you?"

"I've known such cases. But it wouldn't mean a thing."

"I should hope not! It doesn't sound good to me."

"I appeal to your sportsmanship, Mr. Muir. Frankly, if you go back on me I shall not know where to turn."

"You're expecting me to take a crazy woman—"

"One moment. Get this firmly in mind. Mrs. Colfax is no more crazy than you or I. Consider her as a person who has suffered a severe injury to her mind—her personality, rather—analogueous to a broken arm or leg. I think—I hope—you will not regret carrying out your plan. Incidentally I

am assuming no light responsibility in entrusting her to you."

"She's safe!"

With slow gravity the specialist replied: "I am assuming that. I have instituted inquiries about you and, if I may use a term so old-fashioned as to be almost obsolete, I believe you to be a man of character and honor."

"But what's it all about?" demanded the young man in bewilderment. "God knows, I don't want to seduce the lady or marry her for her money or anything. Besides, she's married anyway, isn't she?"

"Not exactly. That is, just at present—er—I shouldn't say much about that to her. I'm going to give you some advice."

"Professional?"

"Professional insofar as it may have a reflex effect upon my patient. Personal to you because I like you and I think—there was an effect of twinkle in his expression—"you're going to need it. In the first place, as you'll doubtless find out for yourself, Mrs. Colfax in spite of a naturally sweet and sound disposition, is pretty badly spoiled. As she gets better she is going to resume the old theory that creation was pretty much made to her order. I'm warning you. Don't let her get away with anything at the start or you're done for."

"You're advising me to treat her rough if she cuts up any of her rich-girl shines? Is that it?"

"Within reason. A touch of discipline would do her no harm. But don't frighten her. She's had all she can stand of that. Gentle but firm, eh? Make her face realities. Make her face herself." He shook hands warmly and, as the door closed behind the visitor, added: "And may the Lord have mercy on your unprepared soul!"

At approximately the same hour Judge Thaddeus C. Parke was seated in the sumptuous drawing-room of Suite 1515 without quite understanding why he should, outside of business hours, have answered a telephone summons from a woman quite unknown to him. Perhaps a strangely alluring quality of speech had something to do with it. That same voice was now questioning him from an inner room on the subject of Emory Muir, while its owner remained, after due but mystifying apology, annoyingly secluded.

"But what is the purpose of all this?"

"I'm going with Mr. Muir."

"Where?"

"To that place you described so fascinatingly. The place where you fell in love with the girl who sang on the mountain path. You've quite the romantic gift, Judge Parke. By the way, did you ever get over it?"

"None of your business. What do you know about it?"

"I was sitting back of you in the lounge this afternoon."

"You're that woman? And Emory is taking you? Suppose I object?"

"Why should you?"

"Well, frankly, Mrs. Colfax, I don't know anything about you, and I don't like mysteries. Particularly in the case of my star witness who happens to be my friend, also."

"Then it's true that he is in danger," said she quickly.

"You have sharp ears, I see. Yes; it's true enough."

"Then I should think you'd be the more worried about his going away all alone as you planned," she pointed out.

"I have no reason thus far to suppose that you would be any protection. And unless you can account for this freak idea of yours, I shall certainly protest."

"It won't be of the slightest use," she retorted placidly. "I always get my own way. It's a specialty of mine. How does one hire a distinguished lawyer? Do I give you a retainer? How much?"

"That can come later. What for?"

"To make it a professional secret. If I pay you, it's that, isn't it?"

"Smart woman. All right; I'm retained—provisionally."

"Then here goes. I don't know why I'm not afraid of you, but I'm not . . . Good evening, Judge Parke."

THE SHOCK of the apparition standing in the doorway lifted the old gentleman quite out of his chair. "Glory-hallelujah!" he ejaculated.

"White magic. Just a matter of make-up. Do you like it?"

"Witness declines to answer on—well, never mind that. You're the sweetest thing I've set eyes on since—since fifty-one long years ago."

"You're an old dear. And I'm glad I'm not as pretty as she was."

"At least I need no further explanation of why that lucky young rascal is willing to take you along with him."

"Oh, yes, you do. He doesn't know. He thinks I'm hideous."

"What an awakening he's got coming!"

She shook her head. "No, I don't dare be anything but hideous now." Dread and pain darkened her face.

"Something has happened to you. Do you want to tell your—er—attorney about it?" asked the Judge with more than professional sympathy.

"Yes. I think I'd like to. Do you ever go to the movies?"

"Frequently."

"Well?" She summoned up a smile and made a quaint little gesture of divine awkwardness, pretending to brush a lock of hair out of her eyes and deposit it carefully back of one ear.

"You're Caris Corliss," he almost shouted. "How did I ever miss recognizing you?"

"We all look different on the screen. . . . You know now what happened to me."

"That mob business that was on the front pages? I thought that was publicity stuff."

"I wish to God it had been," was the low and bitter reply.

IN effortful, broken sentences she told him of that soul-scarring experience in Brooklyn where, after a personal appearance she had slipped out of the theatre alone only to be identified by the crowd as the new star who had so suddenly shot up from the obscurity of college dramatics to be a blazing luminary. Instantly she had been swarmed upon by the terrifying, impersonal mass, jostling, peering, smothering, demanding autographs, souvenirs, replies to questions, attention to crank appeals, all the weird madness of fandom until

she lost her head. The human press became a mad mob, plucking at her defenseless person, tearing souvenir shreds from her clothing, hustling and bruising her slight body and even snipping locks from her hair until she was rescued from the violence and horror in complete collapse. The after-effects had been kept out of the papers; it was only known that she was "resting."

"Now can you see why I want to get away from everything?"

Judge Parke assented. "And you couldn't be in better hands than my young friend's. But it'll be pretty rough and primitive for you. Then there is the matter of possible danger in the association with Emory. I think, however, that he'll be safe enough outside of Washington."

"I shouldn't care about that," she averred. "I'm only afraid of people; not of danger."

"My fee, Mrs. Col—I mean Miss Corliss, is one cent. I'll carry it for a luck-piece. I'd like to see Emory's face if you decide to resume your own likeness." He smiled and added. "By the way, young lady, don't let me hear of you coming down any mountain paths, singing."

"Now, there is an idea," said Miss Caris Corliss thoughtfully.

"HELLO, Mrs. Colfax . . . Emory Muir . . . Are you packed?"

"No; but I can be. I shan't take much."

"That's right. I'll be here with the car at seven tomorrow."

"Seven in the morning?"

"Certainly. What's the matter?"

"Why, it's absurd." There was a taint of petulance in the sweetness of the enunciation. Emory began to appreciate Dr. Sylvester's diagnosis of character.

"All right, then; it's absurd," he agreed.

Misled by his suavity she said complacently: "I'll try to be ready about the middle of the morning. When do you want to come?"

"At seven."

"What?"

"Seven a.m. o'clock."

"Don't be stupid. Seven doesn't suit me."

"Six-thirty, then."

"I wish you wouldn't try to be funny." She was plaintive.

"Six-thirty isn't really funny. Six is a lot funnier."

"If that's the kind of person you're going to turn out to be!"

"Not turn out to be. I've always been that way."

"Well, I'm not getting up before dawn for any man."

"That's perfectly all right."

"What do you mean by that?" she demanded with alarmed suspicion.

"Just what you think. You have your sleep out and I'll be somewhere in Old Virginia, pointed sou'-sou'-west when you order coffee."

(To Be Continued)



EVELYN LAYE and FRANK LAWTON as they sailed for London on a belated honeymoon. They are both from England; she will be seen next as "Princess Charming," a Gaumont British film.

HURRY IN AND PUT
OUT THAT LIGHT, SALLY.
IT'S LATE...

NOT TILL I'VE
CLEANED MY
FACE WITH **LUX**
TOILET SOAP.
NO COSMETIC
SKIN FOR ME!

Wise girls guard against Cosmetic Skin the screen stars' way...

YOU can use cosmetics all you wish if you remove them *thoroughly* the screen stars' way. It's when you leave bits of stale rouge and powder *choking the pores* that you risk Cosmetic Skin.

Do you see enlarged pores, dullness, tiny blemishes—warning signals of Cosmetic Skin? Better begin at once to use Lux Toilet Soap—the soap especially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

To protect your skin—keep it lovely—follow this simple rule:

Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—**ALWAYS** before you go to bed at night—use gentle Lux Toilet Soap. Its **ACTIVE** lather will sink deep into

the pores, carry away every vestige of dust, dirt, embedded powder and rouge. Your skin will feel soft and smooth—and *look it!* 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap—have used it for years!

**BARBARA
STANWYCK**

STAR OF WARNER BROS. "THE WOMAN IN RED"



OF COURSE I USE
COSMETICS, BUT
I NEVER WORRY
ABOUT COSMETIC
SKIN. I USE
LUX TOILET SOAP
REGULARLY!

READ **FREE** OFFER BELOW



He'll remember YOUR EYES

Did they say:
"Come Again?"

YOUR eyes are your fortune—your chance to charm or repel. To be alluring you must have long, lovely lashes. You can glorify your eyes so easily with Winx, the super-mascara.

You'll never realize how attractive you can look until you try Winx—my perfected formula of mascara that keeps lashes soft, alluring. Your eyes—framed with Winx lashes—will give your face new mystery, new charm, I promise you.

Long, Lovely Lashes in 40 Seconds

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascaras—so will you, I'm certain. Winx is refined to the last degree—so it's safe, smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—scientifically perfect. Try Winx today—learn how easy it is to have lustrous Winx lashes. Get Winx at any toilet

counter, darken your lashes, see the instant improvement.

To introduce Winx to new friends, note my *two* offers below. My free booklet—"Lovely Eyes—How To Have Them"—is complete—how to care for the lashes and brows, how to use eye shadow, how to treat "crow's-feet," etc.



FREE

Louise Ross

Merely send
Coupon for "Lovely Eyes—
How to Have Them"

Mail to LOUISE ROSS,
243 W. 17th St., New York City

M.P.-4-35

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ Black or ☐ Brown.

A HAIR BRUSH AND A DOG

(From page 49)

some people . . . some exotic beauties. . . . but I have long since stopped sighing over them for myself, and have become content to just be Maureen O'Sullivan and do my best by *her*. It's the same with perfumes. I used to try to wear heavy oriental scents, but the Irish and the oriental never did mix, never will, and I'm only glad that I found it out eventually. Now I never wear anything but the fresh, light flower odors. My favorites are heliotrope, lilac and geranium. I love these fragrances in toilet waters too . . . which I use by the bottle, (almost). After my shower, I literally bathe myself all over again in one of these refreshing fragrances. And I often dip my fingers in one of them when I massage my scalp . . . gives it a nice tingling feeling and makes your hair as fragrant as the hair that men always sigh over in books.

A SHOWER just wouldn't be a shower to me unless I used a scrub brush in it. Really, I think that a good old-fashioned scrubbing all over the body is the grandest thing in the world for one's health, and beauty. I have one of those nice, new, long-handled brushes that reaches all the way down the spine, and I use it with a vengeance. This scrubbing brings up the circulation and wards off any of those little blemishes which pop up every now and then on our back and shoulders and which are so unsightly with evening clothes. I use the brush especially hard on my elbows and knees to remove the layers of dead skin which are always gathering there and which make the skin tough and hard if not removed. And I always finish off with

a cold, (really a *cold*) shower. If the skin on your face benefits by a cold-water astringent, why shouldn't the skin on your body!

I'm not much of an athlete, but I do love to walk—and I depend entirely on walking to keep myself slim. And need I tell you that half the joy of walking is walking in comfortable shoes? They do not necessarily have to be very low heels, if you are used to medium ones. But the shoes should be roomy and comfortable. Good heavy leather soles I think are better for your feet than rubber ones which have a tendency to "draw." When you are walking and get tired, try raising both arms above your head and walking that way for half a mile or so. This pulls your stomach and abdomen muscles into a new tightened position, and allows the blood to run down into your body again.

IF YOU don't like to walk alone and don't have a best beau who likes to walk, get a dog! Then, out of pity for the little thing, you'll be forced to take him out for a walk once in a while, and do him and yourself a favor at the same time. Another grand thing about walking for a dog, is that you can throw things for him . . . a stone, or stick, or anything . . . and in the constant bending over to pick it up and throw it again, you are also doing your waistline a favor.

All this sounds very silly I'm sure, and I don't know what the editor of *MOTION PICTURE Magazine* will say about it—since my beauty advice to you seems mostly, get a good hair brush, a good body brush, and a dog! Oh well, anyway, I tried!



IRENE DUNN, RUFFY and MAJOR (reading from right to left). According to Miss O'Sullivan there is nothing better than a romp with pets like these to keep the figure trim.

PHOTOGRAPHED

MORE THAN 5,000 TIMES

Sometimes you see her as a debutante, sometimes as the happy housewife and young mother; again as the blooming bride. Her flawless teeth have gleamed at you from scores of tooth paste pictures. She is Elizabeth Russell, most photographed of beautiful New York models and one of the most successful.



*"This toothpaste gives the Brilliance
the studios demand"*
says **ELIZABETH RUSSELL** famed New York model

"No one," says Miss Russell, "is in a better position to judge products, especially those affecting health and beauty, than models.

"Manufacturers are constantly asking us to try various creams, powders, soaps and tooth pastes. It doesn't take long to find out which have merit. They prove themselves quickly. These we use. The others we reject. For, after all, when one's good looks and livelihood are concerned, one cannot afford to take chances. That is especially true in the case of tooth paste. A model with poor teeth is a model without work.

"Of all the dentifrices, I like Listerine Tooth Paste best. I began using it when I first went into modeling four years ago. It's really marvelous how thoroughly and quickly it cleans. It seems to impart to teeth a brilliance and lustre that photogra-

phers like to see reproduced in their work.

"And it is reassuring to know that it is safe to use. The ingredients are so fine and so pure that they are not a menace to enam-

el—the thing all models guard against."

Your Teeth Can Look Better

More than two million women and at least one million men have found that this tooth paste accomplishes remarkable results in keeping teeth healthy and beautiful. Such results are due to ultra-modern polishing agents—thorough but oh so gentle in action—that Listerine Tooth Paste contains.

Why not get a tube and try it for a week or two. See how much better your teeth look and feel. At all druggists in two sizes: Regular 25¢ and Double Size 40¢. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.



THE FILM-COMBATING, STAIN-ATTACKING TOOTH PASTE



MisSimplicity*

... of the famous waistline straps that cross in back, creating a diagonal pull that flattens the diaphragm and abdomen, and cinches in the waist . . . is shown here in fine batiste with an uplift bra and top of lace . . . and hip panels of

FASTIDIA**

Gossard's own exclusive elastic . . . as light as handloomed meshes . . . yet it reduces measurements by inches! Model 6676.

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The GOSSARD

Line of Beauty

THE H. W. GOSSARD CO., Chicago • New York
San Francisco • Dallas • Atlanta
Toronto • Melbourne • Sydney • Buenos Aires

SCHOOL FOR LOVE

Americans are more sexy than other people, but because there is such a crying need for instruction in love.

Do the movie producers live up to the challenge that the great American public flings at them? Are the great producing companies aware of the signal honor that the American public has bestowed on them? I am afraid the movie producers have been so hypnotized by their box offices that they have never considered the fact that *a movie can be a good movie and still be true to life*. It seems to me that the actual problems of love are far more interesting and exciting than the fantastic and unreal problems that one sees portrayed on the screen.

Let us see what happens. A young woman who teaches public school in a mid-western city has fallen in love with a young high school instructor. He returns her feelings, and they are very much in love. But the young high school instructor has an old-fashioned mother who dominates him like a mother hen. She has taught him the idea that his first duty is toward her, and she interferes in his love by fair means and foul. The young man becomes a pawn in the hands of his two women. What is the girl to do? What is the son to do? Can the mother be made to see reason? How can the mother be won over to let these people love in peace?

I have just given you the outline of the story, and yet if you are a red-blooded human being this tragedy of real life has gripped your interest. You want to know what has happened. You want to know how you would handle this problem if it happened to you. You might seek for help, and find no help in the quarters where you sought it. In desperation you would go to the movies.

What would you find? A problem, taken from real life, full of honest solutions acted by characters who are real people? Probably not.

NOW and then I find that the films are not only unreal and uninteresting, but actually dangerous. One of my patients divorced his wife because he kept comparing this very real and hard-working girl with the glamorous heroines of the screen. His wife held down a difficult job, kept her house well, and made a very delightful hostess, but she could not compete with the extravagantly paid charmers of the movies. Making fifty dollars a week, she could not languish in ravishing frocks that cost three hundred and fifty dollars apiece.

Friend husband kept criticizing and criticizing until this very sensible little wife told him outright that if he wanted a wife, he would have to be satisfied with a flesh-and-blood woman, but that if he wanted a combination of Marlene Dietrich, Greta Garbo and Katharine Hepburn, he would have to find her in the movies! She divorced him for intolerable mental cruelty, and now the husband is a very unhappy man. He has realized too late that you cannot go to the movies and attempt to translate movie characters and movie situations into real life!

(From page 23)

Don't for one moment think that I advocate taking romance and mystery and foreign atmosphere out of the films! I, for one, was overjoyed to see such a charming film as "Waltz Time in Vienna," such excellent and fantastic fooling as René Clair's "Le Million." I wish there were more films like them. But I think the unnatural and unreal love scenes that take place in the average American film are not only unsatisfactory to the audience, but actually harmful because they give an entirely false outlook on love to those who are most in need of straight thinking.

In our films we see women who are temptresses, romantically infantile, spoiled children, stupid tradition-ridden girls who ought to know better. Our lovers are either wholly unbelievable Don Juans or the most dolt-like sophomores. Love and love-making are not portrayed in the movies—they are lampooned, caricatured, distorted, dressed up in such bizarre costumes and situations that they resemble the mental aberrations of half-crazed morons.

AND all the time there are real situations that occur between men and women in love that are tremendously interesting and vital, which would lend themselves for the purposes of the films. What producer has dared to put on the screen some of the problems that beset the middle-aged woman? And yet a large percentage of the audience is women—women past thirty, who have very real problems to solve. What producer would have the courage to produce a film in which a married woman handled the triangle situation in a grown-up fashion, not by playing the "wronged wife" act in the traditional manner, but by taking a cue from the interloper, and making herself more attractive to her husband?

I could furnish the producers with enough fascinating and really human plots to make up their production schedules for a year, from a single week's actual practice in solving the problems of real people! The puppets that appear on the stage seem dim and unreal compared with the real people that consult me, and the "stagey" plots, threadbare and forced situations of the current films seem like faraway dreams compared with the robust and concrete situations that actually beset people in these troubled times.

Perhaps some day an enterprising producer will add a psychiatrist to his staff to suggest real people and real situations for the films, and censor those which are fantastic, harmful, and unreal, even though they are "clean" enough to get by the Board of Censorship. Popular demand for reality banished the old-time "vampires" from the screen. I predict that the day is not far off when the producers will put real people and real situations on the screen, and solve the problems of love in so expert a fashion that audiences will derive not only entertainment but also instruction from the films. And the first producer to see the logic of this will reap a fortune!

"Women welcome frankness when talking about these Kotex advantages"

CAN'T CHAFE · CAN'T FAIL · CAN'T SHOW!

Mary Pauline Callender
Author of "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday"

Your druggist can't tell you these things without embarrassment. But as one woman to another I want to tell you of these remarkable improvements in sanitary protection.

①

CAN'T CHAFE



To prevent chafing and all irritation, the sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton. That means lasting comfort and freedom every minute Kotex is worn. But, mind you, sides *only* are cushioned . . . the center surface is left free to absorb.

②

CAN'T FAIL



There is a special center layer in the heart of the pad. It has channels that guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad—thus avoids accidents. And this special center gives "body" but not bulk to the pad in use . . . makes Kotex keep adjusting itself to every natural movement. No twisting. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 times more absorbent than cotton.

③

CAN'T SHOW



Now you can wear what you will without lines ever showing. Why? Kotex ends are not merely rounded as in ordinary pads, but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility always. No "give away" lines or wrinkles . . . and that makes for added assurance that results in peace of mind and poise.

NEW ADJUSTABLE BELT REQUIRES NO PINS!

No wonder thousands are buying this truly remarkable Kotex sanitary belt! It's conveniently narrow . . . easily adjustable to fit the figure. And the patented clasp does away with pins entirely. You'll be pleased with the comfort . . . and the low price.



FRANKLY, I believe that I know what women really want in sanitary protection. For I have talked to thousands of women of all ages, and from all walks of life, about their personal problems. In intimate chats I've heard the faults they find with ordinary pads. And I know you'll be grateful to hear about the remarkable new Kotex.

Here are the facts that will interest you most.

Kotex is much softer because of its downy, cotton sides. 8 women in 10 say it prevents chafing entirely.

Kotex gives a freedom of mind for hours longer because the "equalizer" distributes moisture evenly, avoids accidents.

The tapered ends permit you to wear clinging gowns without the fear of lines that show.

Kotex eliminates pulling and twisting. *The reason for all this is contained in the pad itself and the new pinless belt.*

These are exclusive Kotex features of which no other napkin can boast.

Super Kotex for extra protection

Just let me mention that women who require extra protection find Super Kotex ideal for their needs. It costs no more than the regular. For emergency, Kotex is available in West Cabinets in ladies' rest rooms.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX

Try the New Deodorant Powder Discovery . . . QUEST, for Personal Daintiness. Available wherever Kotex is sold. Sponsored by the makers of Kotex

EYE IDEAS



MEN may hate extreme styles, but there's one beauty point that always gets them, in business or in ballrooms. Lovely eyes! Practice looking eager and attentive; two-thirds of the trick of that "starry-eyed" look is a matter of concentration. The other third is a little patented implement called Kurlash. Slip your eyelashes into this for a few moments each morning. They emerge with the lovely, lasting curl Nature forgot to give them. Curled lashes look *much* longer and make eyes sparkle . . . and Kurlash costs only \$1 at any leading store.



Men do not like an artificial "beaded" look on eyelashes, which is why so many professional beauties are using new liquid mascara *Lashtint*. \$1 buys a charming dressing-table bottle . . . water-proof and tear-proof (remove it with cold cream) to make thin or pale lashes appear dark and luxuriant.



Shopping or business over—and a sudden urge for beauty overcomes you! How lucky you are if out of your handbag comes *Lashpac*. From one end a stick of mascara pushes forward to use *both* on lashes and eyebrows. A tiny brush for grooming swings from the other end. Mrs. D. N. writes that it makes a most original \$1 bridge prize!

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly give you personal advice on eye beauty if you write her a note care of Department E-4, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.
Copr. The Kurlash Co., Inc., 1935.

becomes lovely under the sheer inspiration of it. A little red-head—and yet her hair is not exactly red, but tawny—the color of her eyes. She wears her hair simply parted in the middle and combed back, without wave or curl. This, or anything else, is not done affectedly, for affectation is not in her line. Her methods are always direct and straight to the point.

Frail little figure that she seems, scarcely tipping the scales at one hundred pounds and standing only four feet-plus in her stocking feet, she can outwork the huskiest member of her company. And then when it comes to the ordeal of meeting many people with whom she does not vibrate sympathetically, or in the throes of stage-fright, she crumples up like a leaf. During rehearsals, you will find her more often than not sitting apart, usually folded up like a jack-knife, hugging her ankles, her chin on her knees studying the progress of the work. Or perhaps standing beside her husband clinging to his arm, like a school girl in her blue slacks and striped sweater and low-heeled shoes. It was this spirituelle creature who instantly appealed to Sir James M. Barrie and made him later pay her the greatest compliment he has ever paid a woman of the theatre. He took her suggestion for a play and wrote the piece in which she will appear when she has finished her stage engagement of "Escape Me Never" in New York. Crusty old George Bernard Shaw fell in love with her and gave her the rôle coveted by all the great screen stars of the world—*St. Joan*, in the sound-film version she will appear in as soon as the elaborate preparations for it can be made.

"THEY are always just out there—lying in wait!" Elisabeth Bergner pointed a tremulous finger towards the tightly closed doors and exits of the huge studio of London Films, Ltd., at Elstree, where the last interiors were being shot of "Escape Me Never." The dramatic suggestion was so strong that I looked round instinctively and saw nothing but the sharp black shadows thrown by the hissing batteries of lights focussed on the spectacular scene within the Venetian Palace.

"Reporters, interviewers, curiosity seekers—horrid people! Peeping through, sending me in notes, shouting questions at me!"

I squirmed, but said nothing. For nearly a year I had been a member of the pack that had been unsuccessfully chasing poor Elisabeth from pillar to post; from Berlin to London and finally to Venice, where first I caught up with her.

"Of course, I do not hate them," continued the brilliant star of "Catherine the Great," clearing a question of which the world had been in doubt, her face softening. "I'm really afraid of them—they terrify me—"

I could understand somewhat better now why Elisabeth Bergner was a recluse; more screened and secluded from the crowd in her non-professional moments than a royal personage. For

ten years, Garbo's seclusion has been scarcely a circumstance by comparison. Stage doors have been barred against all outsiders; studio sets have been forbidden ground to all save those who came and went strictly on business. According to Bergner vital statistics, I was the first "publicity person," as she called us in her quaint English, actually to gain her confidence.

MYTHS aplenty have sprung up round the little known private life of Elisabeth Bergner. The most common of these is to the effect that she is just a puppet in the hands of her husband-director, Dr. Paul Czinner; a *Trilby* to his *Scengali*. I have watched stage and studio rehearsals, "takes" and "retakes," for more weary hours than I should ever care to repeat, and I am prepared to say that, in my opinion, Elisabeth Bergner comes mighty close to being the real director of the show! After watching the rehearsal studiously awhile you will see her running over to Czinner; maybe climbing up the ladder to the high director's platform. A protracted conversation follows—always in German, which is the language in which husband and wife converse. You can see her expressive little hands drawing pictures in the air of the way she sees the thing. Perhaps the next thing you will see her half-kneeling before Rosalind Fuller, the premiere danseuse of the Russian Ballet, pantomiming the exact way in which her little scene should be done. Or, again, with her arm round one of the little girls from the Charity School brought in as an extra, showing her how to brush away a tear.

Sooner or later, her conversation drifts to her abhorrence of being X-rayed by every passing journalist: "I'm afraid that two subjects occupy my thoughts largely: my work and my escape from it. I try to keep these two things separate and apart. That is the only way that each can be made perfect. On the screen or on the stage, I belong to my public, and I give them all that is in my inmost heart and soul. Off the screen and stage, my life belongs to myself, to my home, to my husband. None of that belongs to the public."

"I can work and work and work. But when I am through, then I must be alone—in my home, with my husband, with my dogs, with my books. I can never read enough. I want to know how the whole world is living, thinking, acting—and I have so little time!" She was in despair over it. "There seems so little time for the big, the important things of life, isn't there? That's one reason why I'm so jealous of my private life. I can't give any of it away recklessly. Squander it on every person whom I don't know and don't care to know. No, I shan't give it up!"

SO, though Bergner can and does sometimes assume a mask of studied indifference towards all that is said and printed about her, surely such a sensitive artist must be continually hurt by it all.

It has always been her lot, since as a

ELISABETH THE GREAT



ELISABETH BERGNER (you spell it with an "s"), the sensation of Europe, arrives in America for the Theatre Guild's production of "Escape Me Never," to be followed by the film version early this spring. She made history here with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in "Catherine the Great."

child of eleven she first appeared in the theatre in Vienna. It was not until Max Reinhardt came to Vienna and took her off to Berlin and developed her talent into the foremost actress of her day, that she truly came into her own.

It was in Berlin that she played in her first screen plays in German: in "Nju," with Emile Jannings and Conrad Veidt; in "The Violinist of Florence"; in Schnitzler's "Fraulein Elsa"; in "Ariane"; in "Dreaming Lips"—that won the First Continental Prize of the year. Then her first film in English, "Catherine the Great," with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., that captivated the English-speaking world. Finally, "Escape Me Never," which will be released as soon as her engagement is completed with the Theatre Guild of New York.

What then? Well, what has happened to all the marvelous actors and actresses in the world? When the golden finger of Hollywood beckons, have any of them been able to resist the lure and the rewards?

Watch Elisabeth Bergner.

HAVE YOU A "DIRTY LINEN" SKIN?



?
DOES IT LOOK
A DULL GRAY,
LIKE LINEN
COME BACK FROM
THE LAUNDRY
IMPROPERLY
WASHED
?

**It's a Sign You're Not
Reaching that Hidden Dirt,
that Dirt that Lies Buried
Beneath the Surface!**

By *Lady Esther*

One thing women notice about the use of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream is that it seems to lighten their skins—actually makes them look shades lighter after a few days' use.

This is not due to any bleaching action on the part of Lady Esther Face Cream. It contains no bleaching agent.

The explanation is that Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin so thoroughly it does away with that grayish cast caused by embedded dirt. It is just like half-washing a white handkerchief and *thoroughly* washing it.

That penetrating dirt and greasy soot that works its way into your skin will not only cause your skin to look much darker than it really is, but it will cause a number of other blemishes.

It will give root to blackheads and whiteheads and cause the skin to become coarse and canvas-like.

It Calls for a **PENETRATING Face Cream!**

To give your skin a thorough cleansing, to get at the dirt that buries itself deep in the pores, you must use a face cream that gets to the bottom of the pores! In other words, a *penetrating* face cream!

Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream is penetrating. It is reaching and searching. It does not merely lie on the surface of the skin, but penetrates the pores to their depths.

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It Benefits Your Skin Four Ways

Lady Esther Face Cream does four things of definite benefit to your skin.

First, it cleanses the pores to the very bottom.

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STORY BOOK CHILDREN

(From page 25)

exhibits it for inspection with the remark, "B'oken," deposits it carefully in the waste basket and returns for another. The process continues indefinitely. Dickie goes in for perfection of technique along one line rather than variety. Meantime he'll tell you that his daddy is "Mr. Sacey," that he likes to pinch "Snuzzle's" nose, and that he himself is "Poochy" in the "picture taken," but otherwise "just Dickie." All this, however, is by the way and something of a bore. The business of life is paper.

Baby Jane Quigley likes paper too, but Jane can take her paper or leave it. She enjoys drawing futuristic horses and cows, but she'll abandon them any time for a story. Offer her one, and watch the demurely drooping lashes—long and curling as the dream of a movie star—lift to reveal hazel eyes wide with delight. Whether the story is new or old doesn't much matter. She'll drink in your words with equal rapture either way. If you're trader enough to insist on being paid, she'll present you with an Eskimo kiss—which consists in rubbing her soft nose shyly against yours. And forever after you'll be to Baby Jane the lady who told her the duck or the bear or the elephant story.

She's seen herself only once on the screen—in the early sequences of "Imitation of Life"—and she grows uncomfortable if you ask her how she liked it. She doesn't quite understand what it's all about, and she'd far rather talk of her favorite movie hero, Popeye the Sailor man, whom she had the pleasure of meeting in a downtown store at Christmas time. Her eyes grow big with wonder as she recalls that memorable event, and her treble breaks in excitement.

"An' he said: 'Did you eat all your spinach?' An' I said: 'Yes, Popeye.' An' he said: 'Do you mind your mommy?' An'"—(throwing her mother a mischievous smile)—"I said: 'Yes, Popeye.'"

And here's your Shirley, looking if possible more enchanting than ever in her "Little Colonel" costume of bustle and basque and beribboned pancake hat. It's a joy to watch her at work with her director, burly, kind-faced David Butler, who adores her as only a childless man can adore a child. There's none of the sense of strain here which marks an ordinary set, and Shirley's as matter-of-fact about her job as any member of the crew.

"COME on, Shirley," calls Mr. Butler. "Run—look scared—now fall—"

She stumbles over a clump of grass and falls, and though it looks all right to me, she knows it isn't. Buttoning her lips over the chuckle she always finds it hard to suppress, she gazes half ruefully, half roguishly at Mr. Butler. Two tiny dimples appear at the corners of her mouth.

"Tryin' to cheat," she confesses. "Tryin' to take my fall easy," then scampers back and does it over again—

this time to perfection. "It's fun," she cries. "I thought it was going to be bad, but it isn't. Let's do it again."

Now the still man wants a photograph. "Don't bother getting down, Shirley," he tells her. "Just put your hands out."

"It's all right," she counters obligingly. "I'll lay down for you."

But acting isn't Shirley's only job on the set. Her teacher calls her over and whispers into her ear. Shirley's lips form an O of self-reproach.

"Lie down," she repeats, nodding her head so vigorously that all the golden curls bob. "I'll remember."

Someone shows her a photo of herself in a magazine. "It looks like Shirley Temple," he teases, "but of course it isn't."

Again that irrepressible chuckle. She turns to share the joke with anyone who'll listen. "It's me," she crows, eyes and dimples dancing, "but he doesn't believe it."

Then she turns again to her favorite playmate, Mr. Butler. "Let's come to blows," she suggests, and they go into a half crouch, hands on knees, puffing out their lips and blowing at each other—the huge man, the flower-faced child, whose sunniness is no movie creation but a gift of the gods, and who's come to be the symbol of all that's endearing in childhood to those whose children have grown up or never been born.

Shirley's next picture will be "Daddy Long Legs." Fox is soliciting the public for new title suggestions and anyone having a preference may address his suggestion to the Fox Film Publicity Department, Movietone City, Hollywood, California.

It seemed a thankless task they wished on young Jane Withers—playing villain to America's darling. That she acquitted herself with flying colors, winning the raves of the press and a Fox contract, does compensate, she admits. But her vivid little face turns rueful as she talks about it. "When Shirley'd look up at me and smile," she protests almost tearfully, "it was all I could do to be mean to her."

Jane had an uncanny gift for mimicry. It was that and her own self-reliance which got her the job in "Bright Eyes." Two hundred children had been tested and Jane was still waiting her turn.

"If you're not too busy," she said politely to the casting director, "I'd like to show you some of my work."

So earnest was she and so well-mannered that he agreed, with the result that Jane was assigned the part without a test and Fox had a new sensation on its hands.

The next person who talks to me of ill-bred movie children is going to be regaled with the following story. Jane had gone to fetch three Coca-Colas—for her mother, herself, and me. When she returned, we'd been joined by her teacher, to whom she promptly proffered the third bottle. "I brought it for you," she lied like a gentleman. "I don't really like the taste of Coca-Cola."

(Concluded Next Month)

MIRIAM HOPKINS

(From page 37)

whom nobody took the least notice" from being a poor governess all her days.

"But surely," I protested, "women have a great deal more freedom and opportunity nowadays than they did in Queen Victoria's time!"

"It's just a difference in careers," Miriam said. "In Becky's day the only career that offered itself to a girl was marriage. Today she can choose between being a wife or a business woman, aviatrix, actress, or a hundred other things. Poor Becky was not especially fitted for domesticity but a husband was the only future open to her. Think what a movie star she would have made! There are actresses with huge contracts in Hollywood this minute without half that girl's talent for putting on a performance!"

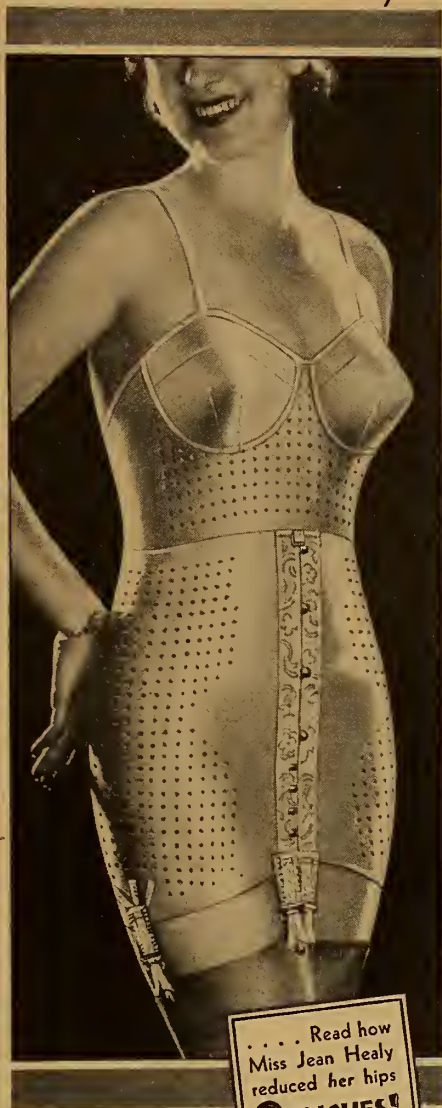
"YOU have to give Becky credit for knowing what she wanted and how to get it! And if you think her methods are out-of-date just listen to this"—and Miriam opened a much-read-looking volume of "Vanity Fair" on the table.

"Thus was George utterly routed," she read, "'not that Rebecca was in the right but she managed most successfully to put him in the wrong'—could anything be more modern? And this—" She turned the pages, reading bits of Becky Sharp's philosophy of life for a poor girl with her way to make in the world, and rules for getting what she wanted out of men by artful flattery, appeals to their chivalry, their vanity and their cupidity, by feigning interest in their dull affairs, laughing at their jokes, asking their advice, and by serving them with a judicious mixture of tears, ribbands, shawls and turbans, temper, well-cooked meals, flirtatiousness, swoons, sighs, and smiles.

"No matter how many votes women have and how much college education they acquire," Miriam said as she closed "Vanity Fair," "they still get farther in their dealings with the men they meet in life by using Becky's methods than by following any rules they find in college textbooks! The only difference in women today is that they have learned how to think and reason like men, but that doesn't get them very far with the other sex because you see, *the men haven't changed at all!* They still want to feel superior and wiser and stronger than we, and the clever woman lets them feel so. The modern Becky Sharp may be successful in business, earning a good salary, able to manage her own affairs, but she still talks to men like a woman, and not like another man.

"And no matter how self-sufficient and independent a woman may be she still secretly longs for the same old-fashioned things that Becky Sharp wanted and schemed to get—to be taken care of, and praised and protected. The most modern and emancipated woman can't get away from her own instincts. She wants to arrange furniture in a room, and cuddle a baby, and she wants to dress and wave her

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MIRIAM HOPKINS

(From page 65)

hair and look her best so that she may see admiration in some man's eyes. Everybody tried to persuade me not to adopt Michael—they argued that I loved my independence too much to be tied down by a baby—but I simply had to have him. And all my friends warned me not to buy my house on the East River. They said that I would spend too much doing it over and furnishing it and paying taxes and overhead and repairs, and they reminded me that I couldn't live in it much of the time with my work keeping me in Hollywood. They were absolutely right—but I wanted that house and I bought it. That's what it is to be a modern woman!

"AND as for the world we live in today, Becky Sharp would be perfectly at home in it. She would find that it is owned and run by the Sir Pitts and the Joseph Smedleys, the Rawdon Crawleys, George Osbornes and Lord Stynes just like the world she knew. Women today may be able to support themselves, and earn big salaries and hold high positions. But they are paid the salaries by men, and given the positions by men, and it is to men that they have to look for everything, just as it always has been men who owned and ran the world. Take Hollywood, for example. I have heard it said that this is a woman's town, but it isn't! Men own the picture business,

men produce the pictures, men give out the contracts. It is a man who hires even the biggest woman star, and a man who directs her work. The same thing holds true in all professions and businesses. To get ahead in the world the modern, independent, emancipated woman has to know how to get along with men, how to please them. It brings out the Becky Sharp in them all!"

There is no sign of Becky Sharp-ishness in Miriam Hopkins' biography, but instead a record of hard work, patience and determination which is appalling when you look at Miriam's smallness, blondness, and her tiny hands, childish features and wide blue eyes. College classes, broken ankles, grinding practice in a school of the dance, vaudeville, musical comedy, hall bedrooms, agents' offices, road shows, art lessons, stock Broadway plays, motion pictures,—so runs the story of the Hopkins' rise in Vanity Fair, 1935.

A tremendous record of hard work and yet is it hard work that draws masculine eyes toward Miriam Hopkins whenever she comes into view? Is it her undoubted ability that surrounds her wherever she goes with infatuated-looking males? Is it her cleverness and brains and independence that men admire? Or is it her little trick of looking sidewise out of the corner of those blue eyes, her appealing air of fragility, her utter and complete femininity? You know!

FRANCIS LEDERER

(From page 42)

YET LEDERER is as gallant and chivalrous as a knight of the round table. His custom of kissing the hand of ladies in greeting them has never been relinquished, and it is a pretty gesture delightedly received. No other man in Hollywood could do it.

"The play 'Autumn Crocus' which brought me here was good only for creating a mood, a feeling. It is not what I would term a good play, such as 'Ah, Wilderness' is. That play had a great deal of entertainment, you know—but also there was a philosophy beneath it, a mission of construction.

"It would be to produce such plays that I am organizing my own theatrical company. Already it is formed; I have been devoting much time to it. Then I shall present the sort of plays which give enjoyment, yet do not deal with mere frivolities. I am not—that is called a highbrow. My tastes are quite ordinary, really.

"Opera, to me, lacks that earthy touch, that reality for which we all wish. In musical comedy, too, I think people want music they can feel and enjoy and understand, and that I would give them. Stiff, formalized musical comedy with ridiculous plot—that we tire of. We do not want 'arty' things, but we do want common sense.

"Too, art should pay its own way. If drama, or opera, or music is not popular enough to bring the people to see and hear, then it is no good."

IF I AM painting too serious a picture of Francis Lederer, bear in mind that he is as effective in comedy as he is in melodrama. His Hessian soldier in "Pursuit of Happiness" revealed a fine element of humor. It comes out in his brilliant smile as he talks, or in the humorous shrug of his shoulders.

"It is an old legend in my country," he said, "that all children show at the cradle the destiny life has for them. The parents place a coin and a violin beside the cradle. If the baby reaches for the money, he will be a thief. If he reaches for the violin, he will be a musician. There are only two courses open to a Czech, it would seem!"

"And you reached for—" "Both!" he chortled. "That is a fact. Both arms went out. But so far I have stolen only a little time—which has not always been my fault."

A dreamer of gigantic dreams, he is also a man of action. Given India to conquer, he would have been another Clive—a driving, hard-fisted, hard-hitting campaigner for impossible conquests.

I HAVE spoken of his gigantic dreams. His vision of universal, world-wide peace brought about by the vote of this earth's uncounted millions, is but one of his great projects. It would be utterly fantastic—if it were not so simple and practical. Much of his burning energy goes to this cause,

and a great deal of his money; where others might dream of such a thing, he goes to work on it undismayed by the size of the job.

But his World Peace Federation, with its many branch offices and immense detail, its far-flung battle lines spread out in every country of the world, is but one of his dreams.

He is quietly working now upon a project which he disclosed to me for the first time. In the formative stages only, the whole plan is not ready for a complete announcement, but the general theme of it is this: to organize a great philanthropical society similar to the National Geographic Society, for the purpose of supporting inventors at work upon enterprises of benefit to humanity. It would encourage persons to explore the world of science, as the National Geographic explores hidden places of the earth.

SO YOU can see why Lederer considers the waste of time an unforgivable crime!

This conscience of his must be a hard taskmaster, yet he thrives on the hard work into which it drives him. He radiates health and seems to give off flying particles of invisible energy, like radium. Some of this power must go out to the many organizations of motion picture fans throughout the world whose clubs bear his name. They are not only ardent Lederer fans, but they are workers with a purpose.

"I do not sanction any such club which has no useful purpose," he declared. "When the first club was organized in London, I was asked to allow them the use of my name as sponsor. I replied that it was my wish that no fan club be organized just to talk about me and my pictures, or plays, but that I would help in every way I could if they agreed upon a socially useful program. So when the club was organized they made it a rule to devote each meeting to something worth while.

"Through my friends I was able to obtain for the members permission to visit private galleries of art, to make trips to castles where the public is not admitted, and to hear lecturers on interesting and educational topics. You see, I felt that these club members, being largely recruited from clerks, shop girls, and stenographers, did not have the opportunities for self-improvement which wealthy people have. Yet they have the same capacity for enjoying beauty and the same common urge for self-improvement. When the large New York club was formed, it was on the same basis. I would not like to feel responsible for anyone wasting time in meeting for the purpose of celebrating my birthday or something like that.

"Also, I do not fail to appreciate the assistance of these groups in helping along the World Peace Federation," he added, smiling.

Francis Lederer, dreamer, poet, musician, actor—but above all, a man of action and purpose—is burning his candle at both ends. It may go out the quicker for that manner of intense living, but while it burns it gives a lovely light!

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Fay Wray picks out her new spring compact!

What Every Woman Carries

By GWEN DEW

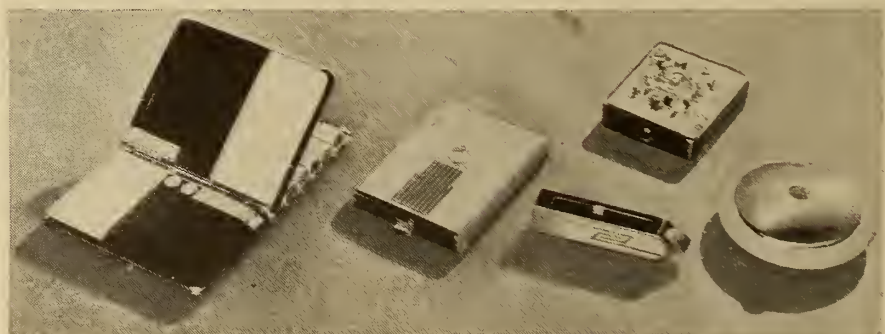
Compacts for every costume . . . all sorts of delightful shapes, sizes, colors . . . and costs!

Whether you're a million dollar star, or a working girl who likes nice things . . . there's one thing you all delight in . . . and that's good-looking compacts! Can you get past a counter where there's an array of them? Neither can we . . . and with spring practically upon us, it seemed necessary to do a little snooping around to see what new compacts are suitable for spring costumes . . . what old friends are still chic.

Whatever your favorite powder . . . you will be able to get a smart-looking compact in the same line . . . for instance, there's one line of compacts which includes striking gold ones with red or turquoise of unusually smart design, with plastic sides and

top ornament, with a smart crest. They really have that "jewel case" look, and the powder and rouge smell so good! (Illustration B.)

Another group is exceedingly interesting, with countless combinations of design and purposes. For instance there's an ivory, bronze, and brown one, a triple affair that's very flat and good looking. Bronze color for spring compacts is very new and smart, and goes particularly well with greens, browns, yellows. An almost complete outfit is their cigarette case-compact in striking black, white, and silver design that has loose powder and rouge on one end, and a place for cigarettes on the other. This



A. Cigarette case-compact; B. Gold and red double compact; C. (Back) Petit point loose powder-rouge case; D. Double compact and matching lipstick.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN CARRIES

(From page 68)

case is unusually good-looking and complete, and would serve for evening as well as daytime use. (Illustration A.)

"Rainbow" is the name given to a compact in another well-known group that caught my spring fancy. It is round, with soft apple green edge and gold center, and carries either loose or compact powder and rouge. Other combinations are red or black with gold, and the price is low. There is a matching lipstick and you should know what an excellent lipstick this organization produces. (Illustration D.) They have a new "terra cotta" one just coming out . . . for a deeply tanned skin. It doesn't have any purple in it that is usually so unbecoming in dark lipstick shades.

THE wrong compact carried with your new spring outfit, whether it be the most strictly tailored suit (which will be fashion's favorite child) or your most enticing evening frock, can just ruin the whole effect. It is one of those little details that mark you as smartly dressed . . . or extremely careless. And with all the grand looking cases in the stores . . . if you can resist them, you're stronger-willed than I am!

Your clothes are all going to be made in "flower tones" this spring, and will be soft and flattering. There will be prints, of course, and some gay bright colors. But for the main part when you get your new compact get one that will blend with your lighter colored spring and summer outfits. Be sure the quality of powder and rouge inside is good, for you use your compact a great deal of the time, and cheap powder can be ruinous to the skin. So it's better to get a recognized make of compact that you know will carry an excellent grade of cosmetic inside . . . as well as one that will be good-looking . . . and for which you can always get refills.

And the low-price find of the month! A little oblong double compact with silvered edges and back; and a petit point top that makes it look like the most expensive thing! The colors in the embroidery are rose, blue, green, and yellow . . . so it would go beautifully with any of your flower-colored spring and summer dresses. I am sure you will be delighted with it . . . I know I bought one immediately. If you'll write me I'll tell you where to order it . . . and just think . . . (you'll hardly believe this) . . . this really good-looking compact with that higher-priced look costs less than a dollar. (Illustration C.)

BEAUTY ADVICE

Any beauty questions? I'll be glad to answer them, or tell you where to get any of the compacts mentioned in the accompanying article. The stars' beauty secrets are mine too . . . and I'll be glad to share them! All that is required is a stamped, addressed envelope for my reply. Address Gwen Dew, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Here's that Remarkable NEW Make-Up

So Many Women Are Asking About



WRONG MAKE-UP gives a "hard", "cheap" look.



RIGHT MAKE-UP provides a natural seductiveness — free of all artificiality.

These Pictures, Both of the Same Model, Show the Difference Between Right and Wrong Make-up

THERE IS NOW a new and utterly different way in make-up...the creation of Louis Philippe, famed French colorist, whom women of Paris and the Cosmopolitan world follow like a religion. A totally NEW idea in color that often changes a woman's whole appearance.

That is because it is the first make-up—rouge or lipstick—yet discovered that actually matches the warm, pulsating color of the human blood.

Ends That "Cheap", "Hard" Look

This new creation forever banishes the "cheap", "hard" effect one sees so often today from unfortunately chosen make-up—gives, instead, an absolutely natural and unartificial color.

As a result, while there may be some question as to what constitutes Good Form

in manners or in dress, there is virtually no question today among women of admitted social prominence as to what constitutes Good Form in make-up.

What It's Called

It is called ANGELUS ROUGE INCARNAT. And it comes in both lipstick form and in paste rouge form in many alluring shades.* You use either on both the lips and the cheeks. And one application lasts all day long.

In its allure, it is typically, wickedly of Paris. In its virginal modesty, as natural as a jeune fille—ravishing, without revealing!

Do as smart women everywhere are doing—adopt Angelus Rouge Incarnat. The little red box costs only a few cents. The lipstick, the same as most American made lipsticks. You'll be amazed at what it does for you.

*See the marvelously gay, new daytime colors—Pandora and Peppy

The "Little Red Box" for lips and cheeks



The Lipstick

Angelus Rouge Incarnat

By LOUIS PHILIPPE

USE ON BOTH THE LIPS AND THE CHEEKS





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Easy to Apply—Easy to Remove
Always Fresh and Glossy
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Prove to Yourself
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I COVER THE STARS

(From page 33)

she was a grandmother, and soon to be a "great," sat enveloped in a red plush tea gown, looking for all creation just like the splendid comedienne she is. Charlie Chaplin sat at her feet, and they were discussing Max Eastman, whom they both admire tremendously. Later when she went to get her coat, a red and purple velvet affair, she found some other guest, who didn't think as highly of Eastman and his inherent honesty, had carried it off, maybe regretfully, and Irv had to loan her one of his big, burly affairs!

Lovely, pathetic-looking Rosemary Ames in green chamois-skin stood very near the cocktail bar, a sad maid drinking it all in. There are some who see a newer, better Dietrich in her. But David Blankenhorn, who was once married to Irene Rich, had eyes only for Rosemary on that particular afternoon, for a very different reason: "She has the wit, the caustic cynicism of a great, great actress," he confided, "and some day she'll be one of the really great stars."

Nancy Carroll, more precious-looking than ever, was also dolled up in green, but a forest green of a more Robin Hood-ish color. She and Rob Wagner had their heads together most of the afternoon.

Marcella Burke, who has sold three plays to pictures in the past four months, brought scintillating Jerry Graham who once was a Santa Barbara socialite with whom marriage and the bull market didn't mix. And Dudley Murphy, a truly great director, escorted them home. Dudley's tweeds were the talk of the party—especially the nobby plus fours.

A few of us stayed on for a hastily prepared supper of pork-and-beans, cold meats, salad and meat-pie. Claudette Colbert was among us looking too utterly adorable to be a live person, and dressed in a becoming reddish tan suit. And so was graying Grantland Rice and Florence, his very sun-tanned daughter, who seemed preoccupied with thoughts far away. Walter Wanger, who had been practicing polo, sauntered in awhile later, and joined a merry throng.

Each time Hepburn, Garbo, Mae West or Swanson have pictures shown, I note an exclamation of joy as soon as the title appears on the screen! The men who get the biggest hand are John Boles, Will Rogers, Chaplin, both Powells, Roland Young, Clark Gable and Arliss.

Thus after an unannounced preview the other evening I was agreeably surprised to find George Arliss sitting at the next table to mine at the fashionable Trocadero. I was dinner-coated, but he wore a mixed grey-blue afternoon business suit, and could have been distinguished anywhere. Near by were the Nunnally Johnson's and as Nunnally had done so much with Arliss I asked him how he was to work for. But Nunnally's answer was drowned out by the arrival of Clark Gable and a tiny, golden-haired child with particularly large blue eyes. Bronzed, his mustache

clipped close, he looked the movie-hero to perfection. And I consider myself one of the few men in this nation who think as highly of him as an actor as do the fair sex. David Mdivani, one of the Russian triplets, was near by. It was the first time I'd seen him too, and I didn't think he looked the big bad wolf part so many have accused him of playing. Carole Lombard, an obvious beauty, was chatting with Juliette Shelby, the fashion expert, on the relative merits of different types of perfume, and I overheard Carole say in answer as to how she liked to wear hers:

"I'm greedy about it. I like to smell for blocks!"

Took in a real Hollywood wedding, that of Decla Dunning, the stunning young writer, and John Runyon, advertising man. And afterwards blew in on Margaret Ettinger's cocktail party in her very sumptuous apartment atop a shack on North Crescent Boulevard.

Divided the afternoon between two young Youngs: Loretta, looking more refreshingly beautiful than ever, and a Mrs. Austin Young, whom I'd met years ago as Billie Hill, a Chicago deb.

Ann Sothorn, now a blonde, whom I knew back east somewhere or other as a brunette and with another name, came in late and only stayed a very few minutes, as did Eddie Goulding, the director. Ross Shattuck, successful interior decorator, took the bar.

Though Victor Hugo's at first took a lot of business away from the Beverly Brown Derby, they one by one drifted back. Chief among them was Wally Beery who sits every noontime in a booth with his darling little adopted son, and talks to him just like I remember "T. R." (Theodore Roosevelt) used to talk to me as a child. Monte Bell, in the throes of directing another air-thriller, slumped over in a corner too. Doris Warner LeRoy hardly misses a day there.

Lunched with Pola Negri just before she left for her UFA job in Germany, at Victor Hugo's. We do meet in the queerest parts of the world, but she is always the same, sweet, unaffected person. Once it was in Egypt, several times in the south of France, once in a tough Paris "district," another time in Mexico, and a couple of times on ship-board.

Lots of new afternoon spots have sprung up all over town but the Tzigane Lounge at Ben Frank's metropolitan Ambassador leads them all, for here to the strains of gypsy music and wonderful vocal ensembles you meet the western world and his loves. Irene Dunne, trying not to appear bored, Laura La Plante, John Boles, Myrna Loy, Evelyn Brent, Frank Capra, Victor Jory, Judith Allen, and oh, a whole host of others all in the room at the same time. It's a good thing the gaping public doesn't know about it yet for they'd make it miserable for the stars.

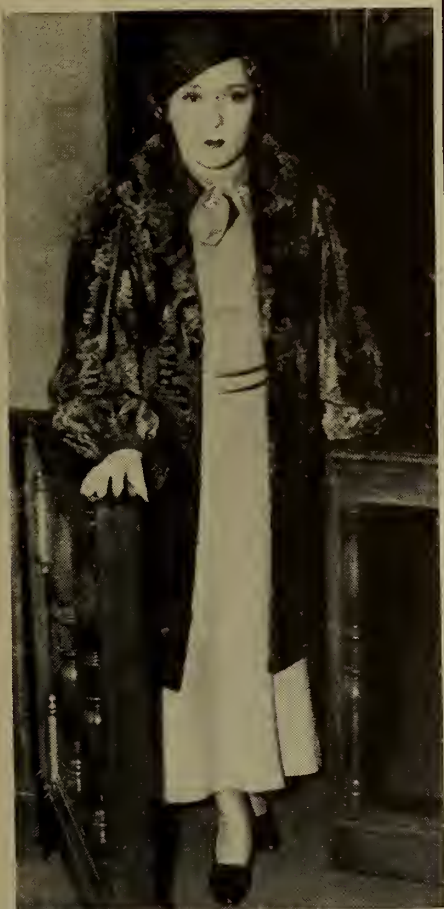
And another spot that still does a land-office afternoon-tea business is Thistle Cottage, down there just beyond Brentwood. It's one of Patsy Ruth Mil-

ler's favorite hangouts, and Jeanette MacDonald uses it too. And away over in a very deceptive corner I found Grace Moore one sunny afternoon, and just past her the Harold Lloyds.

Most of the big charity parties seem to choose the Biltmore Bowl to splurge in. It's true there's a lot more room for the overflow. Thus the Motion Picture Producers Ball, the Arts League, the Community Chest, the Black and White Ball, and a host of others set their stage there.

Merry little Marion Davies does her stuff there and contributes to affiliated charities more than any other Hollywoodian, with the possible exception of Marlene Dietrich or Joan Crawford, who busy themselves in holiday time and at other moments with caring for the poor, the homeless, and the destitute. Hollywood isn't entirely without a heart, for I have heard it said that domestic difficulties or not, Doug and Mary have gone on giving one tenth of their incomes, rain or shine, to the shut-ins of town. And ZaSu Pitts has the biggest heart, and Gracie Allen the "hole-iest" purse in Hollywood.

Ended my second Hollywood stay this year by teaing out at most attractive Doris Kenyon's exotic canyon home, near the McAdoo place just beyond Tiger Lily Lane. It was distinctly a musical party at which a fund was pledged by professional people to keep the Greek-god-looking young Klemperer and his symphony on the coast another year. I found Dr. Robert Millikan, the truest star-gazer of them all, a prince among earthly men.



Mary Pickford plays her saddest part

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COLD COLBERT

(From page 27)

revival of "Leah Kleshna," she has ever since played leading rôles.

COLD? Yes. But the coldest woman in Hollywood is also one of the nicest. Her lure is that of a princess. She is no mere feminine bauble—but a modern girl who, by hard work and natural talent, has affected the happiness of millions. Her cold is not within, but a sort of protective intellectual frost which she has created deliberately around herself. The French are thrifty; they do not squander themselves. There is no mystery about it.

The fans would like her even were she a less inspired actress, for she is good to look at. The producers like her, and the hirelings around the studios like her. Because she conserves herself for her job, she is dependable. Moreover, she is not the sort of girl who would ever get into an embarrassing mess. Shrewd, practical, sometimes a bit brisk, her efficiency is sometimes mistaken for mild vanity. She is ambitious, but she does not scheme and push to get ahead. She says that the best way to get ahead is to do your job better than anyone else could do it.

One thing gives her a secret pleasure. And that is that she appears in rôles demanding, and signifying, that she has a brain.

In her spacious house in Brentwood, where she lives with her mother, you will discover her reading a volume of Edna St. Vincent Millay's modern and cynical lyrics, or even keeping up with Walter Lippman's daily column on international affairs. Such mental diversion is real. She is, also, touched with a mathematical streak, characteristic of many French people. For example, she is a geometrical wizard when it comes to assembling jigsaw puzzles. She likes to ride in a fast and furious taxicab that weaves in and out of traffic in a pattern of dangerous curves. Yet she thinks that horses are dangerous.

Several of her hobbies are deliberately solitary pursuits, such as developing and printing the snapshots she takes. She doesn't like pictures on the walls. She collects jade, rare perfume, scari clasps—and amusing anecdotes. She is one of the wittiest raconteurs in Hollywood. Her life is a strange mixture of sociability and seclusion. As a top-notch she can afford to ignore many bothersome invitations.

Because she was once a New Yorker, she is still an occasional New Yorker, and one of her favorite spots in the city is the studio of Neysa McMein where celebrities gather from the four corners of the earth. Neysa McMein collects interesting people. To be admitted to her circle of Manhattan sophisticates means that you have achieved more than fame. Colbert has not "settled down" in Hollywood. Her sphere is larger than that, yet she gives no hint that it will ever include a husband and family.

In Brief Review . . .

ENCHANTED APRIL—Ann Harding wasn't enchanted in this picture, but rather hypnotized. At least she moved through it in a sort of trance, seeing visions, hearing things "as clear as anything." Three other women with thwarted instincts join her, and much conversation passes across the table. Included in the excellent cast were: Frank Morgan, Ralph Forbes, Katherine Alexander, Jessie Ralph. (RKO)

BORDERTOWN—This is a picturesque melodrama of a raw and biting nature that gives Paul Muni full chance to do a consummate job of acting. Bette Davis again gives a fine performance as the wife of a loud-mouthed gambling proprietor. She eventually murders him and consequently degenerates under the goads of conscience. "Bordertown" is powerful fare, and well done. Other good performances by Eugene Pallette, Margaret Lindsay, Robert Barrat, Soledad Jimenez. (Warner)

SEQUOIA—A genuine novelty that almost reaches epic proportions. The legendary tale of the lion that lies down with the lamb is accomplished with comparable animals—namely, the puma and the deer. This Damon and Pythias act will get you and conquer you with its dramatic highlights. It's thrilling, to say the least. Jean Parker lends the human note. (M-G-M)

MYSTERIOUS MR. WONG—The murders come thick and fast in "Mysterious Mr. Wong." No sooner do you console yourself with the thought that the supply of Chinamen to be murdered must have run out than up pops another target for the knives and bullets. Yet in spite of all the murders, torture scenes, narrow escapes of the hero and the spooky atmosphere of San Francisco's Chinatown—the picture fails in its effort to be a thriller. (Universal)

THE WINNING TICKET—A lost lottery ticket has been the plot of many a story and play. Now it pops up again in a rather thin comedy intended to launch the new team of Louise Fazenda and Leo Carrillo. These two excellent players do their best to wring laughs from rather unfunny lines and banal situations. It is a tribute to Ted Healey's laugh-getting powers that he manages to make his cracks seem as funny as they do. Well directed, acted and photographed, the plot is too weak for a full length feature, but if you like Fazenda—and who doesn't?—it is worth seeing. (M-G-M)

MAN LOCK—Human passions, hates, rivalries and loves seethe as freely under ground in the muck and darkness of tunnel digging as anywhere else, as three of the screen's most vital heroes—McLaglen, Lowe, and Bickford—prove in this exciting tale of rival "sand hogs." The sets of the air-locks underneath the East River are spectacular, the photography is splendid under great technical difficulties. The two feeble love stories perfunctorily allotted Lowe and McLaglen are swallowed up in the blood, sweat and mud in which the plot wallows. Well-sustained excitement. (Fox)

CARNIVAL—Characterizations as homely and human as those of Lee Tracy, as an amateur father; Jimmy Durante as his pickpocket friend, and Sally Eilers as a sideshow girl, lift this picture out of the usual run of carnival stories, and Robert Riskin's dialogue and flair for crowding his canvas with byplay and incident make it grand entertainment, despite a reminiscent plot. Events elbow each other after Tracy, in one of his fast-talking, tough rôles, steals his newborn baby away from the hospital where his wife has died in childbirth. (Columbia)

THE NOTORIOUS GENTLEMAN—A spellbinding lawyer, shamelessly adept in the trickery by which juries are fooled, kills his enemy in cold blood, plants evidence which throws the suspicion on someone else and then confesses the crime, confident that a trial will bring out evidence which will show him as a hero trying to save the woman he loves. The courtroom scene in which the murder is reenacted is especially effective. Good entertainment. (Universal)

THE BEST MAN WINS—It may astonish the audience to discover what odd things can happen under water, such as feeding smuggled jewels to tropical fish to get them by the customs. This improbable but entertaining programmer deals with the palship of two regular guys, Toby (Eddie Lowe) and Nick (Jack Holt), and the girl they both love (likely-looking Florence Rice). The scenario writer keeps plenty of thrills coming and you will never be bored. (Columbia)

BRIGHT EYES—This Shirley Temple movie is surefire. Once again the Fox starlet tugs at the heartstrings with all the assurance of a gifted adult trouper. In the rôle of a parentless waif she makes Jimmy Dunn go to town for her. There are enough plot complications to satisfy the grown-up juveniles. You wouldn't miss Shirley, now would you? (Fox)

MURDER ON A HONEYMOON (RKO) must have been written with the fingers crossed. Logic, plausibility, reason have been sacrificed to action and entertainment and the result is a fast moving, hilarious picture with plenty of laughs mixed up with three murders. Edna Mae Oliver, school teacher and detective, solves a few murders and is—Edna Mae Oliver. You can't fool the angular Edna. Her battle of wits with Inspector James Gleason furnishes most of the gags.

THE MARCH OF TIME—Twenty minute cinema news (we didn't look at our wristwatch once, however) assembled by the research staffs and editors of "Time" and "Fortune" made its debut February first. Its finest episode concerned Prince Kimmochi Saionji of Japan. Another old man of import took the screen: Giulio Gatti-Casazza announcing his resignation from the Metropolitan Opera House. History and humor combine to make something different of the usual newsreel. (Released by First Division.)

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ISABEL JEWELL

(From page 39)

it was not enough. If you're working, no matter how steadily, and it's in a circle you're not going on. I was frantic. I played gum-chewing telephone operators and shrill-voiced little ingenues. I played each one as differently as it was possible to do but I didn't want to do them at all. I wanted to do dramatic parts. I knew that I *could*. No one else did—I knew that I was being typed and I was fast approaching desperation.

"No one will ever know—no one except Angel—how unhappy I have been this past year. And only Angel believed that I *was* a dramatic actress if I could only break through the chrysalis of being a cutie. I *had* to. I *would*."

"And then—and then came Evelyn Prentice and—and William K. Howard. He is the one, who gave me my chance. He is the first—who *would* give me my chance. All I ever got from the others was a smile and a firm, 'But you are a comedienne. . . .' And all the while I was burning with an anything but comic rage!

"And now—now I *want* to be typed. I want to be trade-marked and labelled as a Dramatic Actress."

"DOES this mean," I said, "does this success of yours in Evelyn Prentice mean that you and Lee will be married soon now?"

Isabel looked at me with blank eyes for a minute, eyes which seemed to be trying to remember something she ought to know well—then she laughed and said "NO. It's too funny but really, the only people in Hollywood who have never talked about Angel and me getting married are—Angel and me!"

"Everyone else used to discuss when we would be married or whether we were married and so on. *We have never talked about it. We never will.* Now because we go out with other people they are talking about our 'quarrel.' Isn't it silly—all this talk?"

I said, "I heard that you had once said that you would be married just as soon as you felt that you were really successful, really had *done* something that. . . ."

"I never said that," Isabel was indignant. "I couldn't have. There is no such thing as feeling that you are really successful—success is a matter of *going on*. There is no point at which one can stand still and say, 'Well, here I am—now I can do whatever I want to do.' If I have 'done' something in Evelyn Prentice, it now behooves me to do something *else* . . ."

"No, I never said that. And I can't explain it because there just *isn't* anything to explain. Oh, I know what you are thinking—that when a man and a girl are in love as Angel and I have been and both are free and money is no particular object, it is reasonable to suppose that they plan to get married and *do* get married, I know all that—but I can't help it. There it is. And the fact remains that Angel and I never have talked about it. . . ."

"It isn't even a 'Problem' to me. I never think about whether I can have

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'Marriage and a Career', either or both. Neither does Angel. There just is the career, that's all. I suppose it's because we haven't room, haven't time, haven't interest in anything but being successful. I never even go into the 'whys' of it. There aren't any. So where's the Problem?"

I said that I didn't know—for as I had never before encountered a young woman who didn't have a Problem, I was at a total loss!

"Of course," Isabel said, "I can see that this state of affairs—or rather, the lack of any 'state of affairs' at all, couldn't be except for the fact that Angel and I are *exactly the same kind of people*. We think alike about our work, we feel alike about it—we are alike. And so there is neither any talk nor any necessity for any Problem between us. Recently we have been going about with other escorts—simply because we thought it best. We see no reason to explain our reasons nor to discuss the current reports of our 'quarrel'.

"Whenever I must answer questions about marriage, or why I have forsaken love, I can only repeat that I have a whip inside of me. And it will not let me be. I don't know any other name for it. It is more than a complex. For a complex is only a *part* of the whole. It might be called monomania. Whatever it is, it absorbs me, engulfs me, sucks me down as relentlessly as the tide of the sea would suck me down if I got caught in it.

"Sometimes, now, my mother worries for me. She loves my work on the screen, of course, is interested, gratified. My dad, too, of course. Even now, having lost his sight, he goes to all of my pictures and *listens* to me. But they sometimes say to me that they worry for fear the day may come when, having got the success I am working for, I may regret the things I have not had—the being-young pleasures, marriage, a home of my own, babies . . . And when they talk of babies they strike the only regretful chord within me. I would like to have a baby . . . but even that priceless and precious experience I shall have to pass up. For the rest, I never think about it unless someone thinks of it for me. I *can't* worry about it."

"Just suppose," I said, "that Lee should change someday—should want to marry and have a home and children. . . ."

"He never will," said Isabel.

"He might. . . ."

"No. Angel is absolutely like me, or I am like him. Besides, he is not eighteen. He has passed the Young Romantic stage. He is happy, he knows what he wants of life and he will get it in his—and my—way.

"It is hard to explain. Probably because I never really think about it unless I am asked. I would do anything for him and I know that he would do anything for me. You should have seen him at the preview of *Evelyn Prentice*. . . . He couldn't have seen *you* for the tears in his eyes. Tears of pride and pleasure in and for me."

"I chose the girl with Tangee Lips"

SAID HERBERT MARSHALL



UNTOUCHED Lips
often look faded



PAINTED Lips
look unnatural



TANGEE Intensifies
your natural color

Popular English Star finds natural lips most attractive in lipstick test.

"We see too much grease paint in the studio," said Herbert Marshall. "I have a positive aversion to it in private life. A girl's lips especially are unattractive if she's coarsened them with a heavy coat of paint."

Herbert Marshall isn't alone in that opinion. It's probably shared by 99 per cent of the men the world around. And that's where Tangee comes in. For Tangee isn't paint. It makes your lips soft and rosy and natural looking, merely by intensifying the color already in them.

Tangee looks orange in the stick. But put it on and you will see it change to the one shade of rose which is the natural tint of your own lips . . . because this lipstick alone contains the magic Tangee color-change principle, making it *actually* change to the color best suited to your type. Your lips look soft, full and lovely.



• Herbert Marshall, co-starring with Margaret Sullavan in "*The Good Fairy*", made the famous lipstick test between scenes of this new *Universal Picture*. Present were: one girl wearing no lipstick, one girl wearing Tangee, one girl wearing ordinary lipstick. Asked which lips were most appealing, Herbert Marshall instantly picked the Tangee girl.

Get Tangee. The large economical size costs just \$1.10. A smaller size is 39c. Or make a quick trial with the famous 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set. Contains Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, and the New Tangee Face Powder. Send 10 cents with coupon below.

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E. S. HAMMACK

GARBO FEAR

(From page 31)

with her. What is there about this woman that scares us men almost to death?" he said. "I never knew an actor set for a lead with her who wasn't in a panic before starting the picture." And that is certainly inconsequential except as an admission of the almost universal rule of Garbo Fear.

Jack Gilbert, whose name was once mentioned as a probable husband for this silent woman, had the jitters when he walked onto the set to play opposite her in "Queen Christina," even though he had worked with her before. He admitted, guardedly, when the picture was finished that every day he worked with her he was so scared and nervous he could not give a good performance. Gilbert hasn't changed, so it must be Garbo.

At times it seems they are even afraid to introduce the leading men to Garbo. One particularly amusing example of this was the case of Lew Ayres. He, like all the others, had been quite nervous at the thought of starting. The first day arrived and the first shot was a love scene between him and Garbo. It was a fairly passionate one in which Lew had to kiss her in a manner that would indicate he really meant the kiss. They rehearsed several times and then made the shot. When the cameras had stopped and the kiss was over Garbo smiled at the director and rather naively remarked: "Don't you think it might be proper if someone would introduce me to this young man?"

You see, Garbo does have a gorgeous sense of humor.

CLOSE study of Garbo gives one the impression that she is a bit afflicted with this fear business herself. Perhaps Garbo Fear, after all, is just "reflected fear." Here is an incident that suggests the thought:

When Richard Boleslavsky was signed to direct Garbo in "The Painted Veil" he had never met her. He is said to have wandered about the studio for days asking everyone uneasy questions about her. Then one morning, unannounced, she walked into his office. Just whom she expected to see, it would be hard to say, but after one panic-stricken glance at the director, Garbo turned and fled from the room without a word. Boleslavsky called in his secretary and dictated a note to Greta saying: "Please come again. I am much more afraid of you than you could possibly be of me!"

Garbo Fear seems to have even attacked her neighbors, for with one exception, none of them have ever talked about her although many of them have frequently been offered huge sums of money to talk about her for publication. Ask them why, and they don't know, except they don't want to offend her.

It's all puzzling. Garbo is called "a swell guy" by those who really know her. Yet, Garbo Fear is unreasoning, inexplicable, elemental.



The Wrong Shade of Face Powder Will Give Your Age Away Every Time!

By *Lady Esther*

A woman's age is a woman's secret. Even the election laws acknowledge this when they require only that a woman state that she is over 21.

Every woman is entitled to look young—as young, frankly, as she can make herself look. That is a woman's prerogative and no one can deny it her.

But many a woman betrays her age in the very shade of face powder she uses. The wrong shade of face powder makes her look her age. It "dates" her skin—stamps on it her birthdate. She may feel 21, act 21, dress 21, but she doesn't fool the world a bit. To calculating eyes she is 31 and no foolin'.

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Don't try to select your shade in ad-

vance, as flesh, natural or rachel, etc. Try each of all the 5 shades. In other words, don't try to match your skin, but, rather, to flatter it. Merely matching your skin won't help. What you want to do is *enhance it in appearance!*

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The 5 shades of Lady Esther Face Powder will answer all tones of skin. (I could just as well have made 25 shades, but I know from scientific tests that only 5 are necessary for all colorings of skin.) One of these 5 shades, probably the one you least suspect, will instantly assert itself as the one for you. It will prove your most becoming, your most flattering. It will "youthify" rather than age you in appearance.

When you get the supply of Lady Esther Face Powder which I send you free, test it also for smoothness. Make my famous "bite test". Place a pinch between your teeth and bite on it. Note how grit-free it is. Mark also what a delicate beauty it gives your skin and how long it clings and stays fresh. In every way you will find this the most flattering powder you ever tried.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (11)

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FREE BOOKLET

MY NEIGHBORS

(From page 41)

house surrounded by walnut trees, a few miles beyond me in the San Fernando valley. He is the son of a wandering Austrian Jew who came to America when still a young man.

One of the better actors in the films, he first went on the stage at fifteen. In the early thirties now, he became famous as a player of "old-men parts." Shy in manner, he is never seen in crowds. His contract calls for two films a year. When it was suggested that he had time in which to make four, he replied that if he did he would have no time in which to look about and see the play called *Life*.

Muni is a sensitive, an intelligent and a widely traveled neighbor. Upon hearing a rumor that he was about to move to Beverly Hills, I hurried to him.

"What—me," he said, "living among all those big bugs?"

Warner Oland, who fascinates many film lovers as Charlie Chan, is a Swede who came to America as a boy. A professional bicycle rider in his youth, he suffered a fractured skull while racing against a champion. While convalescing he decided to become an actor. After translating and introducing Strindberg's plays to American audiences, he entered films by accident, and became the greatest portrayer of Oriental roles.

With a home on the ocean, a farm in Vermont, an estate in Mexico, he spends but little time among us.

LOUISE DRESSER has the key to all our homes. For years a musical comedy star, she is now one of the finest emotional actresses on the screen. Few have ever known why her name was changed to Dresser. So here's the story:

While Louise was still a child her father was a conductor on an Indiana railroad. A fat boy was the news-butch on his train. People often made fun of the fat boy, who found a firm friend in the conductor.

The years passed, as sadly they will, even in Indiana. The fat boy grew up and went away. When the daughter of the conductor became seventeen, she went to Columbus, Ohio, for her first job as a singer.

After four years she came to Chicago in search of a larger opportunity. A popular song writer was selecting singers for a show. The girl walked into his office. The man looked at her, and asked, "Can you sing?"

"Yes," was the answer, "what shall I sing?"

The man thought for a second and replied, "Sing 'Just Tell Them That You Saw Me.'"

The girl began the old-time favorite. The man turned in his chair, looked away from the beautiful girl and out of the window.

"Would you have me sing something else?" the girl asked.

"Yes," was the answer, "'On the Banks of the Wabash.'" When she had



Mr. Micawber to you. W. C. FIELDS to Jim Tilly—his neighbor and one of the best dressed men in Hollywood.

finished the song, the man turned with dim eyes and said, "Gosh—you can sing." Then quickly, "What's your name?"

"Kerlin."

"Where are you from?"

"Terre Haute, Indiana."

"What does your father do?"

"He was a railroad conductor."

"Well, well." The man picked up the telephone and asked for the dramatic editor of the *Chicago Tribune*.

"This is Dresser," he said. "Paul Dresser. My kid sister's here with me. I'm putting her in the show Sunday night—make a note of it, will you? Her name's Louise Dresser."

He turned to the girl, "My name won't hurt you, kid—I wrote the two songs you sang."

The heavy man looked at her. "Life's a strange business, eh, child? Your dad was good to me when I was a news-butch on his train."

He lifted his three hundred pound body from a specially made swivel chair, as the girl said, "This is lovely of you."

"You can sing, can't you?—and your dad's Kerlin." He shook his head and commented again, "Life's a strange business," as he took her to the elevator.

Paul Dresser, who changed his name early in life, was Theodore Dreiser's older brother. He is the subject of that great novelist's finest piece of writing, entitled, "My Brother, Paul."

Such are my neighbors, to whom the years have given tolerance—and understanding.

And strangely enough, when we are invited to the rich homes in Beverly Hills, we are diffident in the presence of so much glamour, and return with lighter hearts to our hidden shores again.

HONEST CRITIQUES

(From page 53)

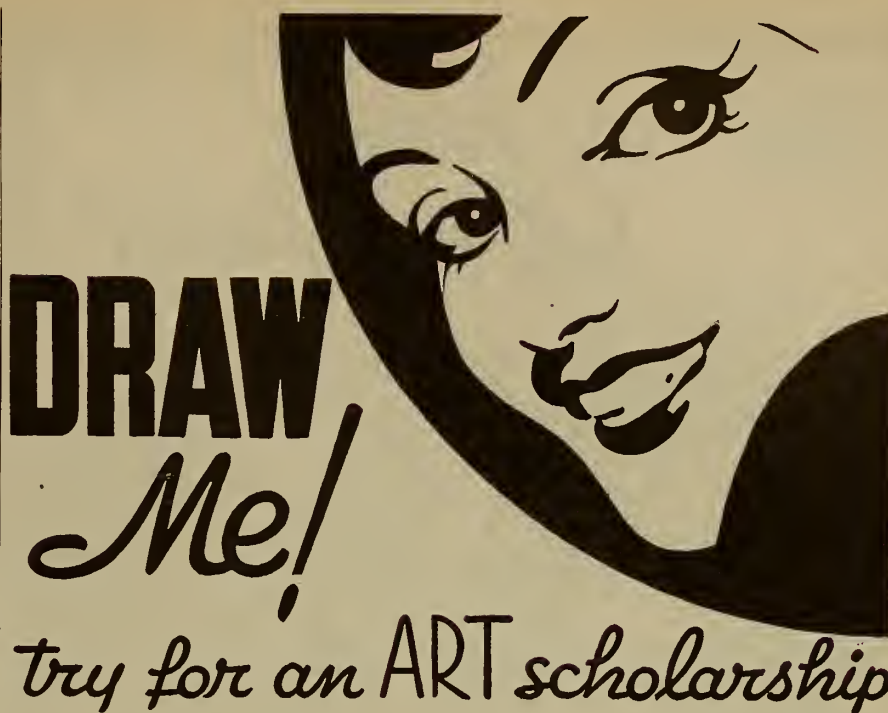
around the front page news items of Dr. Robert Cornish's experiments in restoring life to dead dogs, its high light is the actual picturization of the little group of scientists at work on Lazarus D. 13. The unmistakable honesty and realism of this scene makes the movie plot in which it is set seem faintly theatrical. Few more dramatic moments have been screened than the one where the dead creature begins to breathe again. Onslow Stevens as the visionary young scientist to whom a commercial world refused to listen, and George Breakston as the boy whose dog is killed and restored to life are both excellent. See it by all means.

"BABOONA" (Fox) is amazing—its simplicity, grandeur and courage made us feel very small indeed. Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson, equipped with two amphibian planes, scale mountains in Africa, chase hippos, literally become Daniel in the lions' den. Nothing has ever excited us as much as that scene of Mrs. Johnson in the midst of the most ferocious, frightening lions we have ever seen, calmly sticking her head out of the plane and inviting death. Stately giraffes from a child's story book drift across the horizon—beautiful zebra, flamingoes, leopards lend color to the landscape. From elephants to lions to baboons, we experience every emotion with them, ending in a gale of laughter in the village of "Baboona."

AMELIA EARHART (Putnam) landed in California just in time to attend "Wings in the Dark," (Paramount) if she had wanted to. The picture concerns a new phase of flying never before featured on the screen—blind flying—and for the air-minded it is enthralling. Cary Grant and Myrna Loy may be wasting their subtle talents in a story of this sort but they do handle the love element with restraint.

"THE WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING" (Columbia) is tailored to the talents of Edward G. Robinson. The situations which develop from the moment his fellow clerks note the amazing resemblance of timid Arthur Ferguson Jones to the escaped Killer Mannion are new to the screen. Robinson succeeds in developing two distinct personalities and is amusing. We can't forget the scene of Killer Mannion dictating his life story to his double.

THERE is British humor in "Jack Ahoy!" (Gaumont-British) and goes to prove that humor is entirely an individual matter and neither to be recommended nor damned. As one who hasn't been able to read a comic strip except Crazy Kat since we were ten years old, we can't decide. Jack Hulbert can be said to bend over backwards in his humor, and dances and sings in a pleasing manner. The tunes are catchy and you will find yourself skipping up the street to them on the way home.



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1. Make drawing 5 inches wide, on paper 6½ inches square. Draw only the girl and background, not the lettering.
2. Use only pencil or pen.
3. No drawings will be returned.
4. Write your name, address, age and occupation on back of drawing.
5. All drawings must be received in Minneapolis by April 5th, 1935. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Federal Schools Faculty.

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HELEN HAYES

(From page 35)

"CHARLIE doesn't interfere with me, and I don't butt into his work," Helen said. "But we're both getting very tired of belonging to so many people besides each other. He must do one more picture under his contract; I must go into Mary of Scotland again. The last couple of years we've simply had to steal time out for ourselves. Like the time we just upped and ran away aboard the boat to Europe with Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg.

"We're full of plans, though, for making our getaway. You know, I've often been asked if I had a hobby, and never could think of one. Well, collecting plans could be set down as my hobby. Charlie and I have the grandest assortment of rare old plans that you could hope to find anywhere.

"Just now we have a really splendid one. We won't trade this plan, no matter what we're offered for it. We're going to charter a boat, buy a copy of the Odyssey, and follow all the wanderings through the Aegean seas of Ulysses, tracing him from island to island. Let's hope that Circe, in the shape of a movie contract, doesn't lure us from our voyage before it even gets started!"

Among their collection of assorted Plans is the one for their home at Nyack. Of course it has a swimming pool and all the trimmings, but the really important work going on there is the planting of trees for the Mac-Arthurs to sit beneath in their old age, as hand in hand they face the setting sun together, listening to the music of the spheres. Only it will be jazz. They aren't going to sit in any corners, those two. Helen wants to be like her friend Louise Closser Hale, extracting the most out of life at the time when your ability to enjoy the world is at the high tide.

Helen Hayes has a stronger sense of responsibility than could be found in many a day's search, and it is that trait which prevents her from belonging to herself. She had to make good for her Mother's sake. And then she had to go on making good to live up to the public's expectations of her.

"I've never known what it is like to think only of myself," she said. "I've often wondered what it would be like to be saying my own lines instead of Maxwell Anderson's or J. M. Barrie's, or some other playwright's.

"BUT no actress can expect to belong to herself. When a woman enters the stage or screen, she must regard herself as a votary at the altar of the Muses, bound and consecrated by her vows. You must renounce all right to a private life. If you suffer for that, it can't be helped. So long as you take one cent from the public, you are duty-bound to make sacrifices in return for the rewards.

"It profoundly irritates me when stars refuse to be interviewed. They belong to the public, and the public has a perfect right to an interest in their lives. I regard Garbo as the one

exception to the rule; the public prefers her as she is.

"It is very disillusioning to me to see myself on the screen. 'That plain little thing!' I say to myself. 'What can they see in her?' That doesn't happen to me on the stage. First come the rehearsals; and frankly, I enjoy them more than the play—and I begin to feel the character grow within me. I can concentrate on that curious development of another character, without the distraction of coughing audiences or applause.

"Then my mind finally brings out a complete, clear picture of the character. It takes full possession—I'm no longer Helen Hayes. In Mary of Scotland, for instance, I become the tallest queen in history, a dark, moody woman of strange passions, cursed by an ungainly height.

"And then, when I walk on to play a part like that, I do not in my mind's eye see a small, five-foot woman. I am tall and dark. And oddly enough, the audience accepts me as being that large-boned Stuart of the dark destinies. Afterwards they look at me in my dressing-room and ask me how I manage to look so tall. That is the illusionary power of the stage. It takes possession of you and enchants you, and there is no camera there to give it the lie, and break the spell.

"Perhaps that is one reason why pictures call upon you to reveal your personal life to the public. On the screen, you are *you*, and no escaping it. You aren't Mary Queen of Scots, but Helen Hayes, and five-foot Helen couldn't play that role in films. Therefore you play rôles that fit your photographs, and of course your photograph is pretty much like your own personal, private self. That's why it is plain to me that the picture public takes a personal, private interest in your life and has a right to such an interest.

"I COULDN'T choose between pictures and the stage; there is no more enjoyable place than a movie set, with something new every day. Stars should be very happy in Hollywood; it surprises me that they are not. Perhaps because they are constantly being disillusioned by seeing themselves on the screen. At any rate, stage people seem more happy, more exhilarated."

With clear-cut logic and a vast tolerance, Helen Hayes finds no reason to regret the fact that she cannot belong to herself. There are so many compensations for it all. She may belong to a husband and a mother and a daughter and a public and a whole crew of producers, agents, playwrights and directors. The point is, they also belong to her.

"I would be ungrateful if I felt that I haven't been blessed by all the gods," she said emphatically.

"It's my firm belief that *As ye sow, so also shall ye reap*. Loyalties are repaid. If you make sacrifices in your youth, you are rewarded later with full interest, because you have earned it."

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Editorial "We"

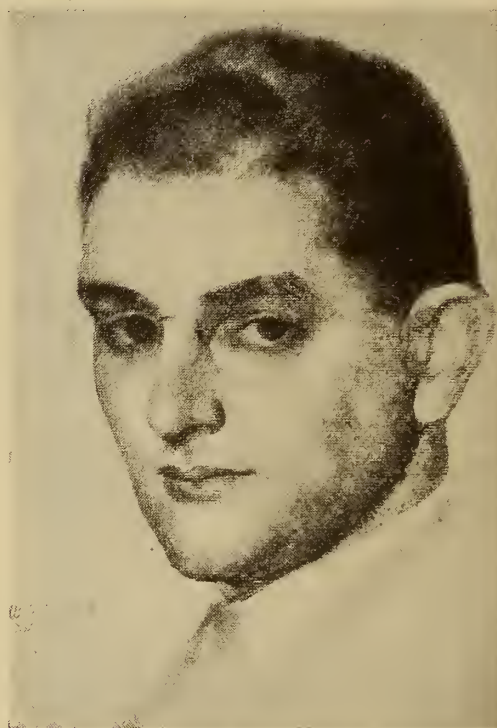
SUNDAY NIGHT: It was Sunday evening. We were talking about pictures. We're always talking about pictures. It was generally conceded that with a cast of outstanding stars—W. C. Fields, Edna May Oliver, Roland Young and Lionel Barrymore—Freddie Bartholomew outshone them all. He had made a personal appearance the night before, a composed, spiritual elf, whose only sign of emotion was the gentle flapping of his small hands at his sides. That wonderful belief in self, without affectation or conceit, is a sure sign of genius. He has captured the hearts of all of us—mothers and bachelor girls—our hearts belong to Freddie Bartholomew first from now on, although one of us spoke up for Walter Connolly. "I'll never forget him in 'It Happened One Night,'" she chuckled. "I adored him as he muttered in Claudette Colbert's ear on the way to the altar." He is just as he is on the screen—the successful business man type with a sense of humor spilling out of his eyes—and he deserves all his fans. . . . While we were discussing "David Copperfield" the radio announced Mr. Alexander Woolcott and Mr. Woolcott in turn announced a surprise, as he usually does. He had assembled many distinguished people to do honor to Jerome Kern, whose birthday it was and who at the moment is in Hollywood finishing songs for "Roberta." Mr. Kern once showed us his collection of manuscripts, since sold for many thousands of dollars, because he simply would not put them in vaults. The Brontë sisters' tiny handwriting was revealed to us, and a poem by Bobbie Burns. He walked home with us and played on our ancient upright piano, meant only for loud singing under very auspicious circumstances . . . this was "Show Boat" music, for it was then at its height. . . . Irving Berlin is in Hollywood, too, now, doing music for "Top Hat" the next Rogers-Astaire dancing vehicle. (Page Mr. Cole Porter!) . . . Whether or not William Powell will do Samuel Hopkins Adams' story, "In Person," which we have begun in this issue, has not yet been decided. First he must appear with Ginger Rogers in "Star of Midnight." Bernard Newman of Bergdorf Goodman has made new ladies of fashion out of Irene Dunne and Ginger. We have sat for hours looking at beautiful photographs of Ginger, not knowing what to choose for you for the May issue. We'd like to publish them all.

VERY DOGGY: They have threatened to make us editor of *The Spur* if we don't curb our enthusiasm for dogs. We must tell you about gorgeous Prince, who is to play Buck in "Call of the Wild" and is now on location at Mt. Baker with Clark Gable, Loretta Young and Jack Oakie. We've just dropped him an airmail note asking for a brief impression of his life as a famous matinee idol. More next month. In the meantime, meet Lightning.

ANYTHING GOES: On the heels of Louella Parsons' announcement that Dick had given Mary Brian the ring, comes news from Margaret Ettinger that it isn't true they're engaged and that Mary is just about the cleverest girl in Hollywood with her men. She goes out with three or four at a time and they all think she thinks they're the top. . . . Neil Vanderbilt sort of

crept up on us and while reporting the high jinks of other people, suddenly announced he was married to "a lovely child." She is a licensed air pilot; horsewoman; expert shot with rifle or revolver (ho-hum) and a winner of many swimming medals besides being an artist and illustrator and doesn't care for society any more than Neil does. . . . Now they say there is romance between Clive of India and Loretta Young. We hope so, whether or not it's true, because we like them both so much, but please let's not spoil it by publicity. . . . Two nice though brief interviews next month with Leslie Howard and with Edward G. Robinson. "Manny" Robinson scowled at us and wouldn't say hello

but we think he's cute and his nice father made up for it by being most charming at the end of a long, tiring day of interviews, art exhibits and social activities. . . . We ran over to New York to see Mr. Howard in "The Petrified Forest" and "The Scarlet Pimpernel" simultaneously. Between matinee and dinner he lay on a not very soft couch, in slacks, looking weary and English school-boyish and glad that he's a hit again on Broadway. He talked censorship with us. He feels that children have little interest in romance and that therefore it's foolish to worry too much about it; he thinks sex goes over their heads and they'd rather see "Treasure Island" anyway. He also feels strongly that every boy should read "Of Human Bondage" before he is sixteen. Mr. Howard can't see what is wrong with "life" or why it should be censored on the screen. He even promised to write a piece for us on the subject. Our Sunday night pals looked upon us with awe at the mention of Leslie Howard. In fact, we felt like a Biblical character. They wanted to know all about him but we didn't tell them he was wearing a fine gold chain around his neck. Our feminine curiosity is greatly piqued, Mr. Howard.



Dr. W. Beran Wolfe, New York psychiatrist, author of "A Woman's Best Years" and "How to Be Happy Though Human," is a sculptor and a gay young man with something to say in this issue about Hollywood love.

AUTHORS: At a famous hotel the other day we sat two tables away from Katharine Hepburn, more colorful than she is on the screen, wearing a tailored gray suit and a beret and smiling so gayly. Close enough to touch her was Dorothy Speare, responsible for the script (with our friend Charles Beahan) of "One

Night of Love." Charlie wants to tell the story of how this story was kicked around the studios for months before anyone would make it, a sort of stepchild, until it came out, but that's another story. . . . Rufus King was there, too, though he pretended not to be; we still like him as an author and as a person and are glad to see that he has done the adaptation of "A Notorious Gentleman," the Charles Bickford-Helen Vinson-Onslow Stevens mystery. Rufus was responsible for "Murder at the Vanities." . . . And now Mongoose Hanemann has switched from RKO to Fox where he is doing humorous dialogue of which only he is capable. We are having a fight with him at the moment about Katharine Hepburn, but we still like him, too. . . . Victor Weybright who writes about Claudette Colbert in this issue has his first book on the stands, the one and only biography of Francis Scott Key called "Spangled Banner."

"Treasured Flavor"

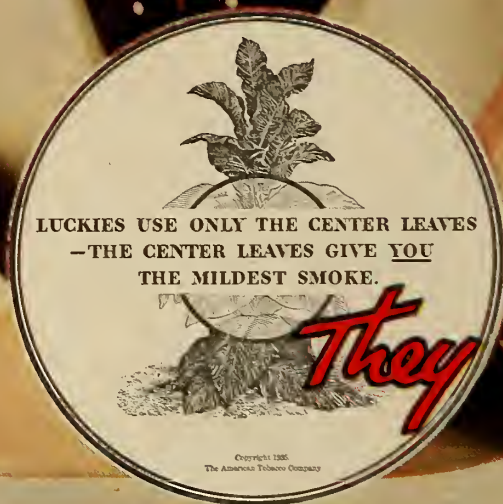
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IN THIS ISSUE...

JEAN HARLOW

LESLIE HOWARD

JOAN CRAWFORD

KATHARINE HEPBURN

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

For beauty of lips
and neck-line enjoy
Double Mint gum. Every
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Makes her avoid all close-ups... dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm.

WHEN you smile, your beauty should sparkle and glow. You *should* become, instantly, a far more attractive and delightful person.

Does *your* smile do that? Or have you been so careless about your gums—so negligent about that tell-tale warning of danger ahead, "pink tooth brush," that you are afraid to smile?

DON'T IGNORE "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"
Dental science explains "pink tooth brush" and the modern prevalence of

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"I'M FALLING IN LOVE"
"ITALIAN STREET SONG"

a W. S.
VAN DYKE
PRODUCTION
Book and Lyrics by
Rida Johnson Young

with
FRANK MORGAN
Douglas Dumbrille
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Picture
Produced by
HUNT STROMBERG



SHE LIED TO LIVE HER NIGHTS OF LOVE



"DON'T TALK TO ME ABOUT LOVE"

says the gentleman above and we wonder if he really means it or just what he means. We are as curious as you, because even the editors haven't yet seen his article, which will appear in the June issue of **MOTION PICTURE**, the month of brides and undoubtedly the wrong time of the year to stop talking about love.

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MOTION PICTURE

ROSCOE FAWCETT
Editor

LAURENCE REID
Managing Editor

MAY, 1935

Volume XLIX, No. 4 Twenty-Fourth Year

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\$500 PRIZE CONTEST



Can you see the resemblance of this contestant to James Cagney?

Your chance to win a prize . . . your chance to cash in on the fact that you've been told countless times that "you look just like Clark Gable," (or Joan Crawford, Greta Garbo, William Powell . . . or any other of the Hollywood notables!) Do you really? We want to know and we're willing to pay you actual cash to find out. If your younger sister looks like Shirley Temple, or your best beau like Gary Cooper send in their photos. Is there a Marlene Dietrich in Detroit, or a Fred Astaire in Austin, Texas? Come on with your pictures . . . there's gold in this Hollywood hunt! Contest closes on June first—hurry!

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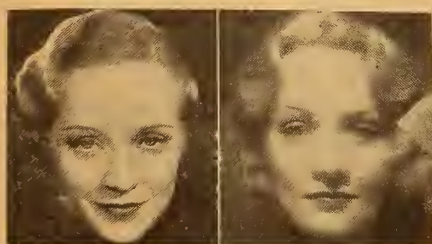
Fourth Prize \$25.00

Third Prize 50.00

Fifteen Prizes 5.00

Rules of the Contest

Send in your photograph (any one will do, but don't expect us to return it) or a photograph of your Aunt Mary or the street-car conductor, or anybody you think looks like a star. Paste on the back the name and address of the person in the picture and the name of the actress or actor the photograph resembles (we should be able to tell, but if we can't it won't be our fault.) In case of a tie, both contestants will be awarded a prize. Each month we will publish the photographs we think most closely match the physiognomy of a star. The contest will close at midnight, June first, 1935. The awards will be announced as soon as possible thereafter. Address Motion Picture Star Contest Editor, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



Rosemary Ames and Marlene Dietrich



Kathryn Hereford



Jean Parker



Dolores Del Rio and her stand-in

The New Stream-Lined MAE WEST by SUSAN HARTWELL

Just a brief two years ago Mae West changed the feminine contours of the world when she swept across the cinematic heavens in "She Done Him Wrong."

Now the versatile Mae is about to do the same thing again, to the delight of the fashion designers and her legions of feminine and masculine fans. But this time she's offering a stream-lined silhouette instead of the full-rounded curves of two seasons ago.

It's all part of the radical change in the character Miss West portrays in her newest Paramount Picture, "How Am I Doin'?" No longer is she a swaggering gal of the Gay Nineties; this time she is the personification of the spirit of 1935. The Westian curves are still there, of course, but they are streamlined in the modern manner.

And the story and background of "How Am I Doin'?" offers just as much contrast to her previous vehicles as the Mae West of 1935 does to the Mae West of 1933. The fashionable spots of smart, present-day society—Long Island, N.Y. and Buenos Aires, Argentina, for instance—replace the Bowery of the Nineties and gay spots of New Orleans a generation ago as the setting for the action of her new picture.

Even her leading men have undergone a radical change. Gone are the prize-fighters and gamblers of an older era; instead honors are shared



by Paul Cavanaugh, suavest of suave Anglo-American actors and Ivan Lebedeff, ace of the heel-clicking, hand-kissing, heart-smashers.

So watch out for the New Mae West. She is going to set a new standard

in entertainment, in wise-cracks, in fashions and in the feminine form divine when Paramount's "How Am I Doin'?" reaches the screens of the world. [Advertisement]

The Gossip Shop

FADS change in Hollywood,—feuds, never.

Since Hollywood fads usually dissolve into Hollywood feuds, the rage of the moment deserves detailed explaining. Remember the royalty complex which created the Constance Bennett-Gloria Swanson feud? And the "best-dressed woman" title which resulted in strained relations between the late Lilian Tashman, Hedda Hopper, and several others of our celluloid celebrities?

So, turn your field glasses on Santa Anita, the newest parking place for movie stars and their cars. Form sheets and handicappers' charts now comprise the bulk of Hollywood's reading matter. Every one bets.

IT'S going further. Most of the stars have taken to owning horses. That isn't a new enthusiasm with some of them, but for Constance Bennett, Clark Gable, Bing Crosby, Leon Gordon, to name just a few, it is quite a venture. Furthermore, they are learning daily that a racing horse is far from an inexpensive hobby. Aside from the initial purchase price, the cost averages eight dollars daily, every day of the year, for the care of a horse. It costs much more when you bet on a nag who usually makes a belated appearance in the stretch.

Connie Bennett decided that "Rattlebrain," a two-year-old, had grand possibilities—until he ran eleventh his first time out under her colors in silks of gray and American Beauty red. To add insult to injured pride, "Rattlebrain" didn't even take into consideration that



What a swell joke that must have been! Have you ever seen heartier laughs than these of Bob Ritchie, Jeanette MacDonald, and Wallace Beery?

it was a Saturday afternoon and all Hollywood was there to see him run.

On second thought, the horse-racing mania may be one fad which won't result in a feud. Misery loves company, I've heard, and Clark Gable hasn't been given any cause to rejoice over the showing of his "Beverly Hills" up to the time of going to press. "Beverly Hills" evidently can run last just as easily as "Rattlebrain."

Some one has reported Clark jumping up in the clubhouse during one race and yelling at his horse as it rounded the last turn, "Hey! Beverly! The others went down that way!"—pointing to the judges' stand.

Leon Gordon has been a bit luckier. The author and stage star of "White Cargo" secured a horse named "Mumsie" in a claiming race. She ran a close second her first time out. In fact, "Mumsie" lost by a nose. Leon says if she loses another by a nose, he'll buy Jimmy Durante and run him!

Meanwhile, Bing Crosby hadn't been doing so well on the betting end. He wound up one day losing twenty-three hundred dollars, and to register his emotions threw a chair across the clubhouse floor—oh, very gently, though. What made him most confused was that he knew it was going to be difficult explaining to Dixie Lee, the missus, just why he was willing to lose twenty-three hundred dollars on the races after refus-

ing to give her the money for the genuine hooked rug she wanted so badly.

So Bing has joined the ranks of horse-owners. He has acquired "Zombie"—and intends to find out about racing. He will.

THE mention of Bing brings to mind a feud which has nothing to do with horses. I'm told by quite a few of the music-men in Hollywood, (those representing song publishers) that a hot battle is being waged between Bing, Dick Powell and Rudy Vallée.

Everything was very friendly between the three, the boys inform me, until Bing developed an antipathy to the physical labor involved in learning new songs for his broadcasts. So, while Rudy was singing songs from Bing's pictures on his radio hours, and also those from Dick's productions, Dick was returning the compliment.

Bing preferred to use lyrics he already had memorized. It made unnecessary the work of rehearsals and arrangements. When Rudy and Dick heard of his refusal to sing melodies from their starring vehicles, they simply cut out those from Bing's. Then it was just lovely between Rudy and Dick. Both sang each other's songs until one night when Rudy crooned new numbers from a Powell picture which Dick had been planning for his own broadcast the next night.

(Continued on page 10)



Irving Thalberg, Jr., and Michael Hopkins (adopted son of Miriam Hopkins) at a Hollywood childrens' party

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH



GO INTO YOUR DANCE
with Ruby Keeler in the swell-
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GO INTO YOUR DANCE
as Al Jolson sings his heart
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to the lilting tunes of 8 grand
songs by Warren & Dubin!



GO INTO YOUR DANCE
with 100's of girls in rovinging
Bobby Connolly spectacles!



GO INTO YOUR DANCE
with Glenda Farrell, Patsy
Kelly, Helen Morgan, Benny
Rubin, and other big stars!



Clap Hands for Another Honey
from Warner Bros.—a Lyrical
Miracle that Runs Away with
April's Blue Ribbon! Even if
its Drama and Music weren't
Blended So Magically into
Entertainment That is Sheer
Enchantment, You'd Still Insist
on Seeing It Because It Teams
for the First Time on the Screen

Al
JOLSON
and
Ruby
KEELER

In

"GO INTO
YOUR
DANCE"

Famous "42nd Street's" author,
Bradford Rapes, wrote this
story of a girl who played with
death for her man's life—
staged against the thrilling
backdrop of New York's hot
spots. And you'll like Archie
L. Maya's smart direction
for First National Pictures.



The Gossip Shop...



Paul Muni, Warner Bros. star, obliges a group of autograph hunters as he returns from a New York vacation.

SPEAKING of feuds reminds me of Hollywood's jittery flutter over Greta Garbo's first appearance in a public café, and the fact that Marlene Dietrich was in the same place. All our gossip-hounds gloated over the meeting of the two, and revived a myth, which I am compelled, illusion destroyer that I am, to blast here.

There never was a feud between Garbo and Dietrich!

The two women had never seen each other, had no reason to dislike each other, and probably still haven't met. The night at the Trocadero was the nearest moment of actual contact Garbo ever had with Dietrich and vice versa. Of course, the fact that Rollo Felix, a friend of Dietrich's, was in the Garbo party made it much more exciting for those who expected daggered looks—but that never resulted.

ANOTHER tense moment in a café passed unnoticed by Hollywood commentators who just love such situations. That happened on the night Constance Bennett, Gilbert Roland, Dolores Del Rio and Cedric Gibbons came into a night spot, and just a few tables away from their own saw La Marquis de la Falaise et de la Coudrey, (or is it vice versa?) better known as Hank, and still remembered legally as the husband of Constance Bennett. Hank was seated and engrossed in conversation with Joan March. Since Connie is seen often with Gilbert Roland, it shouldn't matter so much that Hank is seen just as often with Joan.

A lull fell over the diners when they saw Connie rise from her table and glide gracefully over to Hank and Joan. She sat with them briefly and then re-

turned to her own group. Shortly after, both Hank and Joan left.

What, wondered all Hollywood, did La Bennett say to her Marquis? Well, she was very pleasant. And to Joan, very sweetly she remarked: "It's awfully nice of you to take such good care of Hank."

ONE quaint Hollywood amusement has endured through the years, and, I'm afraid, will continue forever. That's the practical joke. This one was funny to Frank Fay and his wife Barbara Stanwyck until—but, hear how it happened.

The Fays were at Groucho Marx's home. Groucho retired to a room, called up a number, and then said to Frank: "Get on the other extension. I want you to be in on this gag."

Fay took up the receiver and heard Groucho tell a bewildered butler the following:

"This is the water company. We are about to fix the water supply pipes. Please fill your bathtub and every available vessel with water so you'll have enough for your needs for the next twenty-four hours."

"Twenty-four hours!" gasped the butler over the 'phone.

"Yes," snapped Groucho.

"Very well, sir," came the polite but still alarmed voice. "I shall do so immediately."

"That's very funny," laughed Fay. "I can picture the guy's face when he sees the tubs, pitchers and jars flowing over. Whose house did you call?"

"Why," coily said Groucho, "yours!"

THIS, by the way, is the time and place for recording one of the few incidents in which a Marx Brother was topped. It was Harpo, the silent member of the insane Marxes, who telephoned J. K. McGuinness, scenarist, an invitation to come to dinner.

"Sorry," regretted Jim McGuinness, "I can't."

"Why?" Harpo wanted to know.

"Because," said Jim without hesitation, "I have a previous engagement—which I shall make as soon as possible."

OF course, there are different types of humor. I like best Richard Boleslawski's as expressed last month during the making of "Les Misérables." Together with Charles Laughton and Frederic March, director Boleslawski left the set to confer about the next scene.

"Boley's" assistant director took advantage of their absence to harangue the bit players in the scene about to be shot.

"Now, let's get into this thing," he snarled. "Stop hanging around like a bunch of wooden dummies," and meanwhile Boleslawski quietly had returned and stood behind the assistant director who continued: "Put some guts into

this thing and let's show this Russian so-and-so something."

Boleslawski leaned over and tapped the startled assistant on the shoulder: "Please," he murmured, "a Polish so-and-so!"

BY this time, "Pinky" Tomlin certainly has become familiar to most fans. If he hasn't, "The Object of My Affections" has become too much so, and be it known that "Pinky," former law-student and hog-caller from Oklahoma, gave birth to that amazing lyric. "Pinky" became the overnight pash of Hollywood's younger set who flocked to see him in local personal appearances. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer signed him, and "Times Square Lady" is his first picture with Virginia Bruce and Robert Taylor.

All of which is a lengthy but necessary introduction to the tale of a necktie, a glorious, glittering, colorful necktie. "Pinky" bought it, wore it in a scene, liked it so much that he kept it on that night when he squired a girl from his home town.

That necktie had appeal, and the girl liked it, too. Now "Pinky" has been in Hollywood long enough to give expression to Spanish blood and customs.

"You like it, eh?" said "Pinky." "Well, it's an old Spanish custom. You keep it."

The next day Tomlin reported on the set with a new neckpiece—to the horror of the script girl and director George Seitz. Half a day was spent, production held up, while they searched all over Los Angeles finding the girl and coaxing her to return the necktie.

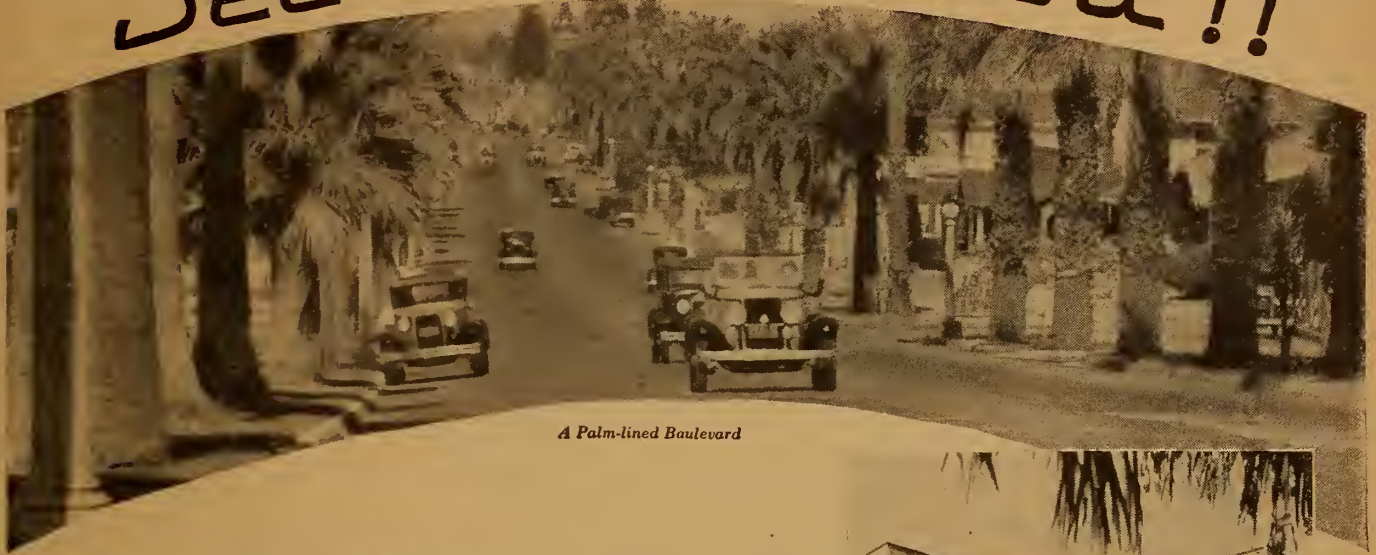
"Spanish custom, eh?" she snorted. "Indian giver, you mean!"

—By Jerry Hoffman.



Mary Pickford looked much happier at a recent luncheon than she did last month following her divorce trial.

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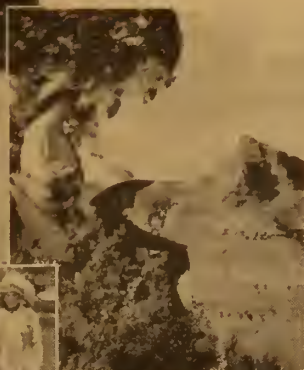
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On location



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Readers' Row...

\$20 FIRST PRIZE LETTER

"The Perfect Thing"

VIVID colors of a great painting—beautiful strains of music, preferably Chopin—gorgeous sunsets—and now—Freddie Bartholomew! Until last night I felt there were only three things which could stir my soul to a deep sense of perfect contentment. While watching that superb picture "David Copperfield" there came the realization that here again was a perfect thing—a child actor whose hair, eyes and every physical feature were so full of beauty—whose diction was so unusual—whose skill in acting was so flawless—whose character was so charming—that one had a sweeping sense of being in the presence of almost divine perfection.

If Freddie Bartholomew never does another thing of worth, he may count his life well-spent, because he has given in such full measure of beauty and tenderness and pathos and joy to this old world of ours.

MISS MARY M. HAYMOND, 530 Kibler Avenue, Newark, Ohio.

We've met Freddie himself, Miss Haymond, and he's all you say, and more! He is working now with Greta Garbo in "Anna Karenina."

\$10 SECOND PRIZE LETTER

An Indignant Protest!

AS A member of the nursing profession I've writhed and raged over several so-called "hospital" pictures—and after seeing "Society Doctor" with Chester Morris and Virginia Bruce in the starring rôles—well, I blew up! It's about time someone pointed out the fallacy that most of these inaccurate and poorly directed movies contain. According to this last gem of someone's distorted imagination, a hospital is a place where the nurses are beautiful but useless blonds who seemingly don a uniform for the purpose of smoking and dining in the internes' quarters!

I'm not trying to glorify my profession, but it sickens me to see it so grossly misrepresented. There are beautiful blonds, of course, but they are all capable women or they wouldn't be in that uniform. Our work is hard, and on duty we have too many grave responsibilities to think of smoking or flirting with the doctors—to say nothing of the rigid discipline which would automatically squelch any such departures from our accepted routine.

Loretta Young in the "White Parade" gave the only fair performance that I have yet seen depicting a nurse's life. Why can't we have more pictures like this?

Why can't someone who knows the real atmosphere of a hospital, the businesslike routine of dealing day after



More letters were received this month about Freddie Bartholomew than any other star! Here he is with W. C. Fields in "David Copperfield"

day with pain and death and life beginning—supervise these pictures? It certainly would please the thousands of girls, like myself, who happen to be movie fans—as well as hard-working nurses.

IRENE M. HELLEN, R.N., 75 Ocean Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y.

You are the one who has the right to criticize, Miss Hellen, and we hope that these suggestions will result in future authenticity in nurses' stories.

\$5 THIRD PRIZE LETTER

The Pledge of 4000!

I CONGRATULATE you upon your attitude toward the film censorship clean-up campaign. Others are afraid even to discuss it, or haven't anything but submissive approval for it.

This campaign is more serious than some think. Recently in my town more than four thousand arose in their churches to take a pledge against indecent films, not only against those which they themselves think indecent but against all blacklisted by their committee. Worse proof of its seriousness is the fact that producers have heeded the cry and are now making films suitable mostly for children; no more does one see the good films which used to come

not infrequently from Hollywood, films with a real artistic value. To mention only a few: "All Quiet on the Western Front," "Back Street," "Little Caesar," "Rasputin and the Empress," "Street Scene," "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang," "Queen Christina," "Life Begins."

Legion of Decency authority would never approve of films like these; and the producers, harkening to the clean-up cry, would never produce them; at least half of them would never even be considered for production, the others would be shorn of everything except childish sweetness, and a childish happy-ending romance would most certainly be added.

There must be others who feel the same way about this. I hope they have courage enough to fight, to help exterminate this new and vigorous craze of the censorship snake which is always ready to strike into someone else's business.

ROBERT OTTO, Stockton, Calif.

It's a serious problem, and we welcome this intelligent comment.

HONORABLE MENTION

"My David Copperfield"

TODAY, I saw him—my David Copperfield! He stepped from the yellowed pages, gallant, wistful, loyal, just as the Great Master dreamed him, so long ago. It is all there—the sound of the sea, the scent of the Sweet William on the cottage wall, the boyish tenderness of the lad, David, the old ache over the faithless Steerforth. Thank Heaven for the understanding and imagination that gave us "David Copperfield" not as a colossal, stupendous, magnificent spectacle, but homey, tender, mellow—as it was written!

ANN LATIN, Apartment 3, 414 North Sheppard St., Richmond, Virginia.

And a million lovers of Dickens echo your praise!

WE'LL TAKE ORCHIDS!

I DON'T often read movie magazines, but yesterday as I was waiting at the newsstand I happened to glimpse two pictures which I recognized, so I invested ten cents in a copy of MOTION PICTURE and carried it home to find out just how Margo and Claude Rains came to be among those present.

Having read the splendid article about Mr. Rains (along with Charles Laughlin, my particular favorite) I proceeded to go through the rest of the magazine. I liked the photographs, I liked the reviews of current movies, and most of all I liked your editorial page. . . . and because it all seems to be written with discretion and good taste.

MARIAN GUNTHER, 1900 Retreat St., Louisville, Kentucky.

Dreams come True

for the girl with a **CAMAY COMPLEXION!**



THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE is as smooth as her skin, for the girl with a clear, fresh complexion. And the peach-bloom beauty that Camay gives the skin is the beginning of many a romance.

The Soap of Beautiful Women can improve your beauty. You'll notice the fresh glow of cleanliness it brings to your cheek. And others will say you're a lovelier woman. For the regular use of Camay on your skin helps every good point of your features.

Win Your Daily Beauty Contest with Camay's Help!

You probably are far too modest to enter a Beauty Contest in which girls strut and

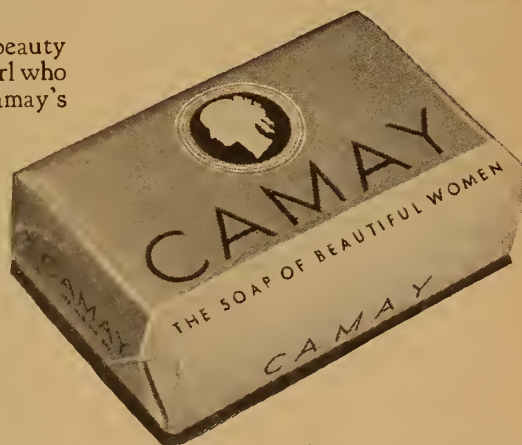
pose before "beauty judges." But in daily life, your beauty is judged whenever someone glances at you. For every day is a Beauty Contest. And compliments, admiration are awarded to the girl with a lovely Camay Complexion.

"If I had to choose only one beauty aid, it would be Camay," said a girl who attends an Eastern college. "Camay's rich fragrant lather leaves my skin so soft and refreshed."

"My skin has looked ever so much fresher since I began using this mild, pure beauty soap," said one lovely bride. Try Camay and convince yourself. It's the creamy-white

beauty soap with the delicate lather that can do wonders for your good looks! Get Camay today! It is beautifully wrapped in green and yellow, and is sealed in Cellophane.

Copy. 1935, Procter & Gamble Co.



CAMAY . . . THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Motion Picture for May, 1935

TEST...the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
... at our expense!



... Read how
Miss Jean Healy
reduced her hips
9 INCHES!

"I read an advertisement of the
Perfolastic Co. and sent for
their FREE 10-day trial offer."



"They actually al-
lowed me to wear
the Perfolastic for
10 days on trial ...

"and in 10 days,
by actual measure-
ment, my hips were 3
INCHES SMALLER"

"In a very short time
I had reduced my
hips 9 INCHES and
weight 20 pounds!"

WE want YOU to test the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere at our expense! Test them for yourself for ten days absolutely FREE! We are so sure that you can be your slimmer self without diets, drugs or exercises, that we make this unconditional offer...

REDUCE Your Waist and Hips
3 INCHES in **10 DAYS**

... or no cost

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly

■ Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as the gentle massage-like action removes flabby, disfiguring fat with every movement... stimulating the body once more into energetic health!

Don't Wait Any Longer — Act Today

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce your waist and hips **THREE INCHES!** You do not need to risk one penny... try them for 10 days... at no cost!

DON'T WAIT! MAIL COUPON NOW!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 165, 41 EAST 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Post Card

A Preview of a Première!

The famous of the earth gather at exciting Hollywood first nights. Our cameraman caught some of them as they passed the microphone at the "Good Fairy" opening, starring Margaret Sullivan



Edward Arnold, who will appear next in "Diamond Jim," smiles at the crowd



Captain Roscoe Fawcett, editor of MOTION PICTURE, greets a few friends



Mr. and Mrs. Neil Hamilton speak their happy greetings into the microphone



Even before the microphone you can leave it to Henry Armetta to get laughs

Motion Picture for May, 1935



"Raggedy Ann"

A Bundle of Love

You have seen her with her master in "Charlie Chan." Her name is Raggedy Ann (for professional purposes) but she is secretly wed to Johnny Mack Brown's California champion Schnauzer, Franz, whom she has recently presented with eight little bundles of love. As we go to press only one has been named—the small, fat one Mr. Oland is feeding via the bottle. Mr. Oland named him "Charlie Chan."

The birth of her sons and daughters was the cause of great excitement in the film colony. She was attended by the family physician, a registered nurse, and a veterinary surgeon. Six-year-old Raggedy Ann is even considering a trip to Chicago and a permanent wave.

Although Mr. Oland was called away from his Carpentry home for screen work, he would not leave her and her brood behind, but took them all with him to a Beverly Hills hotel. It is a little disturbing to the neighbors to have so many youngsters about, even film ones, so the Olands were house-hunting when last heard from. They say Raggedy Ann will be back at work soon for Fox. Even motherhood on such a large scale cannot kill her screen ambitions.



Warner Oland is breeding champion Schnauzers this season. The small object in his hand is not a baby seal but "Charlie Chan"

OUR "HOPE CHEST"



—it tells you why you
shouldn't try an
untried laxative

At the Ex-Lax plant is a big box containing 522 little boxes. Each one contains a laxative that "hoped" to imitate Ex-Lax, and get away with it.

For 28 years we have seen them come and seen them go...while Ex-Lax has gone along growing bigger and bigger year by year... simply by giving satisfaction to millions of people who turned to it for pleasant, painless, thorough relief from constipation.

WHY EX-LAX HAS STOOD THE TEST OF TIME

Ex-Lax is a chocolated laxative... but it is so much more than just chocolate flavor and a laxative ingredient. The way it is made... the satisfaction it gives... these things apparently can't be copied. They haven't been yet!

Of course, Ex-Lax is thorough. Of course, it is gentle. It won't give you stomach pains, or leave you feeling weak, or upset you. It won't form a habit... you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes—at any drug store or mail the coupon below for a free sample

When Nature forgets—
remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MP55 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name _____

Address _____

In Brief Review . . .



Claudette Colbert, the star who won the 1935 Motion Picture Academy award. Here she is with Charles Boyer, Joel McCrea, and Director Gregory La Cava on the "Private Worlds" set

"THE DEVIL IS A WOMAN"—(Paramount) is something of a problem to review in brief. On the credit side, there is Marlene Dietrich, never more beautiful; stunning photography and screen composition by director-cameraman Josef von Sternberg; a magnificent performance by Lionel Atwill; an interesting newcomer in Cesar Romero; and a strange experiment in episodic storytelling. On the debit side, there is an unhealthy study of an almost wholly evil woman, fascinating only because she is so repellent. It is the sort of thing that gives artistic efforts a bad name. So many of its audience will sit through it not understanding what it is all about. Violent controversy will be raised over its merits and only because of Marlene Dietrich we rate it —AAA

"THE CASINO MURDER CASE"—(M-G-M) is a dandy piece of entertainment. It has a ripping tempo that will cause it to be favorably compared to "The Thin Man." We shan't spoil your fun by tipping off the murder-mystery. Suffice it to say Paul Lukas is an excellent Philo Vance, Rosalind Russell delivers a performance that indicates she is star material, and the capable cast includes Alison Skipworth, Donald Cook, Arthur Byron, Isabel Jewell, Louise Fazenda, Ted Healy and Eric Blore. Make a note of the director, Edwin Marin. You'll hear more of him. Rating —AAA½

"THE LITTLE COLONEL"—(Fox) is Shirley Temple. That is the sum total of it. Although Lionel Barrymore and Evelyn Venable contribute fine performances, only Bill Robinson's dancing feet stand a chance of registering against the Temple belle. The slim story falters over familiar ground, needing a little child to lead it out of the doldrums.

While we thought it a mistake to allow Shirley to act a smart-aleck, lots of people didn't seem to mind. So to Shirley's appeal, not the picture —AAA

"VANESSA"—(M-G-M) is a disappointment. The story is fine literature but just passable film material. It becomes so involved in its own static phraseology that even the valiant efforts of the incomparable Helen Hayes cannot make it important. Essentially, the story is a frail piece, as dated as the costumes of its day. Somehow the love and sacrifices of Vanessa never seem important. Robert Montgomery, Otto Kruger and Lewis Stone join the star in giving the piece more than it deserves, but May Robson as a centenarian is the only highlight. Regretfully rated —A

"CAR 99"—(Paramount) is a fast-moving action picture of the radio police. A group of earnest Paramount youngsters join in playing cops and robbers and the whole affair is guaranteed to give you a pleasant evening. Sir Guy Standing is a suave crook and Frank Craven a stupid sheriff. Fred MacMurray, Dean Jagger, Ann Sheridan and Marina Schubert, the latter deserving especial mention, head the cast of newcomers. —AA½

"IT HAPPENED IN NEW YORK"—(Universal) is an amusing comedy of a movie star in search of a vacation. Her press agent has other ideas and she is saved only by the kindly intervention of a taxi driver with whom she falls in love. A couple of nice jobs are turned in by Gertrude Michael and Lyle Talbot in the central rôles. Hugh O'Connell plays the p.a. and Heather Angel, the taxi man's deserted fiancée. If you want to have some hearty laughs— —AA

"WEST POINT OF THE AIR"—(M-G-M) is our old friend the cocky son learning how to take it from his father. The boy has been scheduled since childhood to be an aviator and he returns from West Point a lieutenant to outrank his top-sergeant dad. A sock in the jaw is what he needs—and gets—but the episode brings the old sergeant a dishonorable discharge. Robert Young is grand as the son, and Wallace Beery does another Beery as the dad. The others are James Gleason, Lewis Stone, Maureen O'Sullivan, Rosalind Russell and Russell Hardie, all wasted. The picture should have been better —AA

"SHADOW OF DOUBT"—(M-G-M) is the vehicle by which Constance Collier is introduced to the screen. What a delightful trouper she is! She is our next great star in elderly lady parts. Wait and see. The picture is a standard mystery melodrama, solved by the eccentric old aunt. It is well played by Ricardo Cortez, Virginia Bruce, Isabel Jewell, Betty Furness, Regis Toomey and others, but Constance Collier dominates them all. You must see her in this. —AAA

"TIMES SQUARE LADY"—(M-G-M) is a smart New York racket story, made notable chiefly by the presence of Pinky Tomlin and Robert Taylor. What a month this has been for newcomers! Tomlin is a different kind of a bashful comic, the lad who wrote "The Object of My Affections," and whose sudden success story is closely paralleled to the rôle he plays in this. Robert Taylor is an engaging young chap who is due to receive a lot of fan mail. Virginia Bruce and Helen Twelvetrees quarrel over his affections as this tale of modern racketeers unfolds. —AA½

"THUNDER IN THE EAST"—(Lea Garganoff Production). An interesting picture that deals with the Japanese at war. There are some fine battle scenes, and the sinking of one of the enemy ships by the Japanese Fleet is worthy of particular mention. Charles Boyer gives a splendid performance as the Oriental commander who places his country before his personal honor, and uses his wife to gain secrets from an English officer, John Loder. Mr. Loder's pleasing personality will win him many American fans and Merle Oberon rates good notice for her portrayal of the wife. —AAA

"DEVIL DOGS OF THE AIR"—(Warner) is what might be called a "dated" picture and the date is not to be found on this or last year's calendar. There is James Cagney saying "Oh Yaw" again in his own belligerent way to Pat O'Brien, and each taking turns at acts of heroism and scrapping over Margaret Lindsay. However, the picture does give you an excellent idea of the training of the Marine corps and their maneuvers in sham battles. If you like air pictures and aren't looking for something new, you'll probably find this pretty good entertainment. —AA

IT'S TOPS..
this year more
than ever !

Take it from me—this new Scandals is 365 times greater than last year's . . . and what swlegant entertainment *that* was! Only George White himself could have outdazzled his 1934 creation.

You're going to zoom from loud "ha-ha's" at the comedy to gasping "a-ah's" at the beauties to thrilled "o-ohs" at the romance. And you're going to dance out both your shoes this spring to the swingy rhythms of six hit tunes!

STARS
GIRLS
SONGS
DANCES
LAUGHS
SPECTACLE

Keep your eye on Alice Faye, Fox Films' new glamour gal. She has what it takes to hit the cinema heights.



Watch the sporks fly!



Sumptuous settings! Spectacular Dances! Gorgeous girls including 30 beauty contest winners!

FLASHES from **GEORGE WHITE'S** **1935 SCANDALS**

by Jerry Halliday

A frolicking foursome
 bubbling with the
 gaiety of the Gay
 Nineties number



with

ALICE FAYE
JAMES DUNN
NED SPARKS

Lyda Roberti Cliff Edwards
 Arline Judge Eleanor Powell
 Benny Rubin Emma Dunn

GEORGE WHITE

Entire Production Conceived, Produced
 and Directed by George White

Alice plays her grandest role in this picture. And what a marvelous singin'-steppin' duo she and Jimmy Dunn make! • As for Lyda Roberti . . . well . . . team up Poland's gift to Hollywood with Ned Sparks and Cliff Edwards . . . then look out below! • Fox Studios have staged this musicale with a lavish hand. And what a great, big hand YOU will give it!



Hollywood cheered this masterpiece of that master showman, George White

**HUM-ABLE, SING-ABLE,
 DANCE-ABLE TUNES!**

"According to the Moon-
 light"
 "It's an Old Southern
 Custom"

"Hunkadola"
 "Oh I didn't know (you'd
 get that way!"

"I was born too late"
 "I got shoes—you got
 shoesies"





WOMEN

Men Despise

THERE are a half-dozen of them in every large office. If your luck's bad you often draw one as a partner at the bridge table. In movie theatres they sit next to you—or, what is worse, back of you. You see them lurking in the corner at parties, trying to look as if they were enjoying themselves. They're everywhere—these women men despise.

What does it matter that they are attractive and engaging if they commit the offense unpardonable? Who cares about their beauty and charm if between stands that insurmountable hurdle, halitosis (unpleasant breath).

You Never Know

You yourself never know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. But others do, and judge you accordingly.

Bad breath affects everyone at some time or other. Ninety percent of cases, says one dental authority, are caused by the fermentation of tiny food particles that the most careful tooth brushing has failed to remove. As a result, even careful, fastidious people often

offend. And such offenses are unnecessary.

Why Offend Others?

The safe, pleasant, quick precaution against this condition is Listerine, the safe antiseptic and quick deodorant. Simply rinse the mouth with it morning and night and between times before business or social engagements. Listerine instantly combats fermentation and then overcomes the odors it causes.

Is It Worth The Gamble?

When you want to be certain of real deodorant effect, use only Listerine, which deodorizes longer. It is folly to rely on ordinary mouth washes, many of which are completely devoid of deodorant effect. It is well to remember that excessively strong mouth washes are not necessarily better deodorants. Much of Listerine's deodorant effect is due to other properties than its antiseptic action.

Keep Listerine handy in home and office and use it systematically. It is a help in making new friends and keeping old ones. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.



LISTERINE *checks halitosis* (BAD BREATH) *deodorizes longer*

Charles Laughton . . .



CHARLES LAUGHTON expects to learn a great deal from that young man Clark Gable and Bob Montgomery, too. Here he is in his newest, "Les Miserables."

By ROBERT FENDER

WE'RE a bunch of snobs. We call those actors "great" whom we *think* we should call "great" (for appearance's sake) rather than those who are great *to us*.

Thus, though not in precisely those words, did Charles Laughton lead off a little dissertation on acting and actors the other day in his apartment-bungalow. Having just finished "Ruggles of Red Gap," Laughton had completed tests for "Les Miserables" and momentarily was waiting his call to work.

"People," Laughton went on, sprawled on his divan,

relaxed and comfortable, "will be thrilled by the work of some good-looking actor like Clark Gable. But when a serious discussion of actors arises—when they're asked to name the greatest actor in Hollywood, for instance—they're apt to ride over their natural and honest instincts to light finally on some old futz who, because of a built-up reputation, seems far more 'artistic', if to them unpalatable. The public is ready and willing to pay more to see Clark Gable, let's say, during a year than anyone else. But I'll bet very few of them, when asked, would say he is a 'great' actor. Coyly or sheepishly they might admit

Chooses His Own Academy



CHARLES CHAPLIN



NORMA SHEARER



ROBERT MONTGOMERY



GRETA GARBO



ADOLPHE MENJOU



MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN



W. C. FIELDS



STEFFI DUNA

For his "Henry the VIII", Charles Laughton, once an inn-keeper, was decorated in 1934 by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. Had he been on the committee, he would have nominated Clark Gable and Norma Shearer this year

they see him because they 'just like him' but that 'of course, he isn't nearly as great an actor as so-and-so.' To me that's snobbish. That's being ashamed of one's honest belief.

"As a matter of fact, Clark Gable is one of the finest actors ever before the cameras or on the stage. He has greatness, make no mistake of that. I'm thrilled at the prospect of working with him in 'Mutiny on the Bounty'. I shall learn a very great deal from that young man."

I'm afraid I gasped. "You'll learn from Clark Ga—?"

"Indeed I hope to," Laughton answered feelingly and in full possession of his right mind. "I die with envy when I see how clean his work is. Never in my life have I witnessed such wonderful acting as Clark gave us in 'It Happened One Night'. His is a perfectly *amazing* gift for comedy. I hope to learn as much from Robert Montgomery on 'Mutiny', too. Those two young men contribute as *clean* acting as it has been my pleasure to witness. They must have governors or censors in them to tell them when they're going over the edge, because they never slop over. Nothing they do is accidental. With some actors you can practically see directors shoving them around the scenes. But so natural and expert is their work that no director seems to be within five hundred miles.

"The same thing applies to Gary Cooper. He stands apart from the crowd because he can put over his own type. He can *project himself*. No one portrays tenderness on the screen like Gary Cooper. And the reason his tenderness is real is because he *feels it*. Like Gable and Montgomery, he *creates a feeling*, which is the hardest thing (and the only

worthwhile thing) about acting. Rather than think how other actors before them might treat a scene, they reach into their own lives for inspiration. And what results is so alive and real that we in the audience can, without any difficulty, read it into our own lives. They go *'way back* to the thing itself, rather than to a play-actor's version of it. What they do they do *on purpose*, and I hope you get what I mean because I find it awfully hard to put into words."

NATURALLY, you'll never know from me who Laughton considers Hollywood's prize ham-actors. He told me, because he knows he has my confidence. Without giving their names, I can, however, tell that they're actors and actresses who, in nearly every instance, are "false," i.e., those who rely on props, make-up and tricks to put themselves across. Unfortunately many of them are popularly held to be the finest things ever to come to town. A few of them are supposed to be the greatest of all time. I was undecided about a couple of them until after Laughton's discourse. Undecided, because I knew, from press ballyhoo and by reputation, that they should be considered "great". But with Laughton's simple narration on acting and actors, I was led to see the error of my ways.

"Don't think it's necessary to be old and ugly to be a fine actor," Laughton said. "Everything that can be said about acting is contained in that passage in 'Hamlet' which begins, 'Hold as t'were the mirror up to nature'. All the good ones—Gable, Bob Montgomery, Gary Cooper, Norma Shearer, Greta Garbo, Adolphe Menjou, little Maureen O'Sulli-

Winners



GARY COOPER

"No one portrays tenderness on the screen like Gary Cooper." Anna Sten agrees with Mr. Laughton.

CLARK GABLE

1935 Academy Award Winner for his performance in "It Happened One Night."

van, Chaplin (the greatest by far) and the others—do just that. In acting, they give us *themselves* in such an honest way that we can read ourselves into them. Certainly it isn't necessary to come from the stage to be a good actor. I doubt if Menjou was ever on the stage. I know Norma Shearer never was. Yet they are two sterling players. In 'Little Miss Marker' Adolphe Menjou gave an amazing performance. And I consider Norma Shearer unequalled in the world as an actress portraying sentiment. Her work is clear and simple and possesses such rhythm that it moves us without our knowing it. Far from histrionic, her work springs from humanity and truth themselves. She, for her work in 'Barretts', or Gable, for his in 'One Night', were my choice for the Academy Award. I somehow felt that neither would receive it and am, of course, happy over Gable.

"One of the greatest things I've ever seen was Garbo's work in 'Grand Hotel'. No one portrays passion like

Garbo. There's been quite a lot of fun at her expense but when she says, for instance, 'I want to be alone', instead of being laughable, it seems to shake your very existence, or at least it does mine. Garbo for passion above all others.

"Apart from W. C. Fields being a comedian, he possesses and is able to portray great tenderness. Remember how powerful he was in the scene in 'The Old-Fashioned Way' where he said goodbye to his daughter. And in 'It's a Gift' when, deserted by his family, he sits alone on the doorstep with his dog. To register such pathos is acting, my friend.

"Charles Chaplin is the greatest of them all because his work becomes part of you. Each of his films is an *emotional experience*. No one but Chaplin could do such scenes as the one in 'City Lights' where he said goodbye to the flower girl. Or as in 'The Gold Rush' when he went into a frenzy of delight after (Continued on page 81)



Jean Parker

She is the Age of Innocence come to life: every man's boyhood dream of Young Love. She is the kind of girl who likes to walk in the rain, is under twenty, and is called Robin by her friends. Just finished "Sequoia," and is now working on "Princess O'Hara" with Chester Morris.



Loretta Young

Lovely Loretta with the svelte figure attended a convent, but now appears as the leading lady in Jack London's "Call of the Wild" with Clark Gable. This young star has many amusing facets of character . . . she likes cheese sandwiches and milk, wants a baby elephant for a pet, and likes to sit and write in the sand!



You Like Jean Harlow or You Don't

BY BERT FOSTER

I FRANKLY don't know what you think of Jean Harlow. But you line up on one side or the other. Either she is *ne plus ultra*, apple pie with sugar on it, the top, the works, or she is a blonde moppet symbolizing Hollywood at its woodiest. For myself, I freely admit charter membership in the second group. But since I've had a chance for a good long talk with the blonde bombshell herself, I'm not quite so sure.

When Jean Harlow started expounding on what Hollywood had taught her, she didn't fumble or grope for words. Direct, if nothing, Jean popped off in great style between shots of "Reckless," her newest with Bill Powell, Franchot Tone, May Robson and Rosalind Russell. The scene was a tough one, causing her to run up and down a flight of "backstage" steps, delivering dialogue all the way, turning just right for the lights and packing her lines with humor. She'd been doing it since one o'clock and it was approaching four now. No "take" had been made as yet and Jean, normally, should have been tired. But instead, she would pop into her set dressing-room where I waited with all the pep in the world.

"It's a tough one," she exclaimed. "We're re-writing dialogue as we go and it slows us up." Busily she started combing that mop of Harlow spun gold which is her hair and began holding forth on our subject at hand. "Hollywood," she said soberly, "has taught me plenty.

"First and by all means most important, it has taught me the joy of work, something I'd never known before I came here. My life before Hollywood was a round of boredom. I didn't like boarding school. I had nothing to occupy my mind and I was totally oblivious to the thrill of accomplishment.

(Continued on page 60)

JEAN finds a sense of humor of real value; the gentleman on the right is helping her develop hers.



William Powell

Even if he called you up at the last minute, would you, could you, say: "No, I can't come over, Bill"? Not to the man who decided he would become one of the ten best actors, and did! Not to the man who keeps women smiling. Not to the star who is appearing on the screen in "Reckless," and in private life with the silvery Jean Harlow. His secret sorrow lies in the fact that his middle name is Horatio! Trust us to know!



Leslie Howard

has more feminine hearts fluttering than any actor we know . . . and for many different reasons . . . "Outward Bound" was one of them, "Smilin' Through" was another, "Of Human Bondage" was still another and now in quite a different way you will fall in love with him all over again in "The Scarlet Pimpernel." This fair young man of the stage and screen is the father of a boy, and a girl named Leslie.



Fannie Hurst, Louis Bromfield, Ethel Barrymore, Alice Duer Miller, Leslie Howard and Lady Lytton at the League for Political Education luncheon

His First Picture

Leslie Howard through the eyes of Robert Milton, the director who first brought him to Hollywood

By Patricia Reilly

"I MET him at the train and I looked at Leslie and laughed. He laughed back. He was in Hollywood and he thought it was funny. We both thought it was funny." The little red-haired Russian director, Robert Milton, who asked for Leslie Howard for the lead in "Outward Bound" crinkled up his face and laughed at the memory of that Reunion in Hollywood.

"Warner Brothers wanted Alfred Lunt for the part because he had done it so splendidly on Broadway in the play that I had directed, but I said that though Lunt was a great actor he wouldn't have the appeal of Leslie. I knew Leslie's charm, and his pathetic quality crying to be mothered, would go over with the motion picture public. They let me have everyone I wanted—Beryl Mercer, Dudley Digges, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Helen Chandler, and Hal Mohr, the artist who happens to be a cameraman and who is now shooting 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' I wanted Leslie most of all," said Mr. Milton, "because I knew the public would like him although he had never been in pictures before."

"How did you teach him to act before the camera—what did you tell him to do?" I wanted to know.

Robert Milton looked surprised that I should ask that. "Nothing," he said. "I just told him to go ahead as he would on the stage. There isn't any mystery to anything, and acting to Leslie is play. When you are an artist—

know what you are doing, understanding a character you are portraying—it's fun. You rehearse him, of course, but you don't have to tell him what to do. He is happy every moment he is acting. He is keen, too, the keenest actor I know. He realizes just how far to go. He is not only the handsome Englishman people feel he is—his face is full of expression and intelligence. But I think his charm lies in the fact that to him acting and living are fun. When I would see that he was tightening up, I would stop a scene and send him out to play ball with the stage-hands. He and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., became good friends. They criticized each other's acting and helped each other. He did a lot for young Doug, by instructing him to be simple.

"Hal Mohr didn't want to work on that picture but we finally won him over. We used no make-up on the men because we wanted them to have the deep lines in their faces, character-personality we engaged them for, and to look fairly gaunt. Leslie's first motion picture was taken without make-up. Mohr loved music, so when he was setting his lights I had music played for him. He is a great man and will do wonderful things with 'Midsummer Night's Dream.'"

I myself had talked with Leslie Howard in his dressing room after a rehearsal of "The Petrified Forest" and just before a private preview of "The Scarlet Pimpernel" which he had requested for his family—Mrs. Howard and himself, his son and his daughter. He is slight and fair, with really burning dark eyes, but what I wanted was an impression of him by the first man to bring him to Hollywood.

"I don't know what more to say," Bob shrugged. "He's just Leslie, charming, and as I told you, acting is fun for him."

Joan

Was



Chaise longues and white satin cars for Joan? "It's not true," she flatly denied. "I hope I don't have to resort to those things for glamour!"

Exposé! A star interviews a writer! The result discloses an amusing and human Joan who holds high score in the glamour business of the world!

BY KATHARINE HARTLEY

I WROTE a story about Joan Crawford that made her mad. She didn't stamp her foot and tear her hair when she read it, but she said to the young man who had taken the typewritten pages to her, "Where did this girl ever get this idea about me? It's all wrong . . . she can't print it, because it's not true." She handed the story back and went her way.

A day or so later, she said again to the same young man, "How *did* that girl ever get that impression of me?"

"She said they were all things she had heard about you," he answered.

I must interrupt here to say that up until that time I had never met Joan. But the story was what I thought about her . . . her glamour, her dramatic talent for living her personal life. I had pointed out that while other stars may boast that they cut their own lawn, and cook their own dinners occasionally, just like "real folks"—there was none of that humdrum stuff about Joan Crawford, thank goodness! Joan lives a colorful, glamorous, dramatic existence, riding in a white limousine upholstered in white satin, reclining on pillowed chaise longues, never appearing in anything but an Adrian creation.

Mad



A Providence, Rhode Island, club wrote us they wanted to see "lovely Joan and handsome Cary Grant co-starred"

never joining her parties until the last guest has arrived and she can make a grand entrance . . . doing everything, in fact, in that grand manner.

"I think I'd like to meet that girl," said Joan. "I'd like to find out where she heard all those things. Will you arrange it?"

And so it happened that Joan Crawford and "that girl" had luncheon one Saturday, and it looked as though I were the one who was going to be interviewed. I really expected to be frightened, but Joan's hearty, strong, boyish handshake always expels fears.

AND THEN I saw that Joan was carrying a peculiar-looking small package, with an oil-paper wrapping. She saw my quizzical expression and laughed. "Just my bran crackers," she said, "which I eat instead of ordinary bread—they're 'thinning.' I have to take some with me whenever I dine out. Silly, isn't it?"

I kept sneaking side-looks at her, for she was so lovely to look at, and so pleasant to be with. She wore very little make-up, just powder and lipstick. No false eyelashes, no heavy mascara. She had on a simple two-piece dress, with a dark blue skirt and a red top, a tailored blue felt hat, blue cotton gloves, and a beautiful mink coat. (Incidentally, as Joan took off her gloves, I saw that she wore white ones under the blue ones. The reason? It's an excellent tip! Blue gloves usually leave lint on your hands, and the white ones, worn under, take care of that.)

She carried a small black notebook. "All the way



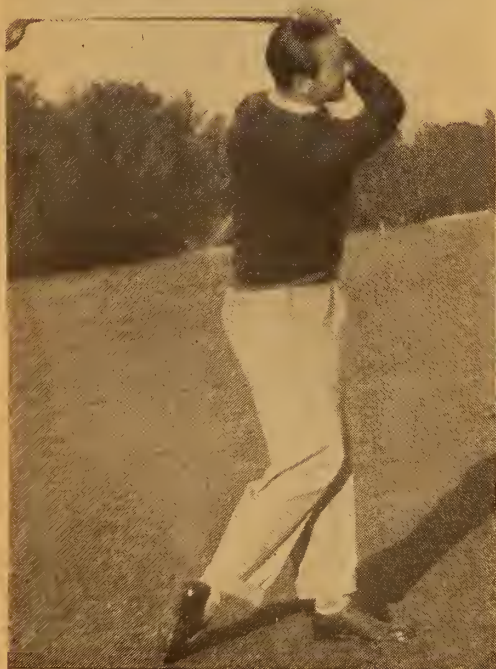
Joan drives a very white car of the very lowest priced line. She used to be a chorus girl, dancing in the city of Detroit

down in the car I had to make out my dinner menus for the next week. I'm really as jittery as a girl giving her first party," she said, "because Clemence Dane, the famous English playwright, is coming to dinner tonight. I only met her last week at Adrian's, but I've admired her for years.

"I'm so afraid she'll be bored tonight. You see, I have to show her two of my pictures. You know, she wrote the plays, 'Bill of Divorcement' and 'Moonlight in Silver,' and oh! dozens of other marvelous ones. I have been dying to have her do a story for me. So in fear and trembling the other night I asked her. And she said she'd love to! But of course she wanted to see some of the things I've done recently (Continued on page 74)



Dolores Del Rio's play hours are largely devoted to swimming, while Ricardo Cortez plays on the course at the famous Hotel Del Monte (below)



I Cover the Stars

Stars at play! Romantic places and glamorous people! Mae West and her diamonds, what they are doing in Palm Springs, Hepburn with a sunburn...all in gay Vanderbilt review!

HOLLYWOODIANS take so much time playing I sometimes wonder how they ever get any work done. Of course, they tell me they play only betwixt and between. And there are always a certain number of big shots in that position. They've either just finished a picture or are just about to begin a new one. Then, too, there are so many attractive places to go nearby that it's no wonder they love to play. You would too, if you had their opportunity!

Until this year, though, they've had to fly or motor down to Mexico to hear the thundering hoofs and the frenzied cheers of horse-racing fans. But ever since Christmas Day, all they have had to do is to dash out after luncheon to Santa Anita, an hour or so away. This is Southern California's first legalized track in a quarter of a century, and is just this side of the thriving little town of Monrovia.

And Santa Anita stacks up with the best of them!

Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot, just home from Europe, are pictured at the Riviera Polo Matches. And Ben Lyons and Harold Lloyd seem to be enjoying themselves greatly at the Santa Barbara Biltmore Hotel boardwalk



by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

True it's not quite as lovely as Joe Widener's famous track at Hialeah, near Miami; but it beats Belmont Park and Saratoga all hollow, and comes near to being as enchanting as Louisville's famous track where the Derby is run. Snow-capped peaks rise above it; orange groves hem it in; and the sun shines so regularly that as far as climate goes race-lovers need ask little more.

Day after day at the popular Jockey Club I've noted star upon star. Some of them spend nearly all their afternoons there, and although there have been few big winnings or losings, there has been an unusual amount of cash pass through the pari-mutuel machines.

Down at the paddock the other afternoon looking eagerly at Twenty Grand and Equipoise, I spied an interesting quartette: charming little Joan Bennett in a beige tailored broadcloth suit with tiny Eton collar; Myrna Loy all gotten up like an English gal in tailored gray antelope with a suede felt tricorn hat to match; delightfully piquant Marian Nixon in a tight fitting plum-shade suit with broad shoulders; and demure Mary Brian in her favorite shade of deep, deep blue. With them was handsome Bill Seiter, Marian's husband.

AND another day right down at the Club's rail, just inches away from the track, was Mae West, looking for all the world like she does in pictures. She was covered from head to foot in diamonds. And that's no exaggeration, for on the top of her cloche hat was a brilliant diamond hat-pin, and down on the heels of her shoes were diamonds too.

I saw Ann Sothorn looking particularly attractive. Not far away was bespectacled Bill Joyce, Jr., the Pasadena socialite who rushes star after star. And Lily Damita, a quieter young lady than when she went away, was looking quite as bored as Rosemary Ames, whose divorce from Bertie Meyer, the London impresario, has been filling columns of the western press this winter. Clark Gable, equally bored, paid little attention to either of them.

In some respects it has been a cooler and a more decidedly rainy winter, in the west this year than before. That is why Eastertime is *(Continued on page 78)*



Cornelius Vanderbilt and his bride made a honeymoon jaunt to various points of interest in southern California about which you read in this article. They are shown at the El Mirador pool at Palm Springs



Spencer Tracy, Warner Baxter, and Ronald Colman are pictured at the paddock at the Santa Anita race tracks. Raquel Torres, another honeymooner, recently married to Stephen Ames, at the Roney Plaza Cabana Sun Club, Florida





Dewey Robinson
as "Snug"



Mickey Rooney
as "Puck"



Otis Harlan
as "Starveling"



Joe E. Brown
as "Flute"



James Cagney
as "Bottom"



Jean Muir as "Helena," and Ross Alexander as "Demetrius," watch a scene being taken on the set of "Midsummer Night's Dream"



The one and only Max Reinhardt, producer of Shakespearean plays and "The Miracle," is now directing this Hollywood spectacle



James Cagney humbly thought he'd like to play some minor part . . . but the world famous Reinhardt demanded him for the leading role!

A Dream Come True

By KATHARINE JAMES

IT WAS Max Reinhardt who requested that James Cagney play the part of "Bottom"—one of the most famous and most outstanding rôles ever done in the theatre. Mr. Reinhardt not only requested that Jimmie be allowed to do it, but he demanded it.

Now Reinhardt had never seen Jimmie on the stage. He had seen only one of his pictures, and he did not know him personally. Why then, did he select Jimmie, out of all the people on the Warner Brothers lot, to do the rôle of "Nicholas Bottom?" Jimmie has always been the hard-boiled boy of the screen. He talks fast . . . in crude, slangy language. A far cry from Shakespearean speeches. You never have a chance to feel sorry for Jim Cagney in any of his rôles, because you always know that he is going to win out eventually. Yet, "Bottom" is a character for whom you are instinctively sorry. He is a fool, yes, and you laugh at him—but he is also a pitiful fool. For he wants to be what he is not, an actor. He is henpecked and browbeaten.

Imagine Cagney being henpecked! Cagney has always been *boss*, and "Mr. Bottom" is *bossed*.

Furthermore, this important part has always been

played by rather stout gentlemen, all much older than Jimmie. Walter Connolly played it in Reinhardt's production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" given last summer, out here, at the Hollywood Bowl. It has been played in London, on the stage, by many of the finest actors of the last few generations. How did it happen then, that Jimmie Cagney—a Brooklyn boy who worked his way up through the musical comedy stage, through vaudeville, to moving pictures—was chosen by the great Max Reinhardt to do "Bottom?"

When Mr. Reinhardt was asked for his answer, he summed it up in only one word. He said, briefly and promptly, "*Temperament.*"

Temperament! Jimmie temperamental! Jimmie, the only star who takes the stories that his producers give him and, without kicking, tries to do the best he can with them. Jimmie, one of the few stars who has never pulled an act of any kind. Jimmie, who doesn't go in for "going Hollywood." Jimmie! It *can't* be!

So, before you rave on any further, let me tell you that by "temperament" Mr. Reinhardt did not mean "temperamental" in the sense (Continued on page 72)



BY GILBERT SELDES

He has shed "the faithful friend" and has gone in for Heaps and Heaps of wickedness

ROLAND YOUNG is the author's good friend although he prefers penguins to people

ROLAND YOUNG— “my favorite actor”

I HAVE never believed a single one of the four thousand six hundred and eighty-nine press agent stories about the private lives of movie stars, and I am especially doubtful about those “outside interests” which always get a great play. I mean that Wallace Beery collects left fielders’ gloves, and Shirley Temple is interested in the Laplanders’ struggle for independence. My nose scents a fake somewhere.

Yet I know by my own experience that Roland Young has an absorbing passion for penguins, and since he has published a book “Not for Children,” of verses and drawings made by himself, it is on the record that he is a writer and an artist. I have also heard him deliver a critical opinion of some of the works of Charles Dickens, so it becomes apparent that he not only can but does read, and when I first knew him he was always

interrupting conversation and bad cocktails to go and ride on a horse. There you have four major activities all going on in the mind and person of a man who is also an actor.

Of course to me, Roland Young is an exceptional actor, “my favorite actor,” and I do not have to admit that anyone else is as versatile and intelligent as he is. But for the first time I begin to see the bare possibility that some of these press-agent stories are true, and that Rin Tin Tin really liked nothing better than to gather a few friends around him and go to the kitchen himself and scramble up some eggs.

I call Roland Keith Young my favorite actor in quotation marks because, among a half dozen very good actors in America, he is the only one whom I know well. It must be about fifteen years ago (*Continued on page 56*)

*He is the despair
of fellow actors—all
except one small girl
from his home town*



As a reward for understanding, Rochelle Hudson was given a big part with Will Rogers in "Life Begins at 40"

Rogers and "Rochelly"

BY JAY BRIEN CHAPMAN

WILL ROGERS and his favorite ingénue leading lady, Rochelle Hudson, are natives of Claremore, Oklahoma, and curiously enough Rochelle ("Rochelly" to Will) is the one ingénue who can play in lengthy scenes with the ad-libbing comedian without "blowing up" in her lines—who can avoid "biting" Rogers' own lines, and yet deliver a creditable performance of her part!

Ordinarily, this is obviated by what is called a "cue" word at the end of the other person's dialogue. The other actor, for instance, may wind up a long speech with the words, "—so I told her to go home." When you hear the word "home," you know you must cry out quickly, "Oh, Uncle Rufus, how *could* you be so cruel!"

But, if you're in a scene with Will Rogers, the chances are about a hundred to one that by the time the cameras are turning, he will have thought up a much more effective way of ending that speech of his. He'll say, perhaps, "Shucks, honey, you know what I had to do." A long pause, while you wonder if he's through talking. Then, "Yes, honey, I jes' couldn't help it!"

And you, anxiously waiting for him to speak the word "home," are left out on the well-known limb! Chances are you'll be unable to remember *your* line by that time; that you'll stand there gasping like a trout out of water and hear the enraged director shout "Cut!"

Not Rochelle! She *senses* when to speak; never forgets, never "blows up." It is significant that she is the first ingénue who has played a part of much importance with Rogers, and appeared in many complicated scenes with the comedian, himself. Rochelle, and, of

course, old-seasoned troupers like Burton Churchill, can do it—can play scenes with Will that would throw the average ingénue into a fit of gibbering hysteria from sheer strain!

Let us look behind the scenes on a typical camera session of "Life Begins at 40." Some rehearsals have gone forward, with Rogers changing lines and bits of business as usual, on the inspiration of the moment. The set is a kitchen. There is a lot of talking to be done while Rochelle scurries around, buttering sandwiches and preparing other culinary items, and Rogers, clumsily trying to help, can't find the can-opener, can't open the can when he does find it, and so on. Director George Marshall is all ready to "shoot."

Rogers stands on his marks, mumbling to himself, shaking his head. He's just a bit worried about the scene, because it is one of the most complicated of the picture and contains the golden opportunity for some of his most brilliant and penetrating wisecracks about American life.

If Will is worried, can you picture Rochelle's state? She must begin a flurry of activity the instant the camera starts turning. She must do things as a skilled housekeeper, long familiar with that kitchen, would do them—and do them naturally. Yet, every act must be considered for its camera angle. As she walks around, she must keep within certain chalk-marks on the floor.

Finally, she must listen to Rogers and reply to what he says, speaking the lines she has already learned if possible, but in emergency, supplying an ad-lib. That emergency may arise, for if Rogers (*Continued on page 71*)

In Person

The author of the amusing story, "It Happened One Night," which won the Academy Award for its stars and director, writes another tale . . . the heroine might be your favorite in disguise!

"TAKE me with you!"

Emory Muir turned to view the strange, ugly girl who made this request while he waited for his friend, Judge Parke, to return from a telephone call. The two had been planning Emory's retreat to a hidden spot, to guard him temporarily from the peril hovering over him as a result of his investigations of high political men.

Unknown to him, "Mrs. Colfax" is really Caris Corliss, idol of millions of movie-goers, who has been severely mobbed after a personal appearance, and has developed a dangerous nervous disorder which makes her intensely afraid of crowds. She has assumed an extremely homely disguise, and overhears the discussion of the two men.

"I'll call for you at 6:30 in the morning," Emory finally agreed.

Privately her doctor-uncle warns Emory against pampering this new charge of his, and Emory, thinking only of the face he has seen, is sure he can handle her. The strange journey of Emory, in danger of his life, and Caris Corliss in disguise begins early in the morning. . . . Now go on with the detailed story:

"MRS. COLFAX" was on the sidewalk at 6:23 but not alone. Arriving upon the stroke of the half hour, Emory cast an unfriendly eye upon a large hatbox, a small hatbox, a fat suitcase, a thin suitcase, several assorted grips and a luxurious dressing bag all beautifully initialled, "C. C." In the background a porter grinned.

"What's all this?"

"My luggage."

"You didn't maybe misunderstand about our destination and think it was Europe?" He looked over the array.

"Which one has the essentials in it?"

"I don't know what you mean by essentials. They all have."

"Well, you wear a nightgown, I suppose."

"Pyjamas. Not that it's any affair of yours."

"And use a toothbrush?"

"I suppose you're trying to be funny."

"No. Only practical." He picked up the dressing bag tentatively. "Is this the one?"

"Yes; but—"

"Take the rest to the storage room," he directed the porter.

"Don't you do anything of the sort."

"All right. Leave 'em on the sidewalk."

"But I need them," she wailed.

"They're lovely bags. But we can't eat leather. And we're wasting valuable time. Are you taking this train or the next?"

She got in. "Everybody thinks they can bully me," said she with contained bitterness. "You wait!" she added in a savage and self-appeasing whisper. "You just wait!"

Waiting, it appeared, was far from her escort's mind. Taking off like a sprinter, the car developed a burst of speed unseemly even at that early hour. The passenger essayed a protest.

"Wh-wh-why-ee-ee-ee are we g-g-g-going so f-i-f-fast?" she managed to jerk out from between her teeth.

"Look around."

She did so.

"Anything after us?"

"Yes. A big sports coupe with a snappy-looking lad driving."

The runabout executed a gazelle-like leap and took a corner on one wheel. "Let me know when we've lost him."



By Samuel Hopkins Adams

Illustration by EDWARD COUSE

"Oh, you've come back!"
The voice, clear as a
bird note, went straight
to his lonely heart.



SOMEWHERE in Maryland she announced: "A bicycle cop's got him."

"That's nice. Hope he keeps him."

"I thought we were going south. What are we doing on this road?"

"Going north. A touch of camouflage. We'll turn pretty soon and cross the river. I thought maybe that bird might get up early. He's keeping pretty close tabs on me. See here, Mrs. Colfax," he added more seriously, "I'm not at all sure I oughtn't to turn around and take you back."

"Try and do it. You'll have to throw me out. I'll kick. And scream. And maybe bite," she threatened in that muffled, warm, and seductive voice.

"All right. Your risk."

They crossed the Potomac in a flat-bottomed scow and stopped in a lovely and peaceful town on the Virginia side.

"Leesburg. Here's where we outfit," Emory informed her, drawing up in front of the general store.

While he was inside she slipped across the street and made a purchase of her own in a hardware shop which she hastily concealed as he emerged, followed by a pair of heavily laden salesmen. The two stowed their burdens while he checked up the inventory: bedding, mosquito nets, kitchen utensils, tableware, towels, paper napkins, candles, electric flashlights, and an extensive array of groceries, meats, and canned goods, the whole selected upon a basis of necessity and comfort rather than luxury. He invited her inspection of the account, which came to \$41.60. She passed the privilege, and by way of diverting the conversation, indicated a staring theatre billboard almost opposite them.

MONDAY—TUESDAY
CARIS CORLISS

in her new
Smash Hit

"Anyone Can Try Once"

Evenings 25 cents—Afternoons 15 cents

Casually the girl inquired, "What do you think of her?"

"Who?"

"Caris Corliss."

He reflected, "There are so many of 'em. Let's see; was she the one in 'The Enduring Virtue'?"

"Yes. Did you like her?"

"Not much."

"You didn't like the star?"

"Why, I don't pretend to know about such things, but it seemed to me she was too much impressed with herself."

"You've been listening to cheap gossip. There's always a lot of spite talk about screen stars."

"Never heard any of it and wouldn't remember it if I had," said he comfortably. "To me they're just so many mechanical dolls. You pay your money and they do their little marionette stunts for you. Give me Mickey Mouse every time and you can have your Carises and all the other tootsie-wootsies. We're off!"

THEY were bowling along at a comfortable forty-miles-per-hour when an unexpected locomotive rushed, whooping, out of a tunnel-mouth and made at them. Answering whoop for whoop, the girl clutched Emory with one hand and the steering wheel with the other, and buried her nose in his ribs. The train, which had no serious intention at any time of climbing the bank to attack them, went on about its appointed business.

Not so the runabout. In one panicky swoop it rushed across the road, jittered along the border, leaned wearily up against a steep and grassy slope for a brief moment, then slid away and turned with considerable dignity for so small and cheap a car over on its side and passed out. The driver crawled from under. Near him a leg protruded. He pulled on it, and the lady at the far end emerged.

"What happened?" she inquired, not quite brightly.

Said Mr. Emory Muir (ordinarily a gentleman, but now annoyed beyond the restraints of good breeding): "If you weren't so darn homely I'd sock you on the jaw."

Some kind of emotional process seemed to be stirring back of the obscuring veil. "I d-d-don't see what my b-b-being homely has to do with your socking my jaw."

"It'd be adding injury to insult," he growled and was promptly repentant. "Sorry," he apologized.

Her answer was so jumbled that he failed to get it. She seemed to be desperately fumbling at some displacement in her mouth. False teeth, he surmised. If he looked about in the grass likely as not he'd find a glass eye. An object almost as interesting presently obtruded itself upon his notice.

He picked it up, and gazed at it curiously.

"What about this?" he asked.

She said something in the nature of "Muh wuh-va-va."

"Yes; I can see it's a revolver. What's the lethal idea? Protection against me, I suppose."

She denied this and with painful effort contrived to impart the information that she had bought the weapon at Leesburg, her own being left behind in the discarded luggage.

"One of the Homicide Squad, eh? Well, if it buttresses your shrinking soul against maidenly alarms, here you are." He passed it over.

Turning her back, she busied herself with facial repairs.

A huge van rolled around the turn, pulled up, and disclosed two tough truckmen who surveyed the scene and reached a logical conclusion.

"Run off the road, buddy?"

"No," said Emory crossly. "We stopped here for breakfast."

"You fifty-mile-an-hour neckers make a lot of trouble for yourselves. Come on, Slats."

Descending, they set their burly shoulders to the car, heaved it upright and jauntily waved away a bill which the passenger offered them and left.

EMORY tried the engine, got a response, inspected the body, found it battered but still practicable, reloaded the equipment, and the journey was resumed in a silence which was intensified (Continued on page 64)



Goggles couldn't disguise Caris Corliss' voice.



FREDDIE DAVID COPPERFIELD BARTHOLOMEW, Shirley Temple runner-up, has been chosen, as is the reward of great acting, to play opposite Greta Garbo in "Anna Karenina." He is unaware of his great success.

By GWEN DEW

Master Bartholomew in Person

*"I have in my heart of hearts a favorite child.
His name is David Copperfield."—Dickens.*

IF IN all the world there is such a lucky and lovable small boy as one Freddie David Copperfield Bartholomew I want to know him!

When a little, unknown lad from England can persuade a grand lady called "Aunt Cissy" to bring him clear to the United States just so he can try out for his beloved David Copperfield part . . . and get it; when this stranger can play with such outstanding artists as W. C. Fields, Roland Young, Lionel Barrymore, Edna Mae Oliver, Elizabeth Allan, and Maureen O'Sullivan . . . and steal the picture, then that boy is a genius!

When radio's beloved Major Bowes can say in all truth that young Freddie is one of the greatest things that has ever happened to him during all of his years of knowing the famous of the stage, screen and radio; when a ten-year-old can be a guest of honor at a dinner for one hundred of New York's most famous celebrities; can be told by the mother of the President of the United States that she hopes her son can meet him; and can just enjoy it all, hug his Aunt Cissy, and say that she's responsible for everything, then that lad is a real one hundred per cent boy!

If all of you could just have tiptoed into the room

with me the last time I saw Freddie, seen that little figure in red and white striped pajamas tucked boy-fashioned in at the waist, watched that dark curly head snuggle down into a pillow, and heard that clear English schoolboy voice whisper sleepily to me, "Pleasant dreams to you!" you'd be in love with Freddie Bartholomew just like I am!

There can't be any story about Freddie without introducing "Cissy." When the lad was three years old he went to live with her, and in her treasured scrapbooks there are pictures of a ringlet-headed little boy in very short linen smocks that show round knees and well-shaped legs, and of the house where the two of them lived called Canton Villa in Warminster, Warwick, England, about one hundred miles from London. When Freddie was five there appeared clippings in the book saying things like this: "During the singing a guard of honour was formed for the entry of Master Freddie Bartholomew who made a dashing little 'Colonel,' complete with sword and spurs on a piebald charger. This item had a vociferous encore, the audience being delighted with 'Colonel' Freddie's lusty singing of the chorus."

"Cissy" was already be- (Continued on page 76)



SHIRLEY TEMPLE
leads all the rest of
the stars, adult or
child, in fan mail!
She's just past six!

The Children's Hour

By Paula Harrison

CORA SUE COLLINS is a Southerner, as is Jane Withers, which may partly account for their natural courtesy. Cora Sue can entertain a visitor in a manner that might put an adult to shame. It's not only that she talks easily—she talks well. She'll show you Virgil, her turtle, and her two "dear mosquito fish," and she'll introduce to you Peekaboo, her beloved cat.

"There's one thing I'm glad about," she told me lowering her voice lest Peekaboo's sensibilities be hurt, "and one thing I'm sorry about. I'm glad because Peekaboo's going to have kitties, and I'm sorry because the lady downstairs"—the lady downstairs being the manager of the apartment house where Cora Sue lives—"won't let me keep any. I hope I'll be able to find good homes for them." She eyed me wistfully. "You don't happen to like kitties, do you?" she suggested.

"Peekaboo's a little thin just now," she went on. "That's because I had a snow-white kitty in the house for awhile. It's funny how I got her," she

said, smiling reminiscently. "I went to see some people, and they had a perfectly snow-white mother cat. And just because her right eye was blue, her left ear was deaf. You see how it is? For instance, if you happen to be a perfectly snow-white cat and your right eye was blue, your left ear would be deaf too. But they had a baby kitty with brown eyes, and the boy traded her to me for a picture of my sister." Her sister is fifteen and pretty. "I couldn't keep her though, because Peekaboo was jealous. She just snooped around and growled and got dreadfully thin. I put a little cod-liver oil in her milk now to make her fatter.

"Do you know what my sister gave me for Christmas? A Book of Etikwette. She promised it to me in a restaurant one day when she said I wasn't eating correctly. But I'll tell you something"—she leaned forward and her lips twitched—"she uses it more than I do.

"I know about Santa Claus," she added a shade regretfully. "I saw him in a store downtown and he had blue eyes. Then I saw him again and he had brown eyes. So I made my mother tell me. But I never give it away to little children. I find out first if they believe in him, and if they do, I always tell



Continuing the remarkable story of Hollywood's wonder children

SPENCER TRACY and JANE WITHERS, another Shirley Temple runner-up, will be together in "The Farmer Takes a Wife." DICKIE MOORE may have been temporarily forgotten but he is still acting in a businesslike way, though he prefers to fish



them there really is a Santa Claus. I think that's best, don't you?" she sighed. Wise little Cora Sue, who needs no Book of Etiquette to give her what someone so wisely has called an educated heart.

DAVID HOLT'S a serious child, and if you get the impression that even at seven he's felt the fangs of life, you won't be far wrong. Unlike his gay sister Betty, he was old enough to know what it meant when there wasn't money enough in the house for food. "I like to work," he said lifting his mournful eyes to mine, "and I like to make money. Because then we won't have anything to worry about."

The fact that Davy has little to worry about now he owes to Mr. Templeton, assistant director at Paramount. They were testing children for "You Belong to Me." The director looked at Davy and shook his head. "You're too small," he said. Realizing to the full what this blow would mean to him and his, yet too young and helpless to make any appeal, the boy's eyes filled with tears. Mr. Templeton, standing by, played a sudden hunch. "I think the kid's got everything," he said, and fought for him with the powers that be till he won his point—won it not for himself and Davy alone but for Paramount as well.

Dickie Moore lives the normal life of a normal small boy in a charming house with his father, his mother—whose Irish humor and level-headedness explain much about her son—and his baby sister, Patricia. At nine, he's lost little of the angelic beauty which prompted a movie scout to snatch him from his high chair at the age of eleven months; and his incredible brown eyes are still more incredible at close range than on the screen.

"Ginny." I heard him (Continued on page 73)



DAVID HOLT'S a serious child. He has felt the fangs of life and has known what it is to go hungry. He will earn enough money to make life easy for Sister Betty

On Location With Kate

Tantrums? Unsociability? Bosh! Here's the truth about a star who buys ice-cream cake for helpers and encourages young actors

By JERRY ASHER

HAD the "Little Minister" company remained in the studio this story would never have been written. Visitors on the Hepburn set are taboo. Garbo is afraid of people. But Hepburn just doesn't want them around. If the company hadn't gone to Sherwood Forest to photograph the Scotch village, and if I hadn't been spending the weekend close by, the world still might never know how Hepburn behaves when facing the camera.

By this time everyone has seen the "Little Minister." By this time everyone has thrilled to Hepburn's fascinating and inspired performance. The conditions under which this picture was made are amusing, amazing and exciting. If ever there was a fiery, tempestuous, enthusiastic hard-working demon for punishment, it's the chameleon Hepburn with working colors hoisted in the breeze. Never in the history of motion pictures and actresses has there been such a human dynamo. Never has there been a girl who knew at all times what she wanted. And was willing to fight with her last breath to get it.

Imagine if you can, Katharine Hepburn arriving on the set, clinging to the running board of her Ford truck, driven by her best friend, Laura Harding. All along the way she shouts greetings to the various members of the company and crew. She is off the

truck before it comes to a standstill, and into the midst of things. The minute she arrives on the set, everything springs into action. Her presence seems to add a new importance. The air becomes electrified with suspense. Five minutes pass and the place is a beehive of activity. To all outward appearances Hepburn hasn't done a thing. But somehow, things begin to happen the minute her great personality is present.

Just before they make the first "take" of the day, Hepburn is all over the place. She runs over to her truck and pats "Ghosty," her white police dog, and "Twiggy," a smaller animal. They always ride in the back of the truck and are one of the reasons why the actress prefers this type of vehicle. Next she calls over her maid and asks for a glass of water and a toothbrush. Before each scene, Hepburn gives her teeth a vigorous scrubbing. This adds a new lustre and keeps them in pearly perfection.

THEY were shooting a battle scene between the peasants and the upper Scotch townsmen. Hepburn stood on a balcony, was supposed to make a plea, run down the steps and lead the peasants on into battle. Instead of running down the steps, Hepburn wanted to leap over the rail to the ground, fifteen feet below. Richard Wallace, the director, (Continued on page 70)



KATHARINE HEPBURN will bring her brilliant talents next to "Break Of Hearts." Charles Boyer, idol of the French screen, will play opposite her.

Portfolio of Fashion and Beauty



Ginger Rogers' exquisite beauty receives new emphasis in "Roberta" with a different style hairdress and a series of alluring gowns designed for her by Bernard Newman.

Ginger Rogers

BY KAY OSBORNE

CLOTHES may not make the woman but they certainly make her different, as you will find out soon enough for yourself when you see Irene Dunne and Ginger Rogers in "Roberta." Ginger Rogers has changed over night from a dancing girl to a *chic* Parisienne. Irene Dunne has discarded the weighty costumes of her last few pictures and makes her appearance, too, as a woman of fashion. Bernard Newman, a famous fashion creator from Bergdorf-Goodman in New York, was brought out here by RKO to do the clothes.

"We started with the hair first of all," Mr. Newman told me. "So many people say that sounds like putting the cart before the horse, but that's not true. Without

a smart, sleek coiffeur, the smartest, sleekest gown in the world would look like nothing at all. Ginger, as you know, has been wearing her hair in a fluffy, girlish fashion with many new waves and curls. This fashion was very attractive and becoming to her as long as she did not have to wear hats and ultra sophisticated clothes. Ginger hasn't worn a great many hats in her pictures up until this time, but many of the costumes in 'Roberta' call for *chapeaux*. So the change in hair dress was important and necessary.

"The success of any hairdress depends on the lines of the head that it reveals. The way Ginger used to wear her hair showed little of her head. And she has a nice head, too. Nicely rounded and shaped. So we snipped

"ROBERTA"

presents

The Golden Girl! Ginger looks as if she is sheathed in gold leaf. The scarf has floor length fringe made of tiny golden beads. The gown is made of fine metal cloth.



Like frosted silver this gown enmeshes Irene Dunne! Shimmering metallic satin is topped by Russian sable in this regal evening ensemble. A jeweled tiara in diamonds and rubies gives the Empress touch. The crossed bodice and extreme low back are stunning.

off a lot of the back hair and made it fit closely to the head. We cut her hair a little shorter. We omitted some of the waves and ringlets to give it a more sleek, smooth look. For this sleekness and smoothness is the secret of modern smartness in ways of dressing the hair, as well as the figure.

"Then, too, a long fluffy bob does not look well under a *chic* hat. I think you will agree with me when you see Ginger in 'Roberta' that she never has looked so stunning. She wears even those hats which are slightly extreme, perfectly.

"Miss Dunne, too, had to go through practically the same thing. That is, we arranged her hair closer and more tightly to her head. It is now almost straight and flat across the top with only a few side waves and a few curls. I believe it makes her look more beautiful than she had ever looked before. It accentuates her youth.

"NEXT, before we could even begin to fit the new fashions, both the girls agreed that they needed to brush up a bit on their walking. The success of a gown depends so much on the way one carries it. Mind you, I am not criticizing the way either of these stars walked before. Miss Dunne, for example, has a very free and easy athletic swing to her walk—perhaps because she has played so much golf and is an athletic type. But this manner of walking is incongruous in a Paris

The sole ornamentation of this heavy black satin dancing gown worn by Ginger is a huge sparkling jeweled clip.



Excellent choice for a tall girl. White silk fringe is used lavishly on this frock of Virginia Reid's.



Ginger wears this in one of the important dances. It hugs the form closely. Deeply décolleté!

- a forecast of new spring styles
- a cast of supreme pulchritude
- a pageant of gay evening fashions

style salon. There is a very definite way of walking which all models—at least the good ones—employ. While Miss Dunne was playing the part of the proprietress of this salon and not one of its models—it would stand to reason that she would, in this position, walk just as elegantly and gracefully as possible to show off the clothes which she, herself, was wearing.

"And Ginger, too, because she is such a sprightly, nimble little person, lacks a certain dignity in her walk which she agreed she needed in this part.

"It is difficult for a man, myself, for example, to tell a woman how to walk in mere words. He cannot even show her how without exaggeration. So I found the two best models that I could find and let Miss Dunne and Miss Rogers learn from them. We took our 'walking exercises' on one of the big sound stages. First the models would walk across the stage, then Miss Dunne and Miss Rogers would follow them trying to copy their style of walking.

"A funny thing happened while we were 'walking.' The facial expressions are just as important in a model's job as is the way she walks. You've all seen professional models. You know the expression of *hauteur* and disdain that they usually wear on their faces. This is a studied effect. A good model should never smile or look interested because then that brings her personality too much into the 'showing.' Well, (Continued on page 62)

A ravishing vision in flesh, rose and flame is lovely Lucille Ball. The gown is flesh-colored chiffon, and the cape has ombre osprey feathers. Particularly effective to be worn by a golden blonde.





MORN

Above: Cocky woolly brown tweed beret with gold threads and quill worn by Mary Reich. Right: Jean Muir shows us this youthful sports suit with checked coat.



NOON

The smartness of simplicity! Marian Marsh likes this one-piece dress with white crêpe blouse. Finger tip coat has round yoke and seven-eighths length sleeves. The hat has an unusual crystal ornament.

When You Are Very Young



NIGHT

Charming Patricia Ellis wears this stitched taffeta dinner hat caught sharply back from the face in a dramatic fashion.

Every Little Stitch
Has a Meaning

When You Knit
Your Own



Something new!
Betty Furness' knit
play suit is fashioned
of peau d'ange yarn
in shades of corn
yellow and brown.
Overskirt fastens
down the front.



Ann Sothern wears a black basket
weave knit. Blouse has lipstick red and
white stripes. Right: Betty Furness'
own creation, made of blue heather
mixture yarn. Accessories are white.



Betty Furness designed and knitted this clever two-piece
outfit herself! It is in a heather mixture yarn featur-
ing tones of yellow and brown. Betty spends all
of her time on the sets between "takes" knitting.

*And good news! We have instructions
for a dress like the one above. Send ten
cents in a stamped, self addressed envelope
to Fashion Editor, Motion Picture Maga-
zine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.*





An ultra-sophisticated bedroom for Howard Greer, leading Hollywood dress designer.



“Fundamental Furniture”

In the living-room of the Shearer-Thalberg residence the decorator creates "Something of the fact that Norma is a great star, a beautiful woman, and a devoted mother."



Entrance hall to Norma Shearer's charming home, with rubber tile floor and natural oiled wood.

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

"THEY are not Twentieth Century—women like Norma Shearer, Carole Lombard and Crawford—but Twenty-first Century; their faces are turned toward tomorrow; they think in terms of the future! It would be absurd to surround such women with reminders of antiquity: dim, faded tapestries, great chests, the ornate carvings and fretwork of an age of artificiality. They are contemporaries of clean-cut skyscrapers, streamlined airplanes, machines of tempered steel, shaped for power and speed." That is the frank opinion of Harold Grieve, one of the busiest Hollywood decorators.

In a world of ladies who yearn for peach satin bedrooms and "futuristic" living-rooms, an interior decorator with a conscience, a feeling for beauty and a sense of humor must find it hard sledding. Add to this the fact that every woman, whether she is a society matron or a movie star, has the firm conviction that she has a natural talent for furnishing a house, and you will see why Mr. Grieve is getting gray-haired! We might mention in passing that he is married to the sloc-eyed, smoldering Jetta Goudal, who works with him in surrounding the stars with backgrounds becoming to their personalities.

"And yet I dislike the word 'modernistic', just as I dislike anything that savors of a 'period'," Mr. Grieve continued his discussion of these women of today and tomorrow. "Strictly speaking, human beings do not live in periods. People, for example, did not live in the Empire period or the Colonial period, but in a time like any other

for Ladies of the 21st Century

when the past still lingered in everyday life, and the future was already beginning to appear. You remember the historical novel in which the author made a character say 'we men of the Middle Ages'. It is just as foolish for us to refer to ourselves as 'we Moderns,' for even while we say the words we grow a trifle out-of-date and old-fashioned.

"To me, a modern style of decoration includes something of the past, as well as the more experimental forms of the moment. It is vaguely distressing for a person to be surrounded entirely with unfamiliar forms and strange materials. And so, for instance, in decorating the Thalberg home, I tried to mingle the furnishings of former times with the newer mode so that wherever you look your eye falls on reassuring shapes and forms. I think that very few people who step into Norma's drawing-room would think of it first as 'modern'



Another decorator conceived one of the finest privately owned theatres for Ann Harding. It has green walls, green and silver hangings, green leather and chromium chairs.

and yet in the material of the draperies, the shades, the use of plain wall spaces and vivid color touches, and in some of the actual furnishings the room is as modern as today's newspaper.

"NORMA is not only a splendid example of the young Modern but she is also a girl with an English background which she has brought with her into Today. Something of that rich family heritage should be shown in her surroundings, something of the fact that she is a great star, a beautiful woman, a devoted mother.

"I do not consider it good decoration to do a room all in one 'period'—Victorian, Regency, Moderne. There never were rooms like that, rooms in which everything was assembled at one time, and in one type. A real Victorian room in the days of Victoria always had some furnishings or ornaments in it which were relics of an earlier period, and some pieces in it indicative of the next trend. Houses—like the people who live in them—should show evidences of breeding.

"Too many 'interior decorated' rooms today are impersonal. Anybody might live in them. They look too new, too much (Continued on page 68)

John Gilbert's bedroom with maple pink walls, plain beige green carpet, Fortuny print hangings . . . all very modern!





ANN DVORAK of "Sweet Music", anticipates Easter in a hat of roughish basket weave straw, with an Alpine swing to the brim and crown.

Ann's Easter Bonnets

The Flicker of an Eyelash

By Ann Dvorak

A fan told Ann and now Ann tells you what to do about thin arms and scrawny neck, falling lashes and that listless feeling

I FRANKLY confess that I never went in for beauty just because of the natural feminine urge that we all have to dabble in the pretty things that make us pretty. But I have thought out beauty practices for the sake of improvement of my health and looks. I never go on using a cream or lotion because it happens to smell sweetly, or because it comes in a good-looking bottle that I like the looks of on my dressing table. But if a cream or lotion does something for me, I can be faithful to it forever. I think too many of us are apt to be fickle about cosmetics. We use this cream this week and another one next week, and then wonder why we don't get good results!

The things we put on our faces correspond to the food we put into our stomachs. If you went on one diet today, and next week started on another, and the next week went back to the first diet . . . you can imagine what kind of a condition your stomach would soon be in. Our skin deserves and needs just as much scientific care and

nourishment as do our tummies—and that's a lot!

I'm a great believer in vegetable oils—whether they are used in the form of a cream that has a vegetable oil base, or whether used in their natural state. I prefer cocoanut oil, and there are a number of creams you can buy that have this as the chief ingredient. They are excellent for cleansing and also effective as a night cream.

My cleansing routine is a thorough one, and you might try it yourself. First, I apply the vegetable oil cream and work it well all over my face, and then remove it with cleansing tissues. Then I fill the washbowl with warm water and using a mild soap, I work up a rich lather on my hands. Then I rub this lather well into my skin with my fingers. This way of soaping the face is much more effective than rubbing soap upon a washcloth and then applying it to the face, for usually the soap is still in cake form on the washcloth, and the nice, sudsy lather is much more cleansing. Work the soap well into your skin, and don't be afraid of it. Then rinse your face with the warm water. Dry it and apply more cream.

MOST of us are careful about patting on a cream in the right manner—that is, always patting upward, and patting gently. But when we take it off, we usually forget to be as gentle as we were before, and rub hard and harshly. As a matter of fact, you should always remove your cream with the same upward movement as you put it on with. After removing the second application, then douse your face in cold water. Remember these three steps three times a day, at least.

A vegetable oil, either cocoanut or olive, has other uses, too. It's grand for a body massage, especially around the neck and shoulders if you are too thin. And don't forget to use it on your eyelashes too. Some girls doubt that eyelashes really can be made to grow longer and more luxuriantly. But it's true they can be helped along.

I remember when I was a little girl people thought if you cut your eyelashes that would make them grow longer. But it is not necessary to cut them to have them grow long and thick. Each eyelash has a very short life, something like seven or eight days, I believe. They're constantly dropping out or being brushed away, and another one grows to (Continued on page 80)

ANN DVORAK (not Joan Crawford) turns up her lashes under a ruffled brim of perforated straw. The crown is peaked and topped with two red cherries.



The Picture

May brings a sextet of excellent films, candid review. Gay musicals, a comedy,



Jeanette MacDonald in "Naughty Marietta"



Dapper Fred Astaire in "Roberta"



Maurice Chevalier in "Folies Bergere"

"Naughty Marietta" (M-G-M) is screen operetta at its best. Jeanette MacDonald has never been lovelier nor in better voice. Nelson Eddy, in his film debut, demonstrates the range and power of a great baritone, the like of which has not been heard in a movie theatre since Lawrence Tibbett sang "Rogue Song." Together Jeanette and Eddy sing their delightful way through the lilting Victor Herbert score and afford you an emotional experience you must not miss. It is a picture you will want to see again and again.

The plot is of secondary importance, one of those opera bouffe affairs that concern a runaway princess and her romance with the captain of her king's mercenary army. The scene shifts from the French court to the pioneer American colony at New Orleans where conscript brides arrive by the shipload. W. S. Van Dyke has directed with a tongue in his cheek and never allows the plot to interfere with the music. A fine supporting cast includes Frank Morgan, Elsa Lancaster (Mrs. Charles Laughton), Edward Brophy, Harold Huber and the charming Cecelia Parker. They have opportunity to register between the inspired notes of Jeanette and Eddy. Again we say "Naughty Marietta" must not be missed. It very easily rates its —AAAA

"Roberta" (RKO-Radio) is the latest invitation to the dance with the stunning team of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. These two! Their comedy is as nimble as their feet. Just to watch Astaire walk across the screen is a liberal education in rhythm. And Ginger steps with him, step for step, asking no quarter from the world's finest dancer. And just as though this weren't enough, there is also the ravishing Irene Dunne, more beautiful than ever, singing "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" from the original Jerome Kern score.

There are no elaborate, girly dance routines in "Roberta." Instead, we are given a fashion show that every woman will want to see and men, despite their protests of lack of interest, will enjoy, too. The story is more plotty than average and deals with the amusing situation of an All-American football star trying to manage his inheritance of a smart Parisienne dressmaking establishment. There are complications, of course, including his romance with the chief designer and the love of his pal for a phony Polish countess. Ginger plays the latter rôle with a gorgeous comedy accent. Randolph Scott is the football player, Claire Dodd, his jealous American sweetheart, and Helen Westley, the lovable Aunt Minnie. Victor Varconi plays an impoverished Russian doorman. "Roberta" is a fast-moving farce that because of Irene Dunne and the dancing of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers rates the highest recommendation —AAAA

"Folies Bergere" (20th Century) is the third of this month's important musicals. It goes in for the huge production numbers of the Buzz Berkeley school (here staged by Dave Gould), even to "top" shots with the girls forming designs and patterns that fill the screen. Gay, light, frothy entertainment, it offers Chevalier his best opportunity in many, many moons and introduces an arresting new personality in Merle Oberon.

The musical numbers open and close the show. In between is sandwiched a complicated plot that has Chevalier, the French "Folies" star, impersonate Chevalier, the wealthy international banker. He is hired to do the impersonation when the banker must absent himself from a ball given in honor of the Minister of Finance. A double misunderstanding ensues when the actor's sweetheart and the banker's wife are confused by which man is which. It is all a little naughty but quite funny—a sort

Parade

BY
JACK
GRANT

*and we pass them on to you in
and a moving drama await you!*

of a "Guardman," twice over lightly. Chevalier has the time of his life with the dual rôle. Merle Oberon plays the wife to excellent effect but Ann Sothorn overplays the sweetheart. The supporting cast boasts some capital actors with Eric Blore, the priceless waiter of "Gay Divorcée," particularly outstanding as a valet. "Folies Bergère" is worth your while, rating —AAA½

"All the King's Horses" (Paramount) is a cream puff, mythical kingdom concoction—with music. It marks the important début of Mary Ellis, of the Metropolitan Opera, and allows Carl Brisson to make a long stride forward toward matching in America his European popularity. The melodies they sing are of the Viennese waltz sort which must be comparable to crooning for the great voice of Miss Ellis.

For plot, there is a mistaken identity theme. A king and a film actor change places, only to have the queen return to embarrass the impostor. To one this is a happy ending; to the other an unhappy fade-out. You will have to see the picture to learn who gets the queen. The love scenes, however, are the most intimate since Lubitsch first introduced these royal romances. Frank Tuttle directed to consistently good effect. Contributing to the comedy are Edward Everett Horton, Katherine De Mille and Eugene Pallette. For light diversion, "All the King's Horses" has an all-around appeal, easily rating —AAA

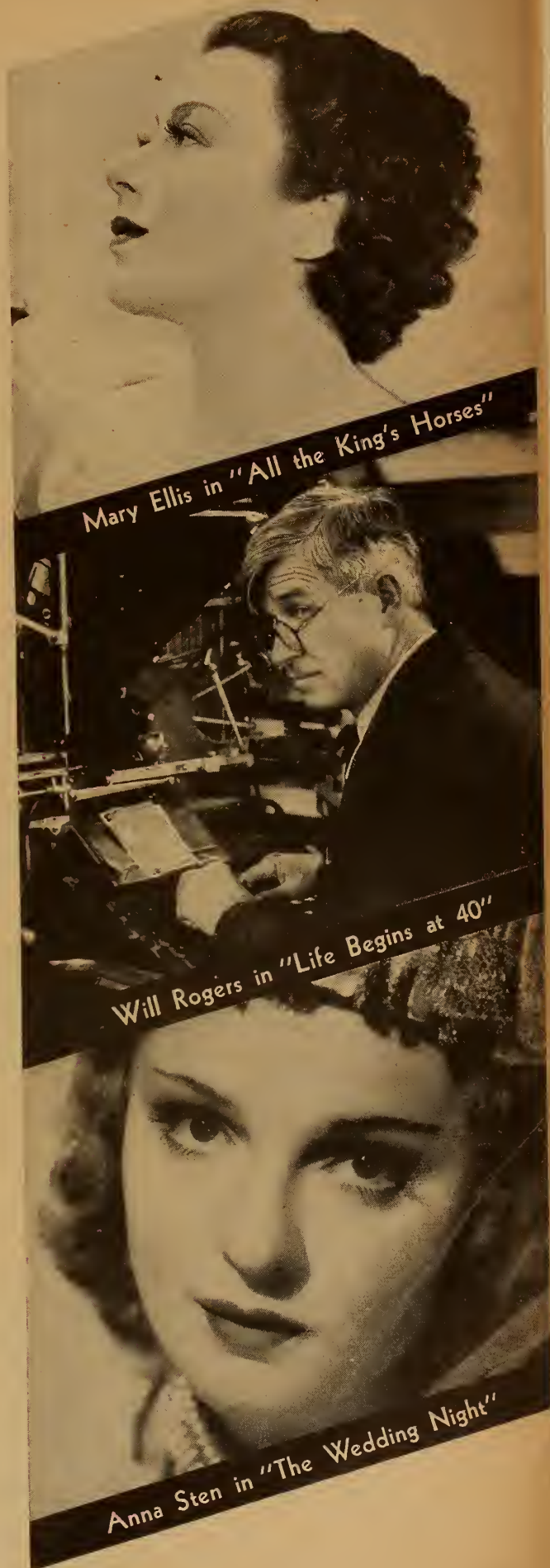
"Life Begins at 40" (Fox) is one of those homey, philosophical excursions into small-town life with Will Rogers as narrator. Will spouts epigrams by the yard and delves into politics en route. The result is one long laugh that leaves your sides pleasantly aching.

Rogers is a country newspaper editor seeking to right the wrong done Richard Cromwell who has served a jail sentence for a crime committed by the banker's son. When the banker seeks re-election to a political post, Rogers backs the town's laziest man as opposition candidate. He breaks up a rally with a family of hog-callers and finally even fights a duel. Gag follows gag until the laughs are continuous. An excellent group of farriers aid the star with Slim Summerville, the whittling candidate, Sterling Holloway, George Barbier, Jane Darwell, Charles Sellon and Roger Imhof all scoring soundly. Rochelle Hudson and Richard Cromwell take care of the love interest. "Life Begins at 40" comes mighty close to top rating —AAA½

"The Wedding Night" (Goldwyn) is the story of a tragic love that will linger in your memory. Undoubtedly Anna Sten's best picture to date, she gives a warmly human characterization, and Gary Cooper is splendid. Yet the most powerful performance is contributed by Helen Vinson, a sharp, brittle study of a selfish woman.

Cooper is a novelist gone stale in the gayety of city life. Returning to a farm he owns, he finds the plot he is seeking in a colony of Polish peasants. His wife goes back to town rather than face the rigors of a winter in the farmhouse. Left alone, Cooper fights a growing love for the daughter of his Polish neighbor and pours into his writing all of that love. Her marriage to a stupid farmer (brilliantly, although briefly, enacted by Ralph Bellamy) is demanded by her family. On her wedding night, she dies.

Samuel Goldwyn has given the picture his usual beautiful production and King Vidor has directed with distinction. It is a simple story, made genuine by its simplicity and it rates —AAA



ALL ABOARD FOR HOLLYWOOD!

The news of the year! Excitement, gayety, and adventure await you on one of the most amazing travel trips ever planned. And you're invited!

GET READY for good news!

The Motion Picture Movieland Tour is going to descend on Hollywood in exciting and colorful manner this summer.

And you're invited!

On the night of August 4, 1935, a special train will roll out of the Chicago Union Station carrying a gay, carefree group of a hundred or more people bound for glamorous Hollywood, the world capital of moviedom—launched upon a two weeks holiday crammed full of fun, sight-seeing on a grand scale, excitement and adventure.

Do we go directly all the long way from Chicago to California without a stop? Of course not!

Let's make a sort of diary of how the trip really will take place. Come on!

The next morning we pile off our special train four hundred miles north of Chicago at St. Paul, Minnesota . . . go to a fine new



Above: Mt. Shasta; Center: Breezy Point Lodge; Below: air view of Universal Studios



hotel for breakfast . . . hop into balloon-tired motorcars for a brief cruise as guests of the Hollywood Tour. We then pick up our train in Minneapolis later in the morning, and ride pleasantly and happily on, getting acquainted with fellow travelers while heading across the lake country of Minnesota.

After luncheon we stop. What's this place? Brainerd. Look at those automobiles. Did you see ours? Yes, ours indeed! They are waiting to carry us up to Fawcett's Breezy Point Lodge, Minnesota's most beautiful and most fashionable summer resort, for an afternoon of swimming, boating,

archery, beach sports, topped off with a dinner dance and evening entertainment. We're guests of the Hollywood Tour again.

Back to our train and sleepers—late. And that's our first day.

Here's the next, and notice the variety. Breakfast in the dining car with the train toiling through the



A panorama of Hollywood from Lookout Mountain! Palm trees, spotlights, glamour . . . all awaiting you!



weird and curious Badlands of North Dakota. A pause at Mandan for a welcome to the West and a ceremonial dance by Sioux Indians whose reservation is near by.

Another stop at Medora where the youthful Teddy Roosevelt ranched, and learned to be a range rider. Here we'll have a reception by bronzed cowboys, and, believe it or not, luncheon from a chuck wagon. Sure, a hand-out a la roundup in the heart of the range country.

Dinner in the dining car; card playing and group songs in the evening as our special train leaves Dakota and enters Montana with the Rockies dead ahead.

WONDERFUL sightseeing from the car window from here to the Pacific coast. A dozen mountain ranges, skyscraping peaks whose summits are snow-capped; alongside many a beautiful lake and wild river; through deep canyons; up and over the Continental Divide; Spokane, Seattle, and out to sea on a splendid ship to cruise through Puget Sound and among the Magic Isles to Victoria on Vancouver Island, the capital of the Canadian province of British Columbia. . . . Portland and a rare day of motoring over the famed Columbia River Highway, which is one of the most scenic motor roads in the world.

Down the coast on our special. Everybody old friends by now. A real traveling house party. I mean traveling too—over seven thousand miles of it by rail and many hundreds more by boat and motor car. The Cas-

acades, the Coast Range, the Siskiyou Range, noble Mt. Shasta . . . as we steam toward San Francisco.

Stopovers for motor sightseeing by day, dancing and other entertainment in the evenings. Putting up now and again overnight at fine hotels such as the Benjamin Franklin in Seattle, and the Multnomah in Portland.

THEN the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow trail. Here's Los Angeles and gay Hollywood. And we have an "in," (thanks to the Motion Picture Movieland Tour and its connections in the magic city of the movies) that enables us to go places and see things that are denied most travelers.

We stay at the Hotel Roosevelt in Hollywood. We motor all around—Beverly Hills where the princes and princesses of Movieland have their home, the Pacific beaches, and all the other fascinating sights.

You'll visit the movie lots and the famous studios; see and talk with some of the stars; view the actual sets that were used in the production of some of the great film successes. You'll see movies actually in the course of "shooting"!

Hollywood already knows you're coming out. They're planning for your reception. (Continued on page 62)

MY FAVORITE ACTOR—

(From page 34)

that I saw him in a slimy post-war musical comedy about the war, which was called "Buddies." Those were the days in which Roland used to scrape his right foot up and down his left calf in order to express agonies of embarrassment, and he had to do this pretty steadily considering the quality of the show in which he was appearing.

SO far as I know, the only pleasure he got out of this show was in the nightly scuffle with Donald Brian, which was part of the act. On one night Mr. Brian pasted Roland one on the chin, but Roland was much too intelligent to hit a dancer above the belt. Thereafter he managed, by the most astonishing series of accidents, to trample Brian's toes or kick his shins, and got his revenge on the play in that way every night. The next year he became the favorite actor of nearly everyone, in the show called "Rollo's Wild Oat," one of the most delightful of the many delightful comedies written by Clare Kummer, whose daughter Roland later married.

Some day I am going to find out why this son of an English architect, who was supposed to become an architect himself, came to New York and became an actor. I do not dare to inquire too closely now, on the principle of not looking a gift-horse in the mouth. When a man has given you fifteen years of continuous pleasure, it may be just as well not to ask too many questions.

At any rate, Roland was apprenticed to his father's partner—they still do things like that in England—and on the first page of his scrap-book the articles of apprenticeship, all signed and sealed, are pasted in. But he never went through with it, and presently we find him in the English company which brought Hindke Wakes to this country a couple of years before the war. He must have liked America, because he came back under his own power, and America must have liked him, because you cannot bring Roland Young to complain about the hardships of an actor's career. He joined the Washington Square Players, which was a positive nursery of theatrical talent, developing actors and directors for the Theatre Guild and the American theatre at large.

By happy coincidence, Clare Kummer was then bringing to perfection the mixture of dry wit and enchanting fantasy which exactly corresponded to Roland Young's temperament, and he appeared in her plays and was, in a word, a made man. The interruption of the war was not serious. Apparently he served in the Ordinance, but he says that somebody lost his papers and it never occurred to anyone to send him overseas. Then came the plays I have already referred to, and Roland had time to develop his zoological hobby.

Perhaps I had better clear this

matter of the penguins up finally. Anatole France wrote a book about penguins which indicated that they were at least as nasty as human beings, but Roland Young does not hold by this theory. To him, obviously, a penguin is the most attractive of animal creations, a pleasure to watch, and so pompous, so self-satisfied, so absurd, that every move it makes is a parody of humanity. After drawing hundreds of penguins and collecting penguins in all shapes, sizes, and materials, Roland began to make himself a one-man P.P.A. (the New Deal hasn't taken this up yet; P.P.A. means Penguin Protective Association).

It is my impression that Roland Young cares very little for those whom Swift called "the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth," or, in other words, humanity, which I am afraid must include you and me. He is not sociable in society, but is very good company when no more than two or three are gathered together. Then his acid comments on people and his snorting laugh are really cheerful.

AT THE moment, Roland is one of the happy people who spend about half a year in Hollywood and half a year in New York, and some-



Sylvia Sidney, soon to be seen in "Morning, Noon and Night," with Herbert Marshall, is among those stars who vacation at Malibu

how find another half year for summer holidays and traveling. After nearly five years' absence from the stage, he was welcomed with open arms in "Her Master's Voice," and on top of that reception, got his best part in his movie career. (He has also finished the Hon. George in "Ruggles of Red Gap," and among the pleasures of making this picture was the fact that W. C. Fields, whom he admires extravagantly, was working on the next set.) At the moment of writing, he is appearing in a play in New York.

I have been told a great many times that you can find out much about the character of a man by observing his surroundings, so I made a careful inventory of Roland Young's study in his New York home. (All I know about his home in Beverly Hills is that he has no pool, but this does not interfere with his swimming, as he says he knows a lot of pools.) There is in his room a collection of the weirdest walking sticks ever designed by man, some five hundred penguins—I knew they would come back into the story—a drawing desk at which he stands up to his work, and books which have overflowed so that you have to pick your way through them as you move about.

I felt that this did not give me a sufficient clue to his character, until I found one book marked, "Roland K. Young—His book—Volume 2." So while he was busy at the telephone, I slyly looked into it, expecting to find a selection of peculiarly flattering criticisms or other attractive souvenirs. The entire book is made up of pictures of animals clipped from rotogravure sections. Still, I said to myself, this is Volume 2: Volume 1 must be personal. So I hunted around and found that Volume 1 was devoted entirely to drawings of circus performers.

THIS could not be an accident. In fact, it is not. I have never known an actor who talked so little of himself and his career and his notices and the injustices practised upon him. When you think that for five years he has been "one of those faithful friends," and yet has made a tremendous impression on movie audiences, you realize that his talent must be something special. It is a talent for not protruding himself and for putting over the character he is playing. It means that Roland Young is interested not in himself, but in the outside world and the people who, for better or worse, are the best part of the outside world—excepting animals, of course. Maybe the long straight nose and the thin face and the eyes which can be merry or merciless will not let him be a heavy romantic lover on the screen—so long as the screen is looking for a set of physical properties and not for acting. But anything else he can do, and I should not wonder that he will.



YOU'VE WON HIM— NOW YOU MUST KEEP HIM...

**Don't let COSMETIC SKIN
spoil your good looks!**

SO much of a woman's charm depends on keeping her skin clear — appealingly smooth. Yet many a woman, without realizing it, is actually *spoiling her own looks*.

When stale make-up is not properly *removed*, but allowed to choke the pores day after day, it causes unattractive Cosmetic Skin. You begin to notice tiny blemishes —enlarged pores—blackheads, perhaps—warning signals of this modern complexion trouble.

**Cosmetics Harmless if
removed this way**

In Hollywood the lovely screen stars *protect* their million-dollar complexions with Lux Toilet Soap —the soap especially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its

rich, ACTIVE lather sinks *deep* down into the pores, carries swiftly away every vestige of dust, dirt, embedded powder and rouge.

Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—**ALWAYS** before you go to bed at night—give your skin this protecting, beautifying care. Exquisite smooth skin is a priceless treasure. Don't take chances!



ELISSA LANDI
PARAMOUNT STAR



ANY GIRL CAN HAVE A SMOOTH, REALLY LOVELY SKIN. YOU CAN USE COSMETICS AS MUCH AS YOU WISH IF YOU GUARD YOUR SKIN AS I DO—WITH GENTLE **LUX TOILET SOAP**

SACHETS *do* MATTER . . .

if you're particular about your Permanent!

IN a sauce, it's the *seasoning* that matters. When a man shaves, it's the *blade*. In a wave, it's the *Sachets* that control the process, the steaming, the hair, the result! In a word, you can trust your hairdresser to *set* your wave smartly; but you can *help* him make a success of your permanent if you look sharp for one thing:—See that the Sachets he wraps on your hair are stamped with the world-wide mark of merit . . . "Eugene."

Nameless, poor-little-orphan sachets, perhaps filled with harsh chemicals, **MIGHT** make a good wave—but why take chances? *You can have Eugene Sachets!* They are as precise and perfect as

science can make them. Each contains the *exact*, measured amount of pure, gentle waving lotion needed for one perfect wave or ringlet. This lotion, called Eugeneol, is a secret Eugene formula. You can get its protection for your wave only in Eugene Sachets.

So don't, for your one-and-only head of hair's sake, let anonymous, unidentified sachets experiment on your head. Be safe, not sorry! Be a good shopper; be firm. Say to your hairdresser, "Use Eugene Sachets," and you'll say only nice things after you see your wave!

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A Eugène Wave



ONE EUGENE SACHET SENT YOU FREE

Examine this sachet . . . acquaint yourself with the trade-mark by which it can always be identified. Take it with you to your hairdresser's! We will also send you a copy of "Here's How!" a brand new booklet of new hair styles, with information about keeping your Eugene permanent in condition. Mail a postal to Eugene, Ltd., 521 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



It Goes to Your Head

By GWEN DEW

Braids or bangs, curls or smooth coifs? Here's the latest Hollywood hairline news!



Claire Trevor wears a charming coronet braid

IT'S spring, and time to do something about your crowning glory! There's an air about this intriguing new season that sends the best of us scurrying to a barber with intelligent fingers and clever scissors. And what wonders a new style of haircut can do for our morale, our faces, and our new spring bonnets!

Do you really realize how important this hair business is in our lives?

A figure with defects can be camouflaged with clothes, a poor complexion can be helped with clever make-up, but unless hair is well-groomed, smartly dressed, and alive and vital, it detracts from our entire appearance. Every star will assure us of that.

So now what about hair styles of spring and summer 1935?

The newest trend is the flat Grecian style that makes your head look like that of a cunning and youthful page boy. The curls are very flat, larger in circle than the ones we have been wearing, and the hair has to have a very sculptured look. If you will study pictures of ancient Grecian sculpturing in marble you can pick out a style you like, that will fit your own face.

Bangs are still popular, but have been worn by too many of the wrong types of faces. Bangs, according to Dumas, one of the smartest of New York hairdressers, are only for the short-nosed, cute, small-faced girl, and I might add, only for a person with a very young-looking face.

If you are of the sweet, dignified type there is nothing more charming than braids. They are beautiful to wear with evening gowns of soft net, chiffon, or organdy, and make a lovely
(Continued on page 68)



Top: Virginia Bruce favors bangs; Center: Claudette Colbert with a soft fringe of hair; Left: June Lang with curls of ancient Greek inspiration

READ FREE OFFER BELOW



New! AN EMOLLIENT MASCARA

that gives lashes new glamour

If you don't agree on these three superiorities, your money back without question.

Louise Ross

THIS introduces my final achievement in cake mascara, my *new* emollient Winx. I bring women everywhere the finest lash beautifier my experience can produce—one with a new, soothing effect that solves old-time problems.

It has three virtues, this new emollient Winx.

- (1) It has a greater spreading capacity, hence it hasn't the artificial look of an ordinary mascara.
- (2) Its soothing, emollient oils keep lashes soft and silky with no danger of brittleness.
- (3) It cannot smart or sting or cause discomfort. It is tear-proof, smudge-proof, absolutely harmless.

I'm so confident that I've won leadership in eye make-up that I can afford this offer.

Give your lashes a long, silky effect with Winx Mascara. Shape your brows with a



Winx pencil. Shadow your lids with Winx Eye Shadow. The result will delight you, giving your face new charm.

Buy any or all of my Winx eye beautifiers. Make a trial. If you are not pleased, for any reason, return the box to me and I'll refund your full price, no questions asked.

Mail coupon for my free book—"Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them"

FREE

Mail to LOUISE ROSS,
243 W. 17th St., New York City MP-5-35

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ Black or ☐ Brown.

YOU LIKE JEAN HARLOW OR YOU DON'T

(From page 24)

"If anyone had told me a few years ago that I'd be happy working the way I do now, I'd have told them they were crazy. I could never have imagined I'd be caught putting in an eighteen-hour day, far less that I'd be happy doing it. But now it seems a perfectly logical thing to do. I'm up at five-thirty or six and in the make-up department by seven. By eight we're shooting. This continues until five when I quit for my dancing lesson of two to three hours. Then I spend an equal amount of time in the beauty parlor when, every day of my life, my hair is shampooed in order that it will photograph at the precise shade it did the day before. Somewhere in between I have dinner, after which I start studying tomorrow's lines and have a French lesson. Not much time for fun as it is popularly known in Hollywood. But to me the entire business connected with making a film affords a satisfaction far deeper than surface 'fun'.

"Of equal importance, I think, Hollywood has given me a sense of values. Hollywood has taught me to appreciate today and, if you will, to count my blessings one by one. I'm glad that I appreciate what I already have instead of spending my time wondering what tomorrow will bring.

"Again of utmost importance to me is that I've learned to take things as they come, not to get nervous or fret over long waits, delays and disappointments. Work on the set has taught me that. More than learning patience, I think Hollywood has taught me to consider the other fellow; to realize that his job is as exacting as mine and just as, or more important. Too, I've learned not to worry over things that, in my imagination might happen. Experience has taught me that most anticipated grief never comes to us."

DURING our talk, who should pop into the dressing-room from time to time, but one Mr. Bill Powell, and a Bill, may I say, who had all the signs of a new Powell. Cheery and witty, he bore little resemblance to the serious and nearly unapproachable gent who used to hang out at Warners. Something, I told myself, had changed this fellow. And it was very plain to see that Jean had had something to do with it. Their quips and merriment were those of a couple of youngsters. They were exactly as chummy off the screen as in the gay scene they were shooting at the moment. Jean shooed him out and he left, reluctantly, in order that we might go on.

Jean got back into her subject with a determined, "Oh yes, and Hollywood has taught me how to FIGHT." (She banged the dressing-room table for emphasis.) "I'd always been the kind to turn the other cheek, but I learned that was bad business in Hollywood or, in fact, in any business. Intuitively, I think, women aren't fighters. Feminine women, at least, aren't. A feminine woman likes to lean on men and she should. But in business a woman has

to learn to fight men for her rights. I know, because before I learned, they were walking all over me. Then one day I changed my tactics. Forgetting all that 'other cheek' stuff I walked into an office, banged on the desk and used *their language* to demand my rights. It took them by surprise, but it surprised me most, because I immediately got what was rightfully mine.

"Mind you," she continued, "I'm not on the defensive. I don't go around with a chip on my shoulder. But when I feel I am being taken advantage of, I certainly defend my own rights.

"I think Hollywood has taught me the value of sportsmanship. As in every business, there are many things connected with making films which are unpleasant and which no one actually likes to do. That's where sportsmanship comes in. I think a poor sport stands a pretty slim chance in this business." On the set, you need to keep sportsmanship in mind every moment."

My thoughts in this direction recalled what a reputation for a swell trooper Jean gathered on a personal appearance tour. It was Jean's first experience on the stage so everything was new and difficult to her. The one-night hops, accommodations, strain—nearly everything about it got her down. But because she was accepting the theatre men's good money for her act, she saw no reason to complain about her lot. That's sportsmanship of a variety that isn't often manifest with Eastern theatre folk in Hollywood.

"I guess," Jean said after awhile, "those are the main things Hollywood has taught me except that health comes first in this work, and that the best make-up in the world won't cover party-circles under the eyes. I've learned to watch my sleep, exercise and diet. Breakfast I usually skip except for fruit-juice and a cup of coffee. For luncheon a clear soup, salad and milk and for dinner nearly anything I want, with lots of fruit between meals. I think I have the most wonderful diet in the world for I always eat everything and all I want."

"Oh, yes—and I don't want you to forget that I've developed a sense of humor. And come to think of it, maybe that's the most important thing of all. You've got to have lots of it in this business," she smiled, "in order to cope with all the wild stories forever cropping out in the papers. The things I prize most are integrity and reputation. The papers have done their best to rob me of my reputation. They drag me in by the hair in nearly every story possible because, for some reason, they consider me good copy. But I've learned to laugh at them. A sense of humor is a grand buffer. I'd be lost without it."

And as Jean says, she *must* have a sense of humor. Because if there's one gal in Hollywood who isn't lost, if there's one blonde honey who knows where she's going and how she's going to get there, it's some one you may have heard about—I mean Jean Harlow.

"A young woman writes me... I am thankful
for its satisfying comfort...
its greater security"

CAN'T CHAFE · CAN'T FAIL · CAN'T SHOW!

Mary Pauline Callender
Author of "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday"

*How 3 improvements in Kotex solve
3 of women's most annoying problems*



CAN'T CHAFE

See how the Kotex sides are cushioned in downy cotton. Millions call this the greatest comfort invention ever, to completely end chafing—Wondersoft comfort! If we put cotton all around it wouldn't leave the center free to absorb, and the special Kotex filler is actually 5 times as absorbent as cotton!



ABOVE everything else, women want three things in a sanitary pad! They made that very plain to me as confidante to millions of women on hygienic matters.

So we designed this new Wondersoft Kotex to meet their demands.

Never in my life have I seen such gratitude as that displayed after my introductory lectures on this amazing new napkin. Women thanked me, from the bottom of their hearts.

Here is what interested them most

In the new Kotex, "chafing" is virtually ended because of a downy edging of cotton along the sides. That's why we call it the Wondersoft Kotex.

We keep Kotex from showing by flattening the ends—now they conform to the lines of your body. No gown, however tight, can reveal it.

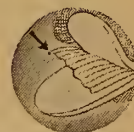
The new Kotex can't fail because of the channeled center layer. Thus moisture is distributed evenly along the entire length of the pad. Thus we increase the pad's efficiency, to avoid accident, without adding to its bulk.

Super Kotex for extra protection

If you require extra protection, you will find Super Kotex ideal. For emergency, Kotex is available in West Cabinets in ladies' rest rooms.



CAN'T FAIL



If moisture is allowed to concentrate it may lead to accidents. So see how the center layer of Kotex is "channeled?" That's called the "Equalizer." The channels draw moisture away from one spot, distribute it evenly along the length of the pad.

That's why Kotex gives longer-lasting security.



CAN'T SHOW



You've often been self-conscious about tell-tale wrinkles when wearing clinging gowns. Here you see how Kotex prevents them. At first, Kotex ends were rounded. Experience proved that wasn't enough, yet it's all that many napkins offer. Now Kotex ends are tapered and compressed by an exclusive patented method. This gets rid of bulky ends that show.

NEW ADJUSTABLE BELT REQUIRES NO PINS!



No wonder thousands are buying this truly remarkable Kotex sanitary belt! It's conveniently narrow... easily adjustable to fit the figure. And the patented clasp does away with pins entirely. You'll be pleased with the comfort... and the low price.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX

Try the New Deodorant Powder Discovery... QUEST, for Personal Daintiness. Available wherever Kotex is sold. Sponsored by the makers of Kotex.

THE Unsightly HAIRDRESS OF THE '90S



IRENE
WARE
Appearing in
Universal's
"Night Life
Of The Gods"

or Modern beauty WITH HOLD-BOBS?

● Great Aunt Maria was in style! A wire roll built her pompadour to the peak of fashion—in the '90s. But for the chic, smooth coiffures of today, modern women demand HOLD-BOBS—only these modern hairdress aids will do!

"I like the way HOLD-BOBS keep my hair for hours—just as I dress it," exclaims one constant user.

"Never have I known HOLD-BOB's smooth, round points to scratch my scalp," says another.

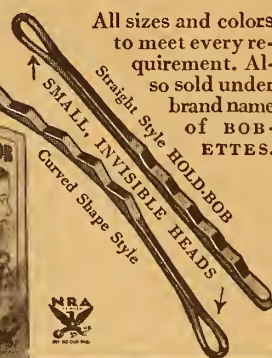
And another, "Because of HOLD-BOB's small, round, invisible heads and harmonizing colors they never show in my hair."

You, who know how priceless a beautiful hairdress is—use HOLD-BOBS once and you'll use them always.

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. COMPANY
1918-36 Prairie Avenue, Dept. K-55, Chicago, Ill.

Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd.
St. Hyacinthe, P. Q., Canada

Gold and Silver Metal Foil cards identify HOLD-BOBS.



All sizes and colors to meet every requirement. Also sold under brand name of BOB-ETTES.



MAIL COUPON for Gift CARD

The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.
Dept. K-55, Chicago, Ill.

I want to know more about these new HOLD-BOBS that match my hair. Please send me a free sample card and new hair culture booklet.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ Gray and Platinum ☐ Blonde ☐ Brown

☐ Auburn ☐ Brunette

Copyright 1935 by The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.

GINGER ROGERS

(From page 45)

both the models wore this bored expression and suddenly I saw that Ginger was trying to imitate the expression as well as the walk. All of us, of course, pounced on her and begged her, please, not to 'go like that.' We didn't want her to change herself at all. Just her walk."

"If you don't believe that clothes have a definite effect on one's personality and psychology," Mr. Newman said, "let me tell you that when Miss Dunne wore this gown she suddenly became as regal, herself, as a real princess. Her bearing, her poise, even her beauty, were actually queenly."

"And Ginger—she became so interested in smart styles during the making of this picture that her interest flowed over into her personal wardrobe and became more keen than it has ever been before. It was while she was in the east that she attended the famous Green Ball. This is a colorful charity affair which is held every year in New York and which is known throughout the country as one of the most gorgeous of the season's social events. Naturally, with the cream of New York society attending it, it amounts to the same as a spectacular fashion show. As each woman enters with her escort, the

names are announced and a brilliant flood of light picks her out before she joins the dancers. This year the thrill of the evening was Ginger Rogers. She wore a gown of a shimmering cloth of gold, the exact color of her hair. The papers the next day referred to her as 'the golden girl'—the golden girl from the west who had shown Easterners real ultra-smartness."

As Ginger, herself, says: "Not until I saw myself in these stunning new clothes did I realize that it was possible to completely change a personality by clothes. In 'Roberta,' I am a sophisticated Parisienne and my costumes and coiffeurs changed me from Ginger into just that—like a magician changes water into wine."

It's true. Irene Dunne and Ginger Rogers will appear before you in "Roberta" clothed in new personalities. Personalities that have been created through the medium of clothes and coiffeurs. Through the magic that such things can bring, a demure Southern belle is changed into a regal princess, and a dancing nymph becomes a chic Parisienne.

Such a transformation! What more can you ask of fashions—or of Mr. Bernard Newman, either!

ALL ABOARD FOR HOLLYWOOD!

(From page 55)

You'll be welcomed.

Does it sound inviting? Want to go? It is easy if you start planning right away. We want a big, congenial crowd comprised of the readers of our magazines and their friends. People of all ages. People who have a natural, normal interest in peering behind the scenes in Hollywood, and above all, folks who love to travel . . . those who love the outdoors and who have the capacity to appreciate the broadening influence and the educational value of seeing strange and beautiful and wonderful new sights in the far places.

WE SAID this is to be a house-party tour, and here's the plan in brief: Motion Picture MovieLand Tour, with the close and hearty cooperation of five big railroads, will charter a special train of private tourist Pullmans for our exclusive use. It will be our train all the way out and back. When and where we go the special goes. When we stop it waits for us.

You'll pay for the whole two weeks trip in a lump sum at the outset. Just the one payment (and a very moderate cost withal) which pays your railroad fare, sleeping car berth, meals in the dining car, sightseeing, hotel rooms—all expenses of every sort except some of the meals while in Hollywood (where you'll be so occupied that we believe everybody will prefer not to be bound by any particular meal schedule).

The all-expense cost of the tour includes the sea voyage to Victoria, B.C., hotel accommodations in Hollywood, and all entertainment (much of this with the compliments of Motion Pic-

ture Publications and the film colony in Hollywood).

We don't promise it as this is being written, but arrangements are under way for a garden party for our whole group at the home of one of the most illustrious movie stars. We'll report on that later.

You'll scarcely believe the low all-expense price for all this. The special deal we've made with the railroads accounts for it in part. The advantages of group travel also are a factor. And our Hollywood connections also count heavily by putting us in the way of high adventure that is beyond the reach of the average California visitors at any price!

You'll have no luggage to carry: no bills to pay after you start, no arrangements to make. Your berth in the sleeper will be reserved beforehand; hotel rooms will be ready when you arrive; motorcars on hand to take you sightseeing at stopover points.

A representative of the Motion Picture Publications will go along to serve as Business Manager of the tour. And a travel expert of one or more of the railroads will accompany us as an official escort.

I HAVE not said anything about the return trip, but it is all lined up and is fully in keeping with the rest of the tour as outlined. We come back through Salt Lake City with a little time for sightseeing in this "Promised Land" of the Mormons. We plow through the heart of the Colorado Rockies with a stop at the breath-taking Royal Gorge:

(Continued on page 67)

Mrs. Louis de l'Aigle Munds whose homes on Park Ave., New York, and Narragansett, Rhode Island and on the French Riviera are treasure houses of beautiful objects.

A fortune in Luxuries

**YET SHE PAYS BUT 25¢
FOR HER TOOTH PASTE**

Mrs. Munds finds Listerine Tooth Paste perfect for cleansing and so refreshing that she prefers it to other dentifrices costing much more

Women of Mrs. Munds' station in life are perhaps the sternest judges of a product and are the most critical of buyers. Since price is no factor, their choice can be based upon but one thing: The results a product gives.

When Mrs. Munds says of Listerine Tooth Paste—"After trying many kinds of tooth paste I have found real pleasure in using Listerine Tooth Paste. It is so cool and refreshing and has such a pleasant taste,"—she expresses the sentiment of more than two million women in every walk of life. On sheer merit alone Listerine Tooth Paste has supplanted older and costlier favorites everywhere.

If you haven't tried this proud product made by the makers of Listerine, do so now.

See how quickly and thoroughly

it cleanses the teeth, attacking tartar, film, and discolorations.

See what a brilliant lustre it imparts to teeth. The precious enamel, unharmed by this gentle dentifrice, seems to gleam and flash with new brilliance.

Note that wonderful feeling of mouth freshness and invigoration that follows the use of this unusual dentifrice—a clean, fresh feeling that you associate with the use of Listerine itself.

Incidentally, if you have children, it is no task to get them to brush their teeth. They look forward to that refreshed feeling and to this tooth paste's pleasant flavor.

If you are interested in economy, see how far this tooth paste goes. Get a tube today. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo.



The living-room of Mrs. Munds' New York home with its valuable portrait of Joseph Black by Sir Henry Raeburn.

(Below) The Louis XVI girandoles with their bases of burnished gold and their trappings of 18th century Irish glass.



Mrs. Munds' Queen Anne highboy, a priceless possession with unusual patine markings.



(Right) Unusual ruby and diamond spray brooch, a valuable family heirloom in Mrs. Munds' jewel collection.

REGULAR SIZE 25¢ NEW DOUBLE SIZE 40¢

**Listerine
TOOTH PASTE**

with every mile.

Emory's spirits rose with the mounting roads that took them into the wild heart of the West Virginia Alleghenies. After three hours of incredibly rough going, he jumped out and opened a gate.

HE consulted a diagram which Judge Parke had made for him. "This seems to be your cottage."

The shack looked very tiny and extremely dark. He vanished, a vague shade, into its interior. Windows and doors were thrown open.

Netting went up in the windows, a folding chair appeared, towels, soap, and a wash-basin were neatly disposed, and the outer darkness yielded a pitcher of water to go with them, a collapsible cot took on incollapsibility under the ministrations of his clever hands, a generous supply of rough bedding was heaped upon it, and her dressing bag was put at the foot.

"All set. You can make a bed, I suppose."

"Why should you suppose that?"

For a moment he gave over his activity and regarded her curiously. "What is your line? Cooking?"

"I didn't come here to cook."

"All right. If dishwashing is more suited to your special talents—"

"I hate dishwashing."

"It isn't one of my favorite sports, either," he admitted. "So it looks as if you were elected, beginning tomorrow."

"I won't! I won't! I won't."

With a smile which she suspected of being less amiable than it looked on the surface, he observed: "I thought you understood that this is a share-and-share-alike corporation. That goes for work as well as money. No cookee, no washee dishee, no eatee grubbee."

HIS equanimity seemed fully to have returned as he set to work with the blankets and did a creditable job. "Now do you think you could manage to undress yourself or do I have to do that for you?"

"I'm quite capable of looking after myself," said she haughtily.

"Go to it, then. Goodnight. I'll see you in the morning."

"Wait! Where are you going?"

"Down the line to see if there's another dry cabin."

"And leave me here alone?"

"You didn't expect me to sit up and hold your hand all night, did you?"

"N-n-no-o-o-o. Are you going very far?"

"No. Cheer up. You could shoot your little gun if you need help and I'll come a-runnin'. You won't, though."

Stout bolts on the doors, front and rear, comforted her somewhat. Exploring, she discovered an ancient wall mirror, and, standing before it she removed the uglyfying apparatus of her disguise. This done, she was too exhausted to worry about the solitude and silence, which took on the atmosphere of peacefulness. She dropped away into instant vacancy.

Out of the slums and back alleys and

foul places of the Land of Sleep, monstrous creatures crept and advanced. Fingers plucked at her, and wherever they touched they pierced and burned. Now the crowd was irresistibly crushing the breath out of her. She could not escape. She could only shriek.

Several fathoms deep in hard-earned slumber, Emory Muir came out of unconsciousness and bed simultaneously. It took a moment for him to orientate himself, but only a moment, before he had snatched his flash and was running through the night.

The front door of his charge's shack was bolted. He located the vague oblong of a window and dove through it, netting and all, dropping his light as he went. Nothing was visible, but his ear guided him to the cot. Outthrust hands met his chest, then, as if the mere sense of touch had identified him, closed about his neck.

"OH, you've come!" The voice, clear as a bird-note now, went straight to his heart.

"What is it? What's the matter?"

"Those faces. Those awful faces. They came after me again." The slim body that he held was convulsed as it pressed against him.

"Stop it! You're all right. It was only a dream."

"Yes; I'm all right—now," she murmured. "Oh, Bill! I thought you were never coming."

He laughed. "Well, I'm here. But I'm not Bill. Who's Bill?"

"Who? Did I call you Bill?"

"You certainly did."



George Breakstone temporarily took Mickey Rooney's place in "Midsummer Night's Dream" while Mickey's broken leg was healing.

"That's funny. Bill? Did I really? That's awfully funny." He could hear her soft, uneven breathing in the close darkness. She drew away from him and he experienced a queer sense of deprivation; she had been warm and sweet in his arms.

"Well, I suppose I'd better be going."

Her quick, involuntary clutch at his arm moved him more than any spoken appeal. "Couldn't you stay and talk to me a while? Tell me about yourself."

"For instance?"

"Why was that man chasing us?"

"Well, that's a long, dull story beginning ten years ago when I left college, and got into the oil business out west. After I started to make some money I ran into a big, bad combine with a lot of dirty politics mixed up in it. That's what's brought me on to Washington. The other bunch tried to bribe me, and when that wouldn't work, they've been trying to scare me."

She made a discovery. "I'm sleepy. But," she added lugubriously, "I'm afraid to go to sleep."

"See here. I've got an idea. It's stopped raining. I'll run the car up here and make up a bed in it and sleep outside the door in case you should start seeing things again."

"Oh, would you? That'd be heavenly."

She heard the runabout clatter up and sank into the most restful slumber she had known for many weeks.

WELL-BEING flooded the person of Miss Caris Corliss as she opened her eyes upon a bright world full of air and fresh scents and pleasant bird-noises. Magically she was herself again. All the gnawing fear of her own personality had been swept away by the cleansing hours of sleep.

Reaction came with a dismal shock as she remembered Dr. Sylvester's admonition. In no circumstances was she to abandon her protective disguise. She looked with extreme disaffection upon the plumpers, plugs, goggles and other apparatus of ugliness upon the shelf.

She called blithely. No answer. She peeked out of the window. The car stood, empty. A note was pinned to the seat.

"Help yourself to the world. I've gone after a couple of trout for breakfast. Fire ready laid. Light it and put on water to boil. You'll recognize the kettle by the spout. Back in an hour. E. M."

What came next? Bath? No tub had been included in the outfit. What did one do about that? As if to furnish a solution a definite splash attracted her attention and a kingfisher rose to view from beyond a board fence with a small fish in his mouth. By a swift process of reasoning the girl deduced that where a fish could swim a human might bathe. Blanketed and bearing a towel, she crossed the deep-grown lawn to the enclosure, and joyously yielded her body to the glow of the full sunshine.

Back from the valley came Emory Muir when a sound like a watchman's rattle held him up. He dropped to earth, got out his field-glass and spied

IN PERSON

about. Never but once had he seen a specimen of the great pileated woodpecker, and the unmistakable note of this one sounded quite near. Within a few feet a Judas tree offered a point of observation. He climbed it and presently had the satisfaction of seeing the rare bird measure its swooping flight from a low thicket across the open above the swimming enclosure, of which, from his eyrie, the watcher commanded a clear view.

Halfway along the glasses followed the woodpecker's flight, then checked with a violent jerk and fell out of the Judas tree. For one stunned moment it did not occur to him that the apparition of beauty standing on the pool's brink was a flesh-and-blood being and he an unwarranted peeper.

THE vision stretched exultant arms upward like a girl-priestess of the sun. Shadow and shine played across her gracious slenderness.

Coming belatedly to himself and to the shocked realization that this was properly no sight for the casual observer, Emory descended hastily to earth. There he tried to make some sense out of it all, but with small result. Who was she? Where did she come from? How did she get there?

A figure passed across the line of his observation, going from the enclosure straight toward the row of cottages. It was wrapped in a blanket, a blanket of

unmistakable design, one of those blankets which he had bought at Leesburg. Making his way to the door he knocked.

"Mrs. Colfax!"

"Oh! Hello, Bi—Mr. Muir."

"Are you up?"

"My, yes! Hours ago."

"Had your bath?" (He held his breath.)

"Yes. I'm just back from the pool."

Someone had told Mr. Emory Muir that counting ten quite slowly produced a sedative effect in moments of emotional stress; he couldn't remember who, which was unfortunate because he wanted to call him a liar when they met again. Twenty was no better and at thirty-seven he quit and said, with a mighty effort to sound casual: "What about a break for fishfast—I mean a fish for breakfast?"

"I think I'll have my breakfast in here," came the languid reply.

"Oh, you do, do you? Well—er—that's all right. I'll get busy with it."

The fire was unlighted. The kettle was not on. Nothing had been done of those things which ought to have been done. A slow and righteous wrath began to develop within the soul of Mr. Muir. He'd put her straight before going on some pressing matters of his own.

BREAKFAST she received from inside at arm's length and cleared the dishes effectually, after which she set

them outside and announced an intention to rest.

"Afterward," said he.

"After what?"

"Several things. Your first job will be to wash the dishes. I've left some water on. Then you can sweep both cottages and put the bedding out to air."

"Oh, yes?"

"Please don't interrupt. While it's airing, you can dust. It wouldn't hurt your porch to get a touch of the mop. Mine, either, for that matter. There's still some unpacking to be done."

"And what'll you be doing?"

"I've got an errand at the village, if I can locate one. You'll have time to get everything done while I'm gone."

He thought, but was not sure that he heard soft laughter as he got into the car, which was not precisely the comeback that he had anticipated.

Left to her own devices, Caris discovered in herself no further aptitude for rest. The make-up materials obtruded upon her notice. "I'll have to look like a hideous old frump again when he comes back." She took a decision. "Darned if I will! Uncle Syl can go chase himself."

A FEW yards distant a brook meandered across the meadow. With full hands she made her way to it. Silently it took to its watery bosom plumper, plug, and pad, and bore them away. "Farewell, false face," chirped Miss

(Continued on next page)

Amazingly Mild wit

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Beautiful Eyes

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WHEN YOU ASK FOR



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● Notice how your favorite screen actress depends on the appearance of long, dark, lustrous lashes to give her eyes that necessary beauty and expression. More than any other feature *her* eyes express her. More than any other feature *your* eyes express you. You cannot be really charming unless your eyes are attractive and it is so easy to make them so, instantly, by darkening your lashes with non-smarting, tear-proof, harmless Maybelline mascara.

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IN PERSON

Caris Corliss. She followed this with a somewhat premature prophecy. "I know a young man who is going to get the surprise of his young life."

The subject of this error was, at the moment, in the distant and poetically named hamlet of Maxwellton, W.Va., talking over the long-distance telephone with Dr. Sylvester in Washington.

"Yes; but who is she?"

"Don't you know?"

"Eh? Why—I don't know. It did seem to me there was a resemblance to somebody that I only half remembered."

"Don't you ever patronize the movies, my young friend?"

"What's that got to do—Holy smoke! Caris Corliss!"

"Right."

"B-b-but what's the hopelessly insane idea?"

"Oh, not hopelessly. In fact, not even insane, really. Just a trifle over the edge nervously as I indicated to you."

"Do you think she'll stay as is or go back to the ouch-face?"

"If she sticks to her own, which I doubt for the present, that will be evidence of the beginning of a cure. When she gets so that she can confront a crowd, that'll be the completion of it."

"What's your suggestion, sir?"

"Well, I shouldn't force the issue. If she springs it on you, take it as a matter of course."

"That won't get her much."

"Hah! There'll be doings. She's used to getting her own way."

"Yes; I suspected that."

"And to turn peevish if she doesn't. Well, it wouldn't hurt her a bit to get a little of the other sort of thing. In fact, it might be the very best thing for her. The sort of hysteria she is suffering from now is largely a spoiled-child complex."

"I'm no lion-tamer, Doctor."

"That's your lookout. What's she doing now?"

"**W**ASHING the dishes, if she's carrying out orders. By the way, Dr. Sylvester, who's Bill?"

"Bill? What Bill?"

"That's what I'd like to know. Somebody named Bill is on her mind. D'you think it's serious?"

"It might be serious for Bill. I've never known her to be serious about any man—and I've known her for a long time—except to walk over 'em when they lie down and grovel as she expects 'em to do."

"Is that so? I never tried grovelling, and I expect I'm pretty old to learn."

"If you won't, maybe she will. That'd do her good, too." The voice on the wire took on a graver tone. "There is something I must repeat to you, Mr. Muir. Miss Corliss' present unstable emotional state might well have the effect of rendering her abnormally susceptible."

"What about me?"

"You are not my patient," returned the other crisply. "She is. I may add, for your information, that she is also my niece. Therefore if you have any of the usual illusions in your mind about the low moral standards of Hollywood stars—mostly absolute rot, by the way—I advise you to dismiss them. I am putting you on your honor, Mr. Emory, as to your responsibility toward her. One other valuable quality I can commend to your notice, a quality not only valuable, but even essential in the present status."

"What's that, sir?"

"Self-defense," chuckled the physician. "Goodbye."

On the return trip to Bluewater Emory mapped his strategy. Part of it was to be whistling nonchalantly as he drew in before the shack. The whistle died on his lips. The door was open and the shack empty of life.

(To Be Continued)



What's happened to Anthony Adverse? It's been kicking around Hollywood for some time, but now we find it in the hands of attractive Anita Louise, Warner player.

Motion Picture for May, 1935

ALL ABOARD FOR HOLLYWOOD

(From page 62)

and stopover in Colorado Springs at the foot of Pikes Peak; motor up to the top of Cheyenne Mountain; have a dinner dance at the Antlers Hotel.

We leave Chicago in the evening on August 4, and get back to Chicago Sunday night, August 18.

We'd like to have you go. Everybody's welcome now, although the party necessarily will be limited in size and we shall have to cease making bookings when the train is full.

An interesting little booklet containing many pictures and giving full details about the route, the program, schedule, and cost, has been prepared and will be sent free of charge (and without any obligation on your part) to all who request it.

The Tour is under the general supervision of Mr. Joe Godfrey, Jr., and his address is 360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago. And it is important that you write to Mr. Godfrey right away, for the free booklet. Ask him any questions that occur to you. He will answer them all!

Discuss the Movieland Tour with your friends and relatives. Maybe one or more of them will join you so that you can make it a twosome, threesome, foursome, or moresome. We're out for a good time, a fine travel adventure, with everything planned in advance, everything paid beforehand, nothing to do but have a good time.

Make this your 1935 vacation. It offers you escape from the eternal humdrum of the workaday world and opens up the opportunity to high adventure, a carefree holiday, a new lease on life, and a worth-while experience all around! The total cost is well within average means. Almost anybody can easily attain it if they start planning at once.

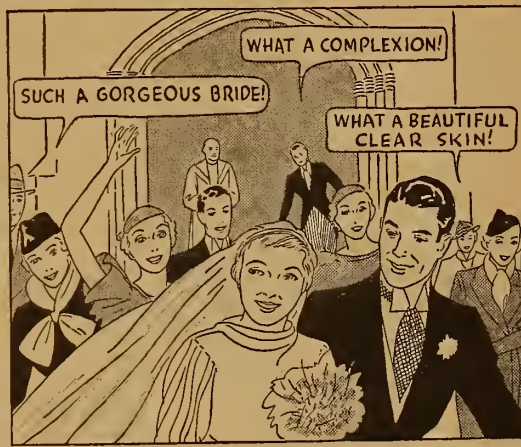
The first step is to get all details, and all you need for that is a three-cent stamp on a letter addressed to Joe Godfrey, Jr., Business Manager, Motion Picture Movieland Tour to Hollywood, 360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

Flashes From Hollywood

Jean Arthur, who made such a hit with Edward G. Robinson in "The Whole Town's Talking," has deserted Hollywood for the Broadway stage . . . Lyda Roberti feels better after appendix operation . . . Rumor claims that Loretta Young and Ronald Colman are seriously interested in each other . . . Helen Mack and Charles Irwin, both with Fox Films, are now one . . . Lois Moran, late of the movies, is now Mrs. Clarence M. Young . . . Evelyn Laye and Frank Laughton had a second marriage ceremony performed in England; it's a great idea, getting married to your own husband!

LONESOME LAURA

Gets a Beauty Tip from HOLLYWOOD!



Yeast
Foam Tablets Stay
Fresh For Months

WHAT Yeast Foam Tablets did for Laura's skin, they should do for yours. These pleasant little tablets of pasteurized yeast are rich in precious nutritive elements which strengthen the digestive and eliminatory organs, give them tone and quicken their action. Thus they aid in ridding the system of the poisons that produce so many a case of bad skin and dull, muddy complexion.

With the true cause of your trouble corrected, you enjoy new health and new beauty. Eruptions and blemishes vanish. Your skin becomes clear and smooth, the envy

of men and women everywhere.

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. These tablets cannot cause fermentation in the body. Pasteurization makes Yeast Foam Tablets utterly safe for everyone to eat. This yeast is used by various laboratories of the United States government and by leading American universities in their vitamin research.

You can get Yeast Foam Tablets at any druggist's. The ten-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. Refuse substitutes. You should see your skin and complexion improve in almost no time!

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

PAIN STOPPED AT ONCE!

CORNS

CALLOUSES, BUNIONS, SORE TOES



New De Luxe Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads!

EASE YOUR FEET!

You get relief *one minute* after you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads to aching corns, throbbing bunions, painful callouses, or sore toes! They stop shoe friction and pressure; prevent corns, sore toes or blisters caused by new or tight shoes. Use them with the separate *Medicated Disks*, included in every box, to quickly loosen and remove corns or callouses.

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NEW YORK

45 1/2 STREET, JUST WEST OF TIMES SQUARE
 PERSONAL DIRECTION: JOHN F. MURRAY

FUNDAMENTAL FURNITURE (From page 49)

like a stage setting. They shriek 'I have been *done* by a decorator!' A room, according to my way of thinking should look lived in, or at least livable, as soon as it is decorated.

"The word 'Modern' got off to a very bad start, some twelve or fourteen years ago, when it was applied to a weird type of chairs and tables, all angles and straight lines, uncomfortable and hideously ugly. The modern furniture of today is built for comfort first of all, and for simplicity of line and material second.

"Personally, I prefer the term 'fundamental' to 'modern'—all necessary details have been eliminated, only the fundamentals are left. In Norma Shearer's dressing room, for example, the walls are plain, the furnishings are of the simplest forms, and made of natural wood. The carpet is also plain and unfigured. Color takes the place of ornament. The wood is painted indelible blue with bands of natural wood, the upholstery is of golden yellow satin, the hangings match the natural wood. The carpet is pale beige. Light plays an important part in modern interior decoration, light introduced indirectly, through opaque glass partitions, glass shutters, glass ceilings, and, as in this room, from overhead reflection above the dressing mirror.

"IN JOHN GILBERT'S home the master bedroom is another example of the modern use of materials and forms. The joined headboards of the beds are entirely modern, as is their lack of footboard. The walls of the room are of plain matched boards, severe to the point of austerity and painted—the most charming maple pink! A plain beige green all-over carpet provides a neutral background for the putty white and silver of the Fortuny print hangings. Old Italian carvings and modernistic mirrors are combined, the bed tables are modern.

"The house I decorated for Hollywood's great dress designer, Howard Greer, is more strikingly modern, and yet here again, I call your attention to the old-fashioned bed quilts, white with orange and yellow trimmings, of our grandmother's day on the low, geometric beds! An ultra sophisticated note in this bedroom is the hanging of leopard skins against walls starkly plain! In the Greer dining room, the modern note is again struck sharply in the waxed linoleum floor, the plain walls of an off-white, and the silvered furniture. The mirrors rest on metal bases. But here again the shapes of the chairs are reminiscent of the past.

"**L**INOLEUM is a material which has come out of the humble kitchen today and now has taken the place of parquet flooring. In the Thalberg front hall I have used it with striking effect. Its imitation of wood grain is much more modern than wood itself would be. While you are looking at Norma's front hall, by the way, notice the gorgeous linen print on the sofa. It is one of the best features of modern decorators that such notes of brilliant color can be used against the plain walls and woodwork. Paintings are coming into their own again, and draperies are becoming gorgeous with fruit and flower motifs."

The words "interior decorator" too often bring to mind an arty gentleman in a Russian smock, who has surrounded himself with a studio filled with pale cushions and gilded (and shaky) chairs. Harold Grieve wears an old sweater and never, never refers to his ideas as "amusing." His office is a workshop filled with old mahogany, and filing cabinets, brocades and chintzes, pails of paint, and pieces of pearwood.

As I left him he was calling up a movie star trying to make her think that she wanted an English cretonne in her bedroom instead of peach satin . . . and succeeding!

IT GOES TO YOUR HEAD (From page 59)

frame to the face. If you do not have long hair, braids to match your hair can be easily purchased.

For the fluffy-haired blond, curls will prevail, of course, in little piles to outline the face most flatteringly.

There is a distinct upward trend to the hair in back. It is combed up away from the neckline, and the curls come towards the top and back of the head. Another variation of this is to have the hair combed entirely to one side so that the back of the hair is absolutely plain, and with rolls of curls on one side of the face and back of the head.

OF COURSE no hairdress on earth can look well if your hair is not in good condition, and that is entirely up to you. If it is not in good shape now begin work on it immediately. If it is fresh and vital

now, keep it so by giving it a little extra attention after a long winter of wearing heavy hats and being so much indoors. Maureen O'Sullivan stresses the brushing of hair in her beauty routine, and that's a splendid suggestion. And while you are doing it you might as well do it right, so here's some exercises for you:

1. Start from the base of the neck at the hairline, brush up to the crown, working backward and forward from ear to ear several times.

2. Brush with vibrating movement all along the face line, working from the scalp to the ends of the hair to loosen powder, make-up, and residue of dust particles.

3. Returning to the back of the head, space the hair in small sections. Pick up one section at a time, and with the brush on its side against the head, roll the full length of the

bristles with a turn of the wrist, and brush to the ends of the hair.

4. Respace the hair sections so that no scalp corner will be neglected and repeat the upward and outward brushing. Vibrate the brush slightly from side to side as you brush.

5. After the entire head has been brushed, fluff the hair with fingers and light short strokes of the brush to let the air circulate through.

YOUR hair after this treatment should have new lights and sheen to it that will delight you. Weekly shampoos will be necessary during the spring and summer months. Rinses for the dark or titian-haired girl will bring new lights, and certain excellent bleaches can be used by blonds. There are some rinses that are very good to use which will not injure the hair, but help it keep clear tones that are so necessary to pretty blond hair.

When you are ready for a permanent be sure you go to an absolutely reliable shop. There is nothing more dangerous to the appearance of the hair or its future health than poor and cheap permanents. Preparations made up by just anyone, and applied by poor operators, will leave you a sad and sorry sight. Go to people who give permanents with preparations made by nationally known experts. If you are in any doubt, make the operator show you the little sachets they put on your hair, and see that they bear the name of an accepted maker of permanent preparations.

Hot oil treatments which you can easily give yourself by heating oil, rubbing it into your scalp with a rotary movement of the fingers, and wrapping your head in a towel and leaving it on overnight, are excellent ideas to precede a permanent. If your hair is very dry or very oily you should do this several weeks in advance. Or your hairdresser will give you a series of oil or tonic scalp treatments before the permanent.

I cannot stress too much the importance of the health of your hair, and the necessity for studying your own face and getting a really good hair-cut, in the success of your personal and business life. This can change your whole appearance, add poise to your bearing, give charm to your face, and add to the beauty of any costume.

BEAUTY ADVICE

Any beauty questions? The stars' beauty secrets are mine too . . . and I'll be glad to share them! All that is required is a stamped, addressed envelope for my reply. Address Gwen Dew, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

How Hollywood Stars Emphasize The Appeal of Beauty

The Secret is a New Make-Up ... Now You Can Share It

YOU can instantly make your beauty more attractive if you adopt this new kind of make-up, created originally for the stars of the screen by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius.

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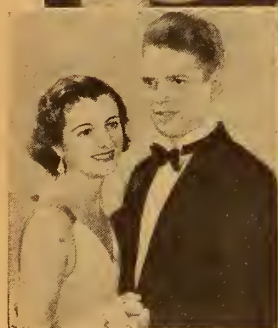
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Green <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here.
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So easily corrected
... when you know
this simple way



WHO escapes them—those occasional pimples that seem always to come when you particularly want to look your very best?

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ON LOCATION WITH KATE

(From page 42)

had a hard time talking her out of the idea. Finally they kidded her out of it, telling her she was trying to out-Fairbanks Fairbanks, that past master of high jumpers. Reluctantly she took to the stairs.

WHEN the battle started, Hepburn more than made up for it. She yelled at the top of her voice and had the time of her life hurling rocks and mud. In the middle of the battle an accident occurred. John Beal, the leading man, was hit in the eye with a lance. Had it come the fraction of an inch closer, he would have lost the sight of the eye forever.

Hepburn was first to reach his side. While the others were making up their minds what to do, she shouted orders and gave commands. John was taken to the hospital where several stitches were taken. Rather than hold up the company he insisted on going back to the set and finishing the scene.

During the entire shooting of the picture, John Beal's pants were the bane of the property man's existence. (And much to Hepburn's amusement.) The pants of that Scottish period were skin tight and fastened gaiter fashion under the shoes. Every time John would make a sudden move, a loud ripping sound would fill the air. Once it happened during the deathbed scene. Under the covers, John felt his pants give way. It was an important scene for Hepburn and he dared not betray his mirth.

Another time he was eating lunch in the studio commissary. It was a hot day so he had left his frock tail coat in his dressing room. John was reading his script and had it propped up by a water glass in front of him. Someone walked by and jarred the table. The script fell to the floor. John stooped to pick it up; then followed his most embarrassing moment.

The ripping sound could be heard all over the commissary. Everyone burst into laughter. When it came time to walk out, Hepburn came to his rescue. By walking close in back of him and holding out her skirts, she shielded him from his public.

HEPBURN was always doing something to help someone on the set. How those weird stories of her temperament get started is beyond me. One day she saw the prop boys taking up a collection to buy a radio. She insisted on buying it herself and thus they were able to hear the world series and at the same time do their work. Occasionally she would send out and buy one of her favorite ice-cream cakes. It was never just enough for her and the important ones on the set. There was enough for all—from the lowest to the highest.

Every day Laura Harding would arrive with Hepburn's lunch from home. In reality there was enough for ten people. Miss Harding would get all dressed up for the occasion

and usually appear each day in a different outfit. Hepburn would kid her about it. Miss Harding decided to get even. The day they were taking the battle scenes, she donned a soldier's uniform and a blond moustache. Then she lined up with the male extras. Hepburn didn't see her until it was time to take the scene. She screeched her delight and topped it off by insisting that Laura actually work extra in the picture.

Because she is so honest and frank herself, Hepburn admires it in other people. One day they were trying out hairdresses and the beautiful clothes she would wear in the castle sequence. Everyone stood around and told her how beautiful she looked. The only one who kept silent was her assistant director who knows her better than all the rest. Then turning to Hepburn, he called her a special unflattering name he kiddingly pins on her, and asked if she was ready to have her clothes tested. Instead of getting mad, Hepburn burst out laughing. She knew down in her heart that he had the utmost respect for her and accepted his good-natured criticism—almost gratefully.

PEOPLE have whispered that Hepburn is unkind and sometimes rude. Yet she went out of her way to meet George Hackathorne, when a publicity man brought him out to the location. George had been a star in the silent days. Originally he had created the rôle of "Little Minister," with Betty Compson playing the Hepburn part. Not only did she greet him cordially, but Hepburn insisted on having pictures made with Hackathorne.

During the entire making of the picture, Hepburn gave every ounce of her energy. She would argue with the courage of her convictions because she is fearless in the things she believes in. Nightly she would go to the studio to the projection room to see the rushes. They were supposed to start at a certain time and she would make it her business to be there. If the big bosses were late, she would call them on the phone, and tell them to hurry over. By this same token she would listen carefully to anyone who had a constructive suggestion to make and accept it gratefully upon conviction.

In spite of her overall publicity, Hepburn is quite clothes conscious. I would see her reading smart magazines on the set and with Laura Harding, she would work out little sketches and confer with her designer. She is very careful to study every line of the clothes she wears.

All during the location trip, Hepburn was never without her miniature camera. She would sneak up on her fellow workers and try to snap them unawares. Once they missed her on the set. After searching for hours they found her perched on a hill, nonchalantly photographing them!

ROGERS AND "ROCHELLE"

(From page 35)

changes his lines too radically, the replies she has rehearsed may no longer fit the occasion!

In this state of nerves, she breaks a rule she had made for herself, rushes up to Will and whispers: "Won't you please tell me, approximately, what you're going to say in this scene?"

Rogers shakes his head. "Shucks, Rochelly, how can I tell you when I don't know myself?"

Marshall, one of the finest and most understanding comedy directors in the business, pats Rochelle on the shoulder and smiles, reassuringly. Cameras turn. The scene begins. Rogers delivers some unforgettable lines; Rochelle comes through with flying colors, inspired to choose exactly the right time and the right words for her dialogue. Not a thing goes wrong! No re-take is needed!

That, incidentally, is the sort of picture-making Rogers likes. Re-taking and rehearsals, he feels, are liable to take the spontaneity out of acting and dialogue. When many rehearsals and re-takes are necessary, he alters dialogue and bits of business each time, to the despair of his fellow-actors who try to follow the ever-changing and often unpredictable cues!

ROGERS, I glean from Rochelle and many others who know him intimately, today is a greatly changed man. Years ago when he was making "silents" with Irene Rich, as leading lady, I used to frequent his sets and listen to the steady stream of brilliant wise-cracking that fell from his lips. Today, he pours all of this into the talking screen, radio microphones, his daily syndicated newspaper items and Sunday newspaper features.

He has been accused of being miserly with humor in his private-life contacts, "because he just doesn't want to give away what he can sell so dearly." *That is sheer nonsense.* No one is more genuinely charitable. But his humor *has* to go on paper; it is for the entertainment, not of the few, but of the thousands, even millions. And it is significant that some of his hardest creative work is for benefit performances, for which he receives not a cent of compensation.

The world probably thinks that those phrases he seems to grope for, and then devise on the spur of the moment, come easily to him. On the radio, especially, he seems to be merely "foolin' around" and having fun with his listeners. Nothing could be farther from the truth. He actually toils with, and nurses his offerings, first in his mind, then on paper and then once more in his mind; always seeking improvement in each quip he is delivering. He seems to grope and fumble for words because, even when talking to millions of tuner-inners over national networks, he is still trying to improve what he is giving them.

DID YOU KNOW that Fay Wray, formerly a British subject, is a direct descendant of John Marshall, First Justice of the Supreme Court?

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Photo of myself after losing 28 lbs. and reducing 4½ inches.

A DREAM COME TRUE

(From page 33)

we usually use it in Hollywood. "Temperament" comes from the Latin word meaning, "a mixing in due proportions. Proper measure." What he saw then, in Cagney, was a proper measurement in due proportion of all the qualities and elements which combine to make that strange character, "Mr. Bottom."

"I CHOSE Cagney for 'Bottom,' because after watching him work in only one picture, I saw that he had youth, enthusiasm, vitality, temperament, and, what is more important, intelligence—for without intelligence and sensitiveness there can be no such thing as temperament.

"Cagney is not following tradition in his methods—but to my mind, there never was a finer performance of the rôle."

And that from Mr. Reinhardt is a tribute.

And now let's find out how Jimmie feels about it.

That goes back to 1918. "I was painting scenery for an amateur organization at a settlement house," Jimmie went on to explain. "In those days, I never had any idea of being anything but an artist. At that time, I was working at an Art Institute for seven dollars a week, learning the art business from the bottom up—by delivering sketches. One day the director of the group asked me if I wouldn't play one of the parts for him. I appeared in 'The Merchant of Venice,' and several others, after that. I had, of course, studied Shakespeare in school, but this experience in the theatre gave me a much better insight into Shakespeare than my schooling ever had.

"When I heard that Max Reinhardt was to film 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' for Warner Brothers, the thought occurred to me that I would like very much to have a part in it—but I didn't think this might also occur to someone else. For that reason I was a bit surprised when I was suggested for the rôle.

"Working with Reinhardt in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' means more to me than anything I have ever done before," Jimmy told me seriously. "People may kid about it, and ask me if I'm going to do 'Hamlet' next, but that is only because they do not realize what we, in the picture, are going through. The thing that we have to combat is precedent.

"Visitors at the studio and on the set are constantly saying such things: 'How did Warner Brothers ever have the nerve to tackle such a thing as Shakespeare on the screen? How do they know it will go with the public? And the money they are spending on it!' All I can say to them,"—and Jimmie shrugged, "is that Reinhardt has been doing Shakespeare for thirty years, and successfully.

"And, of course, everyone who has ever read any of Shakespeare will appoint himself as High Arch Enemy Experts, and they'll all sit out front, literally holding their Shakespeare on their lap, to see if we read the lines correct-

ly. And as for England! The whole of England is just waiting for this picture to break.

"I can 'fuss around' with my lines in most of my pictures . . . juggle them here and there to make them sound more natural and more readable, but you can't 'toy' with Shakespeare. That is one of the reasons, of course, why this picture is more difficult to do. All of us have to spend two or three times the usual time we spend on lines."

LATER when I went out on the set to watch Jimmie do a scene, I was also impressed with the fact that the scenes, as they are filmed in this picture, are much longer than the average scene in a modern movie.

I had also expected I would find an aura of awe on the Reinhardt set, but quite the contrary. Mr. Reinhardt strolls around the sets chatting with first this one, then that one. He wears a visor on his head, a green one such as bookkeepers wear when working under a strong light, and nothing could be less formidable than that.

They were taking a scene in the Court Room where the entire court gathers to view the ham-performance of "Mr. Bottom" and his friends. Jimmie had a long scene in which he had to rant and rave and cry.

When the scene was finished, Jimmie came over to us on the side lines. Beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. Dick Powell said to him, earnestly, "Jimmie, that was great—a marvelous piece of work!" Jimmie looked at him and said, very humbly, "Do you really think so?"

I SMILED to myself, for I was thinking that if anyone had said that about a strictly-Cagney scene, Jimmie would have made a grimace and said, "Oh, boloney!"—or something to that effect. As a rule, loud praise or harsh criticism mean little to Jimmie. But doing "The Dream" is something else again.

And here is another indication of how Jimmie feels about Shakespeare. Jimmie hasn't seen the last five pictures which he made. He never even saw the rushes of those pictures. "Because," as he told me, "they give me a rôle to play and I try to do the best I can, and that's the end of it." But it is different now. After a long day, Jimmie always finds time to stop in at the projection room and see the rushes of the day-before's work. And for the first time in his life, he is really anxious to see a picture in which he has played a part.

Jimmie isn't the only one who is anxious to see this picture. It's one of the most interesting ventures in screen history, and I'm convinced that Jimmie is going to be a sensation in it. In fact even if Jimmie is content to go back to his roughshod rôles, I am wondering if the public is going to let him!

THOSE WHO BELIEVE marriage can't last in Hollywood may be interested to know that the Harold Loyds recently celebrated their twelfth wedding anniversary.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

(From page 41)

call to his next door neighbor. "Got an interview. Be out in a few minutes," and appeared with the air of one resolved to go through with a not too attractive duty. Ask him about the pictures, and he'll answer yes or no. Ask him about fishing, and at once he's fire and flame.

"It's Calcutta," he told me, exhibiting the handsome rod a friend had made for him.

"Bamboo, darling," his mother corrected. "Calcutta bamboo."

"What's the difference?" inquired Dickie. "Anyway, it catches fish. Not very big ones the last time," he confessed. "But that's because the bait was bad." He caught his mother's quizzical glance. "Aw, shucks, mother, the bait was bad. Mr. Stewart didn't catch any fish either, and he's the best fisherman in the world."

Pictures to Dickie form a routine part of existence. Fishing spells romance.

I WAS shown into Mickey Rooney's dressing room, where he was being made up as Puck for "Midsummer Night's Dream." The costume consists of goat's hair, which the make-up man was applying carefully to the sheath about Mickey's loins, to his legs and feet. Two small horns peeped through the yellow shock of his tumbled hair.

Mickey's the spontaneously friendly kid who pals with your own boys, who plays football and baseball on the corner lot, and raids the icebox when he's hungry—with a liberal streak of histrionic genius added. If you've any doubts on the latter, wait till you've seen him in "Midsummer Night's Dream."

"Show her my football trunks, Teach," he cried eagerly as I entered. "Did you see the Stanford-Alabama game? Say, you'll see lots of football games but you'll never see passing like that again. My team's the Rambling

Mules. We're recanized as the Pacific Coast midget champions. Know what I'd like? I'd like a sports interview—you know, someone to ask me all I think about sports. I want to be connected with every sport there is—like Joe E. Brown. Wouldn't that be sump'n?"

Dragged with some difficulty from the subject of sports, he proved himself equally lively on other topics.

"SURE, that's my own hair. No, the kids don't make fun of it—not the fellas I go with, anyway—they got too much sense. Sometimes the little guys yell: 'Whyncha get a haircut?' Say," he scoffed good-naturedly, "they should make as much with their pretty looks as I make with my hair."

"You know, when I first rehearsed this part, I didn't think there was much sense in it. I'd never come in contact with Shakespeare before," he explained seriously. "But after I got a line on what was going on—well!—then I thought it was a honey."

He told me about his three New Year's resolutions—"not to get a big head or anything, to have a good football team, and be nice to my folks all the time." The make-up man finished with him, and he slipped a bathrobe over his goat's hair suit. As he turned, I caught sight of a square-cut hole in the back, through which Puck's tail waved a jaunty salute. "That," grinned Mickey, catching my eye, "is for the draft."

He took me to the door and as I went out, I felt a friendly little pat somewhere about the middle of my back. I wanted to grab and hug him, but let my better sense prevail. There's no one, however, who can prevent me from cherishing the memory of that pat of Mickey's as one of the pleasantest experiences I've ever had.



"Our Gang" for years has been a movie institution. Many of its members of former days are now grown men and women, some of them graduating into the adult class of movie favorites. The above photograph shows the 1935 edition in one of their most recent comedies

Motion Picture for May, 1935



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JOAN WAS MAD

(From page 29)

—she admitted she hadn't seen me on the screen since 'Letty Lynton.' So, I'm showing her 'Dancing Lady' and 'Chained' tonight. It's an awful lot of Joan Crawford to sit through, but since it's business in a way, I expect she'll be able to stand it."

PRESENTLY Joan said with an encouraging smile, "Now, won't you please tell me where you got some of those crazy impressions about me? The white Cadillac V-16 limousine, upholstered in white satin, for example?"

"I read about it in the paper," I told her truthfully.

She laughed. "Can you imagine my having anything all white satin? Why, I wear my screen make-up to and from the studio, and that certainly wouldn't be very good for white satin! I'd be a fool to have a car like that. I have a small white Ford roadster, upholstered in white leather, but that can be washed. Isn't it funny? I get a small white Ford and by the time the story gets around it's a white Cadillac V-16 limousine!"

"Now how about the chaise longue business? You wrote that while other stars meet interviewers attired in sloppy pants and dirty sweat-shirts, Joan Crawford always receives her callers in an Adrian negligee, while she reclines on a chaise longue a la Pola Negri! Why, I wouldn't have a chaise longue in my house, for the simple reason that I'd never use one. I'm too restless. I don't sit still, much less lie still, for five minutes at a time, during the whole day. That's one of the things my friends complain about. They can't get me to 'light' any place. Chaise longues and satin cars!" Joan made a wry face! "I hope I don't have to resort to those things for glamour!"

Well, I was taking it all back pretty rapidly, and told her so, for now that I was with Joan face to face I knew that she doesn't have to resort to far-fetched exaggerated things to create a glamour about herself. Her flair for glamour has more meaning than that.

Joan, I have discovered, is a very domestic person, but she does not allow that side of her to be photographed and broadcast to the world. For example, she makes her own bed every day. It is one household duty which she prefers to save for herself . . . it makes her feel she has a working part in her home. Yet you never see pictures of Joan making her bed. You never even see pictures of Joan wearing a pair of slacks and a shirt, yet I am sure she has them and wears them. Most women stand over stoves and make their own beds—what is amusing or interesting or make-believish about that?

JOAN has a very analytical mind and she has discovered on what things to place which importance. Because I know that many stars allow themselves to be governed by friends and business managers, it rather amazed me to discover how much Joan is her own "boss." She handles all her own finances, supervises the answering of all her fan-mail,

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and has very definite ideas about the pictures she wants to do.

"I have been fighting for three years to be allowed to do a costume picture," she told me earnestly. "I have been the typical American girl for too long. I have been reading lots of historical biographies, and historical plays, searching for something. I have found several, among them 'Saint Joan,' which I would like very much to do. But I still haven't the studio's permission. They say I must show off this figure of mine in modern clothes!" Joan looked down at that famous Crawford body with actual disdain. Then she smiled. "Sometimes I say to it, 'Well, figure, I think I'll spite them, and lose you, then maybe they'll want to camouflage me in a costume!'"

Yet she is, for all her success and her fame, still modest. Just before we left, she spoke again of her nervousness about her dinner party that night. "I'm glad I had a big lunch, because I won't be able to eat a thing at dinner. I never can eat anyway before looking at one of my pictures, or I should be ill. And the strain of having Miss Dane there too!"

"Didn't it ever occur to you that she might have had a bit of stage fright herself, over meeting you?" I asked.

Joan's answer shot out as straight and true-blue as an arrow. "Why should she?" said Joan. "She has been important for years. She has been writing fine things all her lifetime . . . and compared to that, what am I?"

You might have disbelieved another star, had she said that. But not Joan Crawford.



Mrs. Clive Brook comes back to the United States with her handsome husband who has just finished a new picture, "The Dictator," for Gaumont-British in his native England

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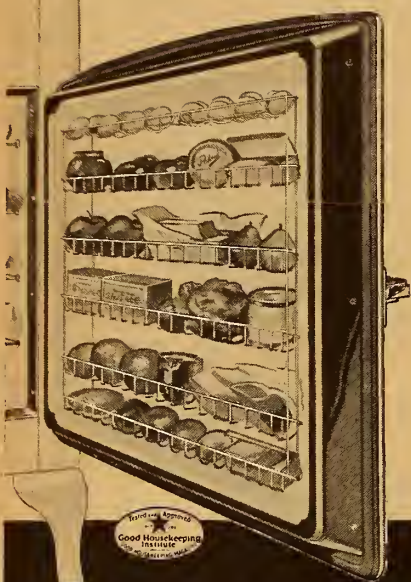
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No C.O.D. My Guarantee—Your
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Let Your Mirror Prove Results. Your
hair need not thin out, nor need you be-
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thinning out of hair, lifeless hair, itch-
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MASTER BARTHOLOMEW IN PERSON

(From page 39)

ginning to unveil the genius that lives
in Freddy! She began to read Dick-
ens to him when he was four. At five
years he was repeating orations from
Shakespeare with gestures. At seven
he could enact nearly every Shakes-
peare character, and repeat the
words of many Greek plays, as well
as most of the works of Mr. A. A.
Milne.

But through it all Freddie's favor-
ite character was David Copperfield.
He loved that small boy, and the
grown-up one too. He used to cry
at parts of the story, and plead with
Cissy to "not let them be so bad to
David."

Then by chance one day he heard
of the search in America for a child
to play the part of David Copperfield.
He pleaded with Cissy to let him go
after the part, and the wise aunt
finally agreed. During the height of
excitement over the search little
Freddie walked one afternoon into
the office of David O. Selznick, the
producer, and stood uncertainly in
the doorway. And the lad became at
once David Copperfield, forever more
to live in the hearts of the world!

His aunt's real name is Miss Milli-
cent Bartholomew, and from the time
she had to stand beside him to pre-
vent him from falling off his chair,
until today when he is a country's
idol, she has always been with him.
She helped him learn his lines in the
play, and was always on the set with
him. If she strayed off for even a
few minutes he seemed to sense it,
for there truly seems to live some
unusual bond between them. Now
she is constantly with him, and with
Miss Mary Murphy, his Irish Ameri-
can governess, the three form a trio
who find life is a great and glorious
adventure, full of fun and work.

The scenes in "David Copperfield"
were taken so realistically that Cissy
says she shivered when she saw some
of them. "The little attic room was
so miserable and wretched-looking it
almost seemed a shame to put poor
Freddie in it for only a moment. And
the handcuffs he had to take! But
all he would say was 'They didn't
hurt!'"

SO MANY interesting things have
happened to Freddie since he has
come to America he can't tell you
about enough of them. But there
have been trips to the top of the Em-
pire State Building, visits to the zoo,
a Virginia ham breakfast, malted
milks, fun with Mickey Rooney in
Hollywood.

And one day he was very excited
over a present that was sent to him
by one of the ushers of the Roxy
Theatre in New York. It was a copy
of the book *David Copperfield* with
the pictures of the cast of the screen
version on the cover. And it was
inscribed by the usher: "I have in
my heart of hearts a favorite child.
His name is Freddie."

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**FREE ZONE
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routes. Easily accessible to all
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Send 10 cents for new aug-
mented booklet "Bottoms Up,"
containing foreign mixed drink
recipes. Address Agua Caliente
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California.

On a treasured program he received at the 123rd birthday anniversary of Dickens at the Hotel Brevort in New York given by the Dickens Fellowship of New York, there is written: "For Freddie Bartholomew, inscribed by Sarah Roosevelt, Mother of Franklin Roosevelt." And in his little talk of the evening which Freddie made up himself, he said: "I'm so glad Dickens lived, because if he hadn't, you wouldn't have met tonight, I wouldn't have been in the United States, and I couldn't have met all of you. Could I?"

And another of his treasured mementos is a receipt for five pounds five shillings from the Joseph Brown Memorial Homes for Boys in London, England. It seems that one day Captain Herbert J. Ratcliffe of London flew to Hollywood just for one day to visit an executive friend there. He heard about the little English boy player, and asked to watch him act. Then he asked to be introduced to Freddie, and told him how proud he was of an English lad doing such marvelous work in America.

"I'D LIKE to do something about this, Freddie," Captain Ratcliffe said. "So I'm going to send five pounds to a boy's school I know about in England in your name." And with great pride Freddie showed me this letter: "On the occasion of seeing you make 'David Copperfield' I promised, as an expression of gratitude that you had been chosen to play the important rôle of David, I would give for you a donation to the Crippled Boys' Home in Essex in which I am deeply interested.

"It has given the poor little boys a great deal of happiness to know that a boy their own age and so far away in Hollywood is thinking and sympathizing with them in their sad and unfortunate lives. They send you their best wishes and hope with me that your career will be blessed with good health and happiness and every possible success."

And now Freddie is going to act the part of Greta Garbo's son in "Anna Karenina." He was asked what he was going to say when he met her, and with his chuckling good humor replied, "My Aunt Cissy says I must always be spoken to before I speak." Then he continued, "But if she doesn't talk to me I think I'll say, 'I guess I will go home now'."

Freddie's a real boy . . . don't ever forget that! But he has a brilliant mind for a child . . . a great artist who will live to bless the world . . . and when you see his first play you will think David Copperfield has come to life before your eyes!

And with that play you have seen the birth of genius, and have found a new love. For man or woman, girl or boy, when you meet him you will love this young "Freddie David Copperfield Bartholomew!"

DID YOU KNOW that Gene Raymond, during his prep school football days, held the dubious distinction of running fifty yards the wrong way for a touchdown?

THE TEST THAT SHOCKED A MILLION WOMEN!



Sensational "Bite-Test" Exposes GRITTY FACE POWDERS!

*"I Dropped the Box, I was so
Horried", Writes One Woman!*

BEHIND many a case of sore and irritated skin, behind many a case of dry and coarse skin, lies gritty face powder!

That face powder that looks so smooth to your eye and feels so smooth to your skin, it may be full of grit—tiny, sharp particles that are invisible to the eye but instantly detectable to the teeth.

You can't go on rubbing a gritty face powder into your skin without paying for it in some way. Maybe some of the blemishes with which you are wrestling now are due to nothing less than a gritty face powder. Find out! Ascertain whether the powder you are now using is grit-free or not.

Make This Telling Test!

Take a pinch of your powder and place it between your front teeth. Bring your teeth down on it and grind firmly. If there is any trace of grit in the powder it will be as instantly detectable as sand in spinach.

More than a million women have made this test in the past year as advised by Lady Esther. And thousands of them have written in in righteous indignation over their findings. One woman was so horrified she dropped the powder, box and all, on the floor!

There is one face powder you can be sure contains no grit. That is Lady Esther Face Powder. But satisfy yourself as to that—and at Lady Esther's expense! Your name and address will bring you a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Put it to the "bite-test". Let your teeth convince you that it is absolutely grit-free, the smoothest powder ever touched to cheek.

Make Shade Test, Too!

When you receive the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder try them all for shade, too. Did you know that the wrong shade of face powder can make you look five to ten years older?

Ask any stage director. He will tell you that one type of woman has to have one light while another has to have another or else each will look years older. The same holds for face powder shades. One of five shades is the perfect shade for every woman. Lady Esther offers you the five shades for you to find out which is the one for you!

Mail the coupon now for the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Lady Esther, Evanston, Ill.

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I want to make the "bite-test" and the shade test. Please send me all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder postpaid and free.		
NAME		
ADDRESS		
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If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.		

Don't Worry Over GRAY HAIR

Quickly Tint It This Safe Way

Now, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and Brownatone does it. Prove it—by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair.

Used and approved—for over twenty-three years by thousands of women, Brownatone is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.

Brownatone is only 50¢—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.



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brings your lips
a new
brighter
RED

At last... an indelible, transparent lipstick that hasn't even a hint of purplish undertone! Actually stays red on the lips; and such a red! The brilliant red of Hawaii's gayest flower... the wild Hibiscus... the brightest, most daring, exotic red you have ever seen. Yet, it is so soft in its intensity, it is easy to wear. It makes lips really feminine... gorgeously, appealingly feminine! TATTOO "HAWAIIAN" is pasteless too. Put it on... wipe it off, only the COLOR stays. There has never been anything like "HAWAIIAN" before. The price, \$1, at drug and department stores.

TATTOO "HAWAIIAN" Have FULL ROUND ALLURING CURVES



You can add 3 to 6 inches with Beautipon Cream treatment, which has given thousands a beautiful form. **YOUR MONEY BACK** if your form is not increased after applying Beautipon Cream Treatment for 14 days! Full 30-days' treatment, \$1.00 sent in plain wrapper. The ultra-rapid, positive **GUARANTEED** way to have the bewitching, magnetic, feminine charm you've always longed for.

Read what others say:

"I can scarcely express my delight with the results. Since I started using Beautipon Cream I have increased my chest-line 5 inches! Your Beautipon Cream works like magic and I am thrilled to own a form so feminine and shapely." B.T.
"Your treatment is simply splendid. I am filling out and getting larger and rounder." B.T.
"I have put 3 inches on my chest measurement, and increased 10 lbs. in weight." G.

Free! "Fascinating Loveliness" Free!
The world famous Beauty Expert's Course, "Fascinating Loveliness" for which thousands have paid \$1.00 will be sent **FREE** if you send \$1.00 for Beautipon Cream Treatment NOW. **OFFER LIMITED. SEND \$1.00 TODAY.** Add 25¢ for foreign countries.

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Cystex

I COVER THE STARS

(From page 31)

going to prove so popular on the desert. Cacti will be blooming all around Palm Springs, and in the San Jacinto range.

Days of sunbathing, swimming, horse-back riding and bicycling... nights of movies, keno, dining and dancing... scores of interesting, amusing, clever and unusual people.

How Palm Springs has grown! Sometimes I'm afraid it has been a bit too fast. It makes me think of the Florida boom. Yet, everybody who is anybody and can afford it, is building down there.

DINED with the cheery Earl Coffman's at the Desert Inn, dean of all desert resorts, and well-known as one of America's foremost successful hotels. Nearby was King Vidor and a crowd; in the corner Adolphe Menjou looking, I thought, not too well, and Verree Teasdale, his wife, a tall willowy blonde who looked at him adoringly. Margaret Sullivan and husband, William Wyler, were there too, and so was Frank Capra.

I stayed at El Mirador. I usually do because the Warren Pinneys who run it are the grandest people on earth, and also because of its wonderful swimming pool. As usual the Pinney's are doing a land-office business with hardly a vacancy all season long.

Down at La Quinta, where the food is delicious and the serenity of the desert at its best, we lunched and dined several times. Near-by on one occasion sat the Cedric Gibbons. Dolores Del Rio does look quite as lovely off the screen as on.

Another day Constance Bennett, in pale sky-blue silk lounging pajamas, looking a lot younger than her years, sat with a Mrs. Goetz from Chicago. The Marquis was not there, but the Marquise Gloria Swanson, with her hair clipped a la Benda-mask, came in with Herbert Marshall.

WENDING my way eastward ran into the Gary Coopers, she in a quilted, colored-plaid dress with green, tall-crowned felt hat, dining at Bill Wrigley's wonderful Arizona Biltmore near Phoenix. They'd flown in for some real desert riding, and a couple of days later flew back to the coast.

And down in Tucson lunched with Tom Mix one Sunday afternoon, and a bit later on with Will Rogers. Tom was there with a circus outfit, and Will was watching the boys work out at the University of Arizona.

Boulder Dam is proving more popular than before. The last time I was there, before they let the water in, Jessica and Dick Barthelmess had just gone through it all with Major Young, the engineer in charge.

Later they followed us up to Furnace Creek Inn at Death Valley, and together with Ronald Colman, Janet Gaynor and her mother we all had great fun. Mrs. Vanderbilt is something of a pilot herself. At least she took the Stinson five-seater up seven thousand feet over Dante's View and got a wonderful out-

BETTER HURRY!

If you have not already sent for your beautiful 1935 Calendar-Thermometer as offered in the NR (Nature's Remedy) advertisement on page 72, do so at once as the supply of these attractive calendars showing a beautiful parrot illuminated in Red, Blue and Gold, is limited. All you have to do to secure this attractive Calendar-Thermometer which will be sent you absolutely free, is to refer to the NR (Nature's Remedy) ad on page 72, then send your name and address (enclosing stamp to pay for packing and postage) to the desk indicated. Sample of Nature's Remedy, the famous all-vegetable laxative, together with sample of TUMS, the delicious candy-like antacid mints for fussy stomach, will also be sent free of charge with your Calendar-Thermometer. (advertisement)



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Salaries of Men and Women in the fascinating profession of Swedish Massage and Physio-Therapy vary from about \$40.00 up to \$75.00 per week with room and board often included Free, but more often those who qualify, after a few short weeks of study, choose to establish their own offices with correspondingly greater possibilities of large incomes.

Tremendous opportunities lie before you in this unworked field which is now open to you without having to leave your present work until you qualify as an expert and can command an expert's pay.

This interesting big pay profession was heretofore open to a select few but now its closely guarded secrets are available to you through our home study instruction. All lessons have been prepared in our great resident school here in Chicago, the same teachers and the same material is used and the same diploma awarded you. The Cost is unbelieveably low—the terms so easy anyone can meet them.

LARGE INCOMES FROM DOCTORS, hospitals, sanitariums, clubs and private patients are bound to come to those of our graduates who profit by the thousands of opportunities available to make money. Mr. Charles R. Wiscosan, writes, "At times I have had to turn away people; I have been so busy the depression never touched me." Miss Childe, Baltimore, Maryland, says, "I already have over 40 patients. I hope many others take your course and profit financially and socially as I have. Hundreds and hundreds of graduates have written similar letters. Get into Swedish Massage and Physio-Therapy through our "Right in Your own Home" Plan."

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The field of "Taking off fat" offers untold possibilities. Hollywood stars have found Swedish Massage the most effective method and the whole world is ready to follow their example.

Women must have stylish figures, men must keep in trim and rich patients by the thousands are willing to pay big for results.

Our course includes special lessons in this work.

Here is a profession, now open to you, which makes you a public benefactor; for the skill we teach you is of great aid in many human ailments as well as in building beauty—it offers you position, both professional and social, it offers you independence, freedom from worry and the respect and admiration of your neighbors and friends.

ANATOMY CHARTS AND SUPPLIES FREE
Anatomy charts, medical dictionary, professional uniform (for either man or woman), patented reducing roller, Hydro-Therapy supplies, all are included without one cent of extra cost.

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line of the weird desert formations from up there. Wallace Beery flew in with a group of technicians who are to help him film Death Valley Scotty's life, and Mary Carlisle came in later on, too.

My vote for the best-looking lass in Palm Springs goes to Jack Kirkland's bride. An actress herself, a licensed air pilot, Jane Kirkland is quite the most attractive young woman I've met in Hollywood. By the way, Jack is the successful author of "Tobacco Road" and other successes.

And half a mile beyond the El Mirador, Charlie Farrell is proud master of two fine tennis courts, and a fifty-two-acre tract he's just completed. He's as nice a chap as I've met in ages, and as natural as a soda-water jerker. Groucho Marx and Sam Goldwyn have been flicking the ball about all day, while in the other court a brisk match between the Ed Flynns has been going on.

Then there are, of course, those who prefer the natural mountain resorts in winter to the desert. Among them are the Walt Disneys who put in a lot of time at Awahnee. So did Ted Fiorito whenever he could get away from the orchestra long enough. And Betty Furness and Lilian Harvey skimmed in there too. It's been a grand winter for sliding, skating and bob-sledding, as there hasn't been so much snow in years.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN and Paulette Goddard have preferred to get their winter near home, so they've week-ended often up at Arrowhead. Charlie is quite enraptured with the place. So much so that he even wrote a poem for publication about it!

Not many have gone to Catalina this winter, but Donald Crisp, who has a large new yawl of which he is very proud, has been among them. Jane Murfin, his attractive wife, is the only woman director in pictures, and at times she's been off sailing too. And I would suspect from her complexion that maybe Katharine Hepburn has been along.

La Venta down at Palos Verdes, and Chapel Inn at Arcadia, vie with one another as the most popular places for tête-à-tête meals. Saw Gracie Allen and George Burns deep in affectionate regard at the latter place the other day. However, I personally prefer Thelma Todd's wonderful place at Malibu Beach, or the Mission Inn, in which to do my romancing!

Correction

MOTION PICTURE takes this opportunity to correct a statement in the article, "For Rent—a Few Palaces," in the January issue. Winifred Aydelotte, the author, was misinformed in stating that John McCormack's home rented for \$450. The rental of the famous Irish tenor's beautiful nine-room cottage has never been less than \$600—plus water taxes. Anxious for accuracy, MOTION PICTURE sincerely regrets the error and any embarrassment it may have caused Mr. McCormack.

The old fear gone—forever!



SOME WOMEN still suffer regularly; martyrs to the time of month.

*

OTHERS have put this martyrdom all behind them. The days they once dreaded are just a memory. They approach this time without fear. They pass it without the old discomfort.

*

MIDOL has made periodic pain a thing of the past for many, many women.

*

"OH, YES" say some who have read about it, and heard about it, "but my suffering is so severe, and I've tried so many things that didn't help! Midol may not end all the pain for me."

*

TRUE, there are women who are not relieved of every trace of pain when they take these tablets. But they get such a large measure of relief that they are quite comfortable in comparison.

*

AND the comfort you get from Midol is not momentary, not an interlude, but sustained comfort from the very start. In fact—

*

THE BEST TIME to begin with Midol is before any discomfort is felt.

*

YOU MAY escape all pain.

*

YOU ARE SURE to have an easier time.

THE ACTION of this medicine is effective for hours, and two tablets should see you through your worst day.

*

SO why postpone this welcome comfort another month?

*

ONE REASON some women still hesitate to try Midol is their doubt of its being as effective as advertised. Doubters should ask anyone who has tried it!

*

ANOTHER REASON for hesitating to take these tablets is the fear that Midol may be a narcotic. It is not.

*

THE NEXT time you are in a drug store, pick up a package of Midol. You'll find it displayed on the counter. If not, just ask for Midol.

*

TUCK the slim little aluminum case of Midol tablets in your purse, and be all prepared. Be prepared to "be yourself" all through the days which might otherwise be given over to the usual pain and discomfort.

*

YOU'LL be grateful!

P. S. It's a true kindness to tell any periodical sufferer about this real relief. Don't keep your discovery a secret!

How to be a SWEET LITTLE WIFE



If you want to be sweet and cheerful, you should first get rid of your aches and pains with Lydia E. Pinkham's Tablets

Perhaps you are a cross little girl. Perhaps you know you are cross . . . and just can't help it.

Girls always have some reason for being cross, so the first thing you should do is find the reason for your bad disposition. If you have a nice husband, you should please him by becoming a sweet little wife.

ACHES and PAINS

Most girls are a little bit cross each month when they are suffering from cramps, headaches, backaches, and other discomforts.

You can't help being mean to your husband when you are in pain . . . but you can stop the pain.

All that you have to do is go to your nearest drug store and buy a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Tablets. Take them according to directions and you will find that your pains and discomforts will quickly disappear. You will be your own gay self again. You will be a sweet little wife and worthy of a nice husband.

ARE YOU NERVOUS?

If your nerves are all on edge, this condition may be caused by the pain from which you have been suffering each month. You will find that Lydia E. Pinkham's Tablets will help to calm your quivering nerves.

SINGING MADE EASY FREE BOOK

Write to-day for FREE 32 page book, "How To Make Money With Your Voice", which shows how to develop the beauty and power of your voice for RADIO—STAGE—SCREEN—OPERA—CHURCH—through a home-study Conservatory Singing Course in Voice Development, Sight Singing, Muscle Building and Control, Elocution, Interpretation, and Style. Individual training for beginners, advanced students, teachers, and children, by instructors of wide American and European experience. Big improvement assured in amazingly short time. Low tuition; easy terms. Write for free book.

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FADED streaks — dull strands — grayness — all vanish at the touch of this famous clear, water-like liquid. Just comb it on and color comes: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Hair stays soft—easy to curl or wave. Entirely SAFE. Millions know this time-tested way. Get bottle from your drug-gist or department store on money-back guarantee.



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Develop only where needed. Neck, arms, face, etc., with my new **VENUS CREAM-METHOD** designed to develop shapeliness, lift sagging tissues, fill out scrawny necks, arms, and unsightly hollows. To convince you, I'll send former \$1 size for only 25c. Money-back if you're not amazed with results!

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Mercolized Wax



Keeps Skin Young

Absorb all blemishes and discolorations and make your skin smooth, soft and healthy with the daily use of pure Mercolized Wax. This single, all-purpose beauty aid is the only cream necessary for the proper care of your skin. Mercolized Wax cleanses, softens, lubricates, bleaches and protects. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed, clearing away freckles, tan and other blemishes. Your complexion becomes so beautifully clear and velvety soft, your face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of your skin.

Phelactine removes hairy growths—takes them out—easily, quickly and gently. Leaves the skin hair free. Phelactine is the modern, odorless facial depilatory that fastidious women prefer.

Powdered Saxolite

is a refreshing stimulating astringent lotion when dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel. It reduces wrinkles and other age lines. When used daily, Saxolite refines coarse-textured skin, eliminates excessive oiliness and makes the skin glow with fresh, warm, youthful color.

THE FLICKER OF AN EYELASH

(From page 51)

take its place. The oil applied every night nourishes them and also makes them look more silky.

A year or so ago I got awfully thin, down to ninety-eight pounds, and it was very unbecoming. It showed mostly in my neck and shoulders, and even my fans began to write me about it. One of them actually sent me a suggestion for filling up those ugly hollows. I took her advice and today I weigh one hundred and twelve pounds. Of course proper eating also helped me to put on the weight, but the exercise she showed me helped put it where it belonged.

The exercise is standing on your hands and throwing your legs up against the wall and remaining there as long as you can. You may be afraid to try it alone at first but if you can do a hand stand at all, or even attempt one, have somebody standing by ready to help you lift your legs up against the wall. The wall braces you, of course, and you can't fall. You see, part of the secret of putting on weight and rounding out curves is to increase the circulation in that part of the body. When you stand on your hands, the blood rushes to your shoulders and to your head. Also putting your weight on your arms increases your arm and shoulder muscles. You'll be surprised, too, how this helps to develop your chest. It sounds goofy, maybe, but just try it.

And here is something which my doctor prescribed that I would like to pass along to you. Do you know what's the grandest thing for you when you are tired, or when you don't feel very well? Just lie down on a bed, or on a couch, but instead of putting a pillow under your head, put several of them under your back so that you raise the lower part of your body. We seldom ever walk, sit down, stand or lie down in that position, and it's a complete change for your system.

All of us out here in the movies have a special problem to face. When we are working, we must wake up and get up at six-thirty at the latest, and we have to be on the set looking beautiful by nine. It's difficult to do! Yet it is no more important for us than for any girl. Most people never look quite themselves before noon, but if you'll step into an ice cold shower the minute you get up, it will help. And none of this starting with it warm and gradually making it cold, either! In fact, you should even let the cold water run for a minute or so, so it gets good and cold before you step into it. It's the grandest eye-opener and beauty treatment in the world.

Now you can really make a movie test of yourself—if you can stand it. When you get dressed to go out, don't stop at just being satisfied with the reflection you see of yourself as you look face forward into the mirror. If possible, have two large mirrors, opposite each other, so you can see the view from the back and also from the side. You may seem perfectly O.K. "fore," but how is everything "aft"?

CHARLES LAUGHTON CHOOSES HIS OWN ACADEMY WINNERS

(From page 21)

the girls had accepted his invitation to dinner. But don't get me started on Chaplin. I could talk about him the rest of the day and not say half of it.

"Maureen O'Sullivan is important because she presents an aspect of life that is sweet and simple, utterly naive and unspoiled. Mothers viewing her on the screen would like to have her as their daughter. Steffi Duna must be considered because of her direct quality. She is superb. Her work is honest. One of the most passionate love scenes I've ever seen was Fred Astaire's 'Night and Day' number in 'The Gay Divorcée.' By sheer innuendo he suggested what less gifted actors could never have gotten across.

"My list, of course, is far from complete. There were many pictures last year I was unable to see. One in particular I regret missing was 'Of Human Bondage,' for I have heard so much about the magnificent performance given by Miss Bette Davis."

"What should youngsters starting out in the business remember?"

"Beginners should study the good ones to find out how they function, but never imitate them. That applies to all of us, too."

It's interesting that those close to the top in any profession "have a lot to learn." I only wish a few other "big shot" actors shared Mr. Laughton's views.



Virginia Bruce wears this tan camel's hair and brown tweed ensemble in her newest picture hit, "Times Square Lady"

Romance in the Grand Manner

The world's best movie novels appear in the pages of Romantic Movie Stories. In the May issue, *Cardinal Richelieu*, starring George Arliss and Maureen O'Sullivan, brings you all the glamour of the court of France during the most thrillingly romantic period in history—Ginger Rogers and William Powell in a dramatic love story, *Star of Midnight*—Chester Morris and Virginia Bruce in *Society Doctor*, a thrill-packed romance—and many other complete film stories. Also cash prizes for solving *The Casino Murder Case*.



AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

Editorial "We"



COCKTAILS FOR TWO HUNDRED: It's been a gay month. Parties for so many picturesque people. Merle Oberon and Leslie Howard were given a cocktail party in honor of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," only Mr. Howard was in the hospital. The slender Miss Oberon, in black satin and a tiny veil, almost didn't get there either but when she did the rush became a stampede. . . . Warner Brothers honored Rudy Vallée by a tea-dance for "Sweet Music," and we sat facing Wallace Beery and Noah Beery. The news photographers were as busy with the flashlights in that corner as they were at Mr. Vallée's table. The decision having been in his favor after a verbal spanking to Fay Webb by the judge, he looked like the young Rudy again who used to slay the girls from Vassar at his club on East Sixtieth Street in New York City. We ourselves were most susceptible to his music—it was "Sweet Music," all right. . . . Jack Dempsey gave a press dinner in New York at "Dempsey's Corner" across from the Gardens. Very gala-gala, and there must have been two thousand there instead of two hundred. Hannah Williams, his soft-voiced, soft-eyed wife, was hostess to all those newspaper people. She's lovely and she loves Jack and their baby more than her career as a blues singer. We're glad we were in New York for it, though we almost didn't make the train that night.

PITY THE POOR AUTHOR: As the author of a movie once—we mean we wrote the original story and got paid for it—we can sympathize with Samuel Hopkins Adams over the Academy Awards. After all, "It Happened One Night," was his creation, but where does he come in? Perhaps he doesn't mind so long as he has a serial appearing in our magazine and is getting proper and due credit and appreciation for it. It's mostly dialogue, as you can see for yourself, and it's delightful, with a punch coming toward the end in about another month. . . . The reason we feel abused is that we liked Loretta Young's characterization of our heroine, Claire MacIntyre, thought up all by ourselves for "Big Business Girl." We wrote and asked Miss Young for an autographed photograph but apparently forgot to include ten cents in stamps for we never got a reply. Now we like Miss Young, and we know it wasn't her fault, but just the same we'd still like that picture of her. . . . Another novelist who has reason for some pain is Alice Duer Miller who wrote the serial "Gowns by Roberta" from which "Roberta" was made. She's a well-known *Saturday Evening Post* writer and novelist, and there is no reason at all why her name should not appear on the title page of the movie along with the assistant cutter, the second sound recorder, etc., etc. Is there? "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" is still a lovely song and breaks our heart, Mr. Kern.

POP-EYE THE SAILOR MAN: Pop-eye has been growing on us, after annoying us almost to homicide with an ice-skating picture which we kept running into everywhere we went, but now

we have seen the sleep-walking one, which has converted us. We have often wondered about the people responsible for animated cartoons, so we finally dug up the information that the only woman out of all the hundreds of aspirants over the past score of years who is now a full-fledged animator is Lillian Friedman, a twenty-two-year-old girl who has been given screen credit as well as a contract. No one knows why she has succeeded, except that she refuses to be confused and just sits for hours drawing the same caricature over and over in different poses. What we want to know is—is there a future in it?



GEORGE ARLISS as "Cardinal Richelieu." If the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences had asked for our vote, we'd have chosen him as best for his work in "The House of Rothschild."

NEW FANS: Readers are suddenly aware of Frank Capra and want to know something about him. In March *MOTION PICTURE* Jim Tully commented on him as a neighbor and some day we intend to give you a profile of the man. As "Broadway Bill's" director he has captured many fans. If we were writing ourself a letter we'd ask for more news of Charles Ruggles, Ned Sparks, Hugh Herbert and Sterling Holloway, who have given us more pleasure in bad times than many handsomer profiles.

CRITIC VS. CENSORSHIP: Andre Seenwald in *The New York Times* has amused us mightily by attacking Mr. George Jean Nathan's attack on the cinema. Says Mr. Seenwald, "Only among the decadent intelligentsia is it still fashionable to regard the screen as the idiot hall brother of the peep show. Mr. Nathan has presented an imposing series of titles intended to prove that the great motion pictures need have no fear of censorial butcheries. Naturally, the only useful way to measure the effects of the current purity crusade is to mention current films. What then are the 1934 photoplays which Mr. Nathan considers to be such great screen achievements that they cannot be injured by censorship? In order, they are 'The House of Rothschild,' 'Little Miss Marker,' 'Palooka' and 'Convention City.' As a representative quartet of the cinema's achievements during the year just ended, this is one which not even a subsidized trade reviewer would dare issue publicly. . . . The four titles prove nothing except that Mr. Nathan, in his arrogant and contemptuous contemplation of the screen, is guilty of the type of undocumented and amateurish critical logic against which he himself has fought so brilliantly in the theatre."

FAVORITE CHILD ACTOR: "Spanky" of "Our Gang." They have added Cecilia Murray to the company. Watch her—she's joyous and cute and a contest winner. Don't forget to send your picture, or anybody's picture, to our Movie Star Contest Editor, will you? You'll find the details on page six and you wouldn't mind some extra money, would you?

JOAN CRAWFORD'S AMAZING CHARACTER TEST

In May SCREEN BOOK a famous psychiatrist makes a complete analysis of Joan, based on the remarkable facts in her life and career. The revelations about her personality are astonishing. Every woman will want to apply this unique test to herself.



Other unusual features in the May issue, now available at all newsstands include—*Every Star Has a Double of the Opposite Sex* . . . *Grace Moore's Bohemian Adventures* . . . interviews with Claudette Colbert, Jessie Matthews, Adolphe Menjou, Anna Sten, Alice Faye and many others.

SCREEN BOOK

May SCREEN BOOK brings a beautiful array of spring style creations straight from Hollywood . . . valuable free beauty service for every woman . . . and distinctive features found in no other magazine . . . don't miss the one last opportunity to enter the Ruby Keeler Scholarship Contest!

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"I 'get a lift with a Camel' when I'm tired," says Edward Kent. "And the fact that tobaccos of a choicer quality are used in Camels goes far to explain why Camels are so mild and pleasing!"

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MILDNESS!

Betty Chase, expert skater, says: "Camels are so mild! And to me it's a very important fact that Camels use finer tobaccos."

JEAN HARLOW TELLS WHAT HOLLYWOOD HAS TAUGHT HER

MOTION PICTURE

JUNE

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TO ME ABOUT LOVE**
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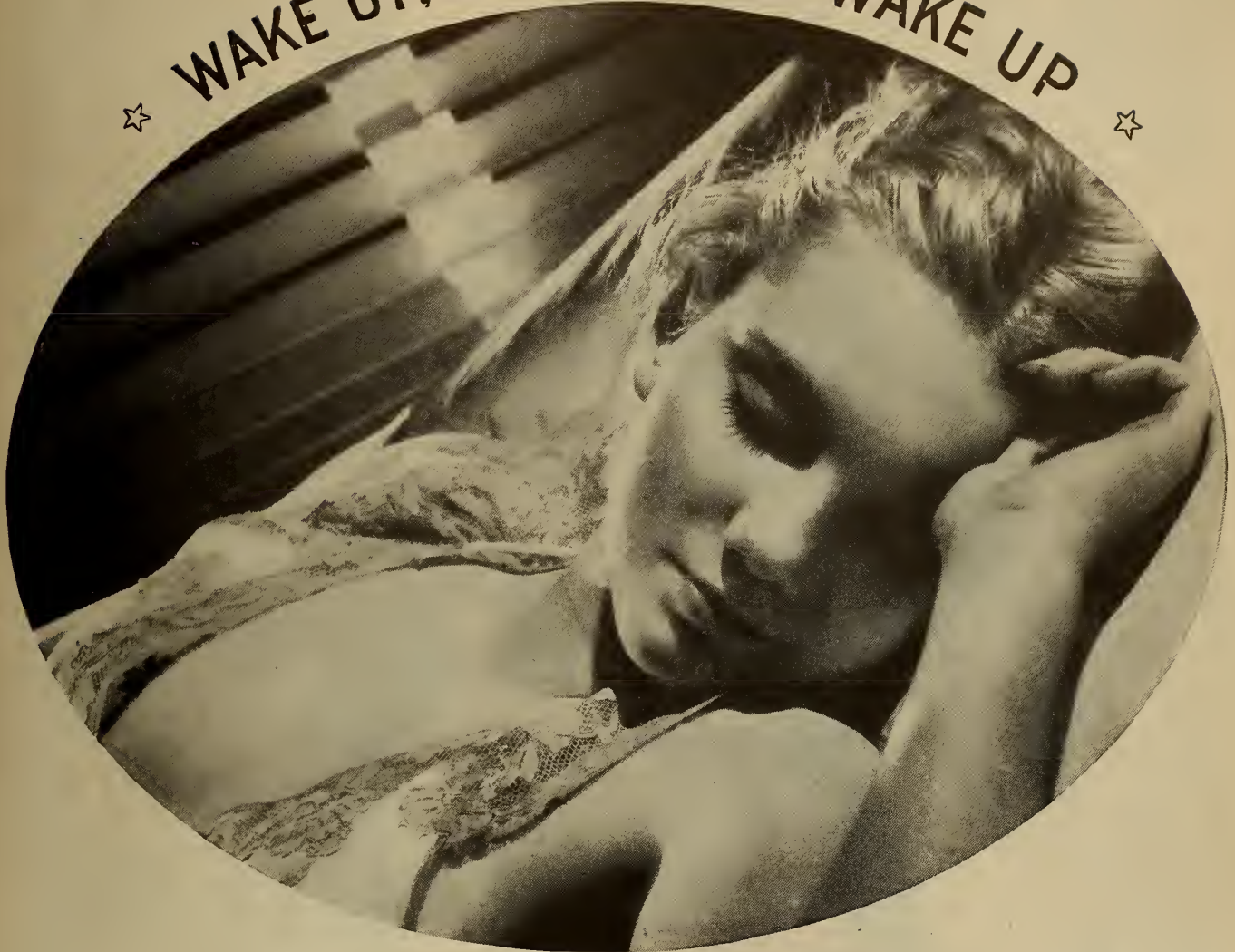
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A CANTER with that nice Princeton boy over the Westchester hills, green and misty ... luncheon at the Ritz with Paul and Frank and Leila ... to the matinee with Jud ... then in Charlie's plane to New Haven and that wonderful party where your partner will be a real prince ... What a lucky girl you are to be so popular! What's that you say ... It's not all luck? A little forethought and common sense mixed in, you maintain ... How right you are, little Miss Charming.

* * *

A girl may be pretty and witty and appealing, but unless her

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P. S. Do not make the mistake of assuming that you never have halitosis. Due to processes of fermentation that go on even in normal mouths, halitosis visits everyone at some time or other. *The insidious thing about it is that you never know when.*

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Thrill to the tap, tap, tap of her dancing feet in "The Trocadero". See her sell kisses for \$500 each. Cruise with her on "The Honeymoon ship". Romp with her in "The Dormitory Pajama Party". Hear her sing the blues. Gorgeous Jean Harlow teamed with William Powell is heading your way in the biggest musical show of the century with a throbbing love story as exciting as its title.



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TONE
MAY
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TED HEALY
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DAVID O. SELZNICK

Directed by
VICTOR FLEMING
A METRO-GOLDWYN-
MAYER PICTURE

MOTION PICTURE

ROSCOE FAWCETT
Editor

LAURENCE REID
Managing Editor

JUNE, 1935

Volume XLIX, No. 5 Twenty-Fourth Year

WHY GARBO'S FRIENDS DARE NOT TALK

More words, and fewer facts, have been written about Greta Garbo than any other star in films. Greta really is a sociable creature. She has many friends and goes many places. But her friends won't talk about what she does...and for a good reason! If you want to know what this reason is, read the July issue of MOTION PICTURE

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J. EUGENE CHRISMAN, Western Editor



1. Audrey Denny, Newark, Ohio. 2. Ann Harding 3. Helen Howe Gianelli, New York City. 4. Bette Davis

Do You Look Like a Star?

\$500 PRIZE CONTEST

\$250 in the bag for someone who looks like Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, 'Dietrich, Garbo . . . or any of the hundred other luminaries who flame in Hollywood's sky! Or maybe your grocery boy has the earmarks of an Astaire, or your French beauty operator may have the looks of Colbert. There's actual money in this contest . . . and imagine being able to prove to your friends that you really do look like a star . . . that the editor of MOTION PICTURE thought you did to the extent of \$250, \$100, \$50, \$25, or even \$5 worth! North, West, East or South . . . send in your entries today!

Prizes

First Prize \$250.00

Second Prize \$100.00

Fourth Prize \$25.00

Third Prize \$50.00

Fifteen Prizes \$5.00

Rules of the Contest

Send in your photograph (any one will do, but don't expect us to return it) or a photograph of your Aunt Mary or the street-car conductor, or anybody you think looks like a star. Paste on the back the name and address of the person in the picture and the name of the actress or actor the photograph resembles (we should be able to tell, but if we can't it won't be our fault). Each month we will publish the photographs we think most closely match the physiognomy of a star, and the nineteen winners will be selected from all the photos submitted up to the closing date of the contest, midnight, June 1, 1935. Winners will be announced soon thereafter. In event of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Address MOTION PICTURE Star Contest Editor, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

5. Irene L. Robinson, Rochester, N.Y. 6. Madge Evans 7. Catherine M. Mulhall, East Orange, N.J. 8. Mary Astor



HE JOINED THE HOWLING MOB TO CELEBRATE HIS OWN ASSASSINATION!

And when his strange figure walked into their midst, not one of these, his mortal enemies, dared lay hand on him. Such was the power of this man who defied a King and threw a world into tumult that a wisp of a girl might marry the boy she loved.

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With

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Edward Arnold • Francis Lister
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20TH
CENTURY
PICTURE

Motion Picture for June, 1935

The TALKIE TOWN Tattler

Choice morsels of gossip and news about the latest and liveliest goings-on in Hollywood



By

J. Eugene Chrisman

Taking A Bow

HERE is your Hollywood correspondent, taking his first bow as *The Talkie Town Tattler*. When I refer to myself as *The Tattler* in the future, you'll know who I mean.

It's a kick, even for an old-timer like myself, to circulate the highways and byways of Cinema Town and gather up the keyhole items for the boys and girls out yonder. Of course, even a *Tattler* must shut his eyes and ears at times, if he wants to continue to be invited to the best cocktail parties; but take them by and large, Hollywood's picture people are swell folks.

Just to prove my point, a coal miner, turned evangelist, came to Movietown to tear off a few sermons in AIMEE SEMPLE MacPHERSON'S temple. His name is JACK MUNYON, and he came from Pittsburgh with the idea that Hollywood's streets were flowing with



—Wide World

Clara Bow, fond mother of a son nearly half a year old, is seen about Hollywood and environs again, as vivacious as ever. She and her husband, Rex Bell, the Western star (right) were photographed at Santa Anita race track on the closing day



—Irving Lippman

J. Eugene Chrisman, *The Talkie Town Tattler* in person (left), and Victor Jory, Columbia star

gin, its brothels wide open and its night spots sizzling dens of iniquity. In other words, he came looking for sin in what he believed to be our modern Babylon.

Hearing that I know Hollywood like a palmist knows his own palm, he invited me to act as his guide on a tour of the night spots. First we looked in at the Hangover, on Sunset, and stayed for thirty minutes before being bored stiff. Next to the Clover, also on Sunset, and not a movie personage in the crowd. A stop at the Trocadero, and there we found plenty of movieites, but no sin—not a bit. BILL POWELL and JEAN HARLOW were there with friends, enjoying a quiet and refined cocktail, and so were LYLE TABLOT and some girl we didn't know. Even GEORGE RAFT, whom the Reverend expected to

pack a gat, was enjoying his in the same manner.

The Reverend insisted we walk back to the Roosevelt Hotel, but I told him we couldn't. It was ten P.M. and Hollywood takes in its sidewalks at nine.

Behind Party Smiles

WENT down to San Pedro the other night in a party that included ANITA PAGE and the WARREN WILLIAMSSES. We had dinner in the captain's cabin of an old sailing ship, and I didn't know then that the lovely ANITA was planning an annulment of her marriage to NACIO HERB BROWN. I promised to save ANITA if she fell into the water, but she didn't.

[Continued on page 10]

THE BLUE OF HER EYES—THE SCARLET OF HER LIPS

Bewitching Queen of Coquettes...care-free charmer...whose beauty blazed in conquest...while the world about her flamed! The private life of the world's most glamorous adventuress...who used men as stepping stones...and made history. Told against an exciting and colorful background...as big as the mighty events through which its drama rolls!...Re-created on the Technicolor screen...its breathless beauty will burst upon the world in radiant life...and glorious color!

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A ROUBEN MAMOULIAN PRODUCTION

How the Readers Rate Them!

ACTING AWARDS PRAISED

(\$20 Prize Letter)

THREE cheers for the Academy Awards! No one can find fault with giving the statuettes to Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable. They are two of the most versatile actors in Hollywood. Each never fails to give an inspired performance, filled with genuine intelligent acting and sincere appreciation of their respective parts. The tremendous strides forward each has made in the past two years is amazing. *It Happened One Night* was the turning point in screen fare that has brought us out of the heavy, dragging dramas we had been getting, into an era of delightful, amusing plays such as *The Thin Man*, *The Good Fairy*, and others such.—MRS. E. T. BENNICASA, 1983 Union St., San Francisco, Calif.

And the entertaining ones keep coming. See Naughty Marietta, Folies Bergere, Roberta, Ruggles of Red Gap, to mention a few.

THE CONTROVERSY'S ON!

(\$10 Prize Letter)

I THOUGHT the annual Academy Awards were given for the best ACTING of the year. Evidently not. This year, it seems, acting was overlooked in favor of popularity. Surely Gable and Colbert don't deserve this award. Their performances were charming but not the "best." Bette Davis and Leslie Howard in *Of Human Bondage* gave the public acting that is impossible to surpass. In Gable's case, *personality* was confused with *acting*. Anyway, I think the public is better qualified to pick the best performances than these favored judges.—DOLORES FORD, 2514 Verbena St., New Orleans, La.

You've entered a big argument, Miss Ford. Just how much of acting is *personality*? You'll probably find many to agree with you on Bette Davis and Leslie Howard.

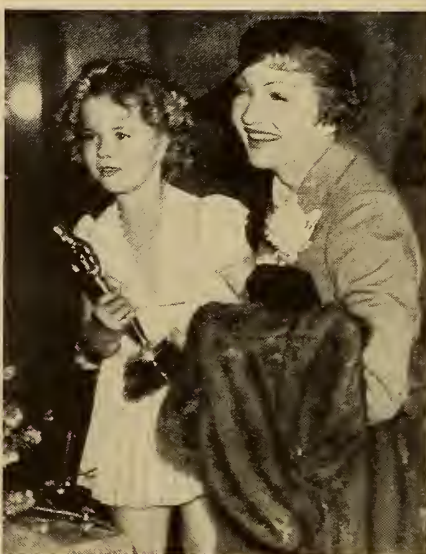
WRONG ABOUT SHIRLEY

(\$5 Prize Letter)

MY APOLOGIES to the youthful Miss Temple! Being fond of children as children, I grew a little sick when I visualized the change I believed was eventually due in the bewitching Shirley. Well, I was wrong. *The Little Colonel* has conclusively proved the fallacy of my belief. Miss Temple improves with her success. She does not need ruffles and brief panties and cute lines to put her across. She is holding her own with cynical movie audiences through real merit alone.—MRS. HELENE A. SAUM, 603 Capitol St., Yankton, S. Dak.

Your opinion is shared by countless thousands of fans. The Little Colonel may not have received as much critical approval as some of Shirley Temple's pictures, but her individual performance was generally acclaimed.

Your opinions on movie plays and players may win cash for your purse! Three prizes—\$20, \$10 and \$5—are awarded every month for the best letters received. Address the Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



Shirley Temple, Academy Award winner along with Claudette Colbert, brings the most fan mail to this department

Honorable Mention

IN DEFENSE OF GABLE

PASTOR Prays for Gable to Become Billy Sunday," is the looming headline in a newspaper. The youthful, Gable denouncing, Hopedale, Ohio, minister gained publicity. How deluded we are in believing Gable, a Hopedale boy, has made good when he's actually "gone to the dogs."

Clark Gable is undeserving of such an unjust, vitriolic outburst. He is a splendid actor, seemingly wholly unspoiled and devoid of affectation. But let us not be too severe in our condemnation of the minister whose life problems at twenty-five years are probably all theoretical. Gable has tasted life and we rejoice that, like his ambition and talents, his intellect is not cramped.—ANITA A. BIEN, 3377 Warrensville Center Rd., Shaker Heights, Ohio.

We wish we could answer that unjust attacks on motion picture personalities are not worth taking seriously. But, unfortunately, any sort of oratory seems to find ready listeners these days.

PRODUCERS ARE FUNNY

AREN'T movie producers funny? They took *David Copperfield* and reproduced it faithfully; they discarded all but the title and setting of *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*; they adapted *The Gay Divorcée* to their own medium and left *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* as it appeared on the stage! Yet there must be some hidden method in their madness, for every one was a smash hit! I'm content to let Hollywood go its strange and devious way so long as it continues to turn out such grand entertainment. In the final analysis, what more can one ask?—(Miss) A. B. VIERHAUS, Copake, N. Y.

It's Hollywood's daring experimentation that has developed movies so rapidly, in the face of all handicaps. Think of buying the stage comedy, *Sailor Beware*, spending many thousands of dollars on it, then junking the story completely!

AN INVALUABLE RECORD

I FOUND bound issues of MOTION PICTURE as far back as 1911 in the Congressional Library. It was a real pleasure to read about some of the well-known stars of the films who are still with us today, as glorious as ever, if more subdued. John Gilbert, Mary Pickford, Billie Burke, Harold Lloyd, Richard Dix . . . still before us, and acting better than ever before. Keep the new faces coming, keep the older ones before us, and keep a reliable medium of information like your magazine, and we will keep going to movies.—A. PEARL MCPHERSON, 104 W. Thornapple St., Chevy Chase, Md.

You may, count on it—MOTION PICTURE, with new features and fresh spirit, will carry on. Its pages are devoted to capturing the romance and glamour of Hollywood—and telling you all about the stars, oldtimers and newcomers.

SUPPORT FROM THE PULPIT

TO HEAR the minister of your church tell his congregation to go and see that great picture, *The Little Minister*, and its great star, Katharine Hepburn, is, in my estimation, one of the finest tributes that could be paid the motion picture industry. This industry has emerged from the line of fire of the campaign for clean pictures, greater than ever; and in appreciation for the truly great pictures, the public should give the support at the boxoffice it justly deserves.—C. J. WHITON, 211 Oakley Ave., Rockford, Ill.

The screen has many staunch defenders among the clergy who have not advocated and will not advocate blacklists or censorship.

[Continued on page 81]

The GIBSON FAMILY

Pretty Sally Gibson isn't spoofing when she says she owes her lovely complexion to Ivory Soap.

WHEN SALLY WAS A BABY she had daily baths with pure Ivory—on Doctor MacCrea's advice. And Ivory kept her sensitive skin soft and comfortable as a baby's should be.

LATER ON, in the 'teens—when Sally's friends were falling all over themselves trying out "beauty" and "complexion" soaps—Sally still clung to her pure Ivory treatments. "I *like* Ivory," she protested. "It's white and clean-smelling—and it leaves my skin feeling so fresh!"

AND NOW, when Sally looks into her mirror she sees a flawless Ivory complexion.

It's never too late! Start cleansing *your* face with Ivory—"the soap that is safe for a baby's skin"—

IVORY SOAP • • 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE



"AND SO—the heroine washed her face with Ivory Soap," relates Sally, entertaining two visiting Sunday School pupils. "Then—the hero saw she was simply beautiful—"

"Do you use this same Ivory, Miss Gibson?" asks adoring Rosika.

"Yes, since I was a tiny baby," says Sally, "because my doctor said I must have a pure gentle soap."

"You see!" nods Rosika to Anna. "Let's use Ivory—so's our skins'll look like Miss Sally's!"

PURE IVORY DOES NOT DRY THE SKIN



"THIS PARTY DRESS will make a hit at the style show!" happily sighs the buyer of "misses' dresses."

"Don't forget, Miss Marsh, to tell customers how beautifully this organdie washes with Ivory Flakes. We're advising Ivory exclusively in this Washable Summer-Fashions Show!"

"Count on me!" says Dot. "After all the teddies and stockings and silk dresses I've kept going for months by using Ivory, I'll be a grand little Ivory talker."

FINE STORES SAY, "USE PURE IVORY FLAKES"



"GEE, I THOUGHT this was a kitchen shower," says Bobby Gibson. "Whatcha giving Miss Peters all of that Ivory for?"

"Son!" answers Mrs. Gibson, "you are not old enough to realize how a girl feels about her hands. This little bride isn't going to cry her eyes out because dish-washing gets her hands red and rough—because I'm starting her out on Ivory—and Ivory tells its own story!"

GENTLE PURE IVORY KEEPS HANDS SMOOTH

B R I G H T

EYE IDEAS



So—you know some one who's planning a trip to the altar! Let's do a little missionary work for her—right away! Imagine what a fiery blush, or turning deathly pale, does to the most-carefully-made-up face! A bride simply must depend mostly upon her eyes alone for beauty. They'll be sparkling anyway—but no matter how busy she is, see that she takes the time to slip her lashes into *Kurlash* (just as you do!) so that they may curve back into the most enchanting frames that deepen and enhance her eyes. *Kurlash* costs only \$1 at almost any store, so perhaps you'd better take her one.



Then—blue eyeshadow—because it's so lovely beneath white filmy veiling. *Shadette*, the eyeshadow in compact form, comes in a heavenly cerulean blue (as well as in violet, brown or green), \$1. Pass it among the attendants, too, for a lovely ensemble effect.



A wedding is a dramatic event—so use blue mascara, also. *Lashtint* Compact may be carried right into the vestry, for it carries a little sponge to insure even application. Take it along in black, too, to touch the very tips of the bridesmaids' lashes after the blue. (It's a final, theatrical note of beauty.) Also in chestnut brown, at \$1.

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly give you personal advice on eye beauty if you write her a note care of Department E-6, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

Copr. The Kurlash Co. Inc. 1935

NOW YOU'LL KNOW ALL THE ANSWERS *Just Ask the Cinema Sage*



Katharine Hepburn brought plenty of inquiries this month

D.V.L., LOUISVILLE, KY.—Boris Karloff's family name is Pratt. He was born and educated in London.

C.H., CHICAGO, ILL.—It is true that Wallace Beery is quite an accomplished pianist and a composer. He refuses to exploit this talent, saying that it is not in keeping with his screen rôles.

"MIKE," SPRINGFIELD, OHIO—Katharine Hepburn goes in for two sports to some extent; swimming and tennis, and is pretty good at both.

K.T., BROOKLYN, N.Y.—Yes, Jean Arthur once was a professional model and did pose for Howard Chandler Christy.

D.C., DALLAS, TEXAS—Anne Shirley's new RKO picture, adapted from *The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard*, by Anatole France, has been finally titled *Chasing Yesterday*.

S.H., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—It is true that Lionel Barrymore promoted Clark Gable's chance at M-G-M. The Barrymores have helped a number of "unknowns."

C.D., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Lew Ayres was born in Minneapolis, December 28, 1908.

A.H., ATLANTA, GA.—Walter Connolly at present is appearing on the Broadway stage in *The Bishop Misbehaves*. His Columbia Pictures contract allows him to do this.

L.B., BROOKLYN, N.Y.—Norman Foster and Preston Foster are not related.

F.D., MOBILE, ALA.—Shirley Temple has been in pictures since she was three years old.

B.M., RENO, NEV.—Harry Langdon is one of the many film comics who got their start with Mack Sennett. The producer discovered him in vaudeville.

S.T., CLEVELAND, OHIO—Gene Raymond's next will be RKO's *Hooray for Love*.

D.N., ROCHESTER, N.Y.—Grace Moore did not sing the *Madame Butterfly* rôle when she was at the Metropolitan.

E.K., DETROIT, MICH.—Janet Gaynor was a Wampas Baby Star of 1925. You're right; the Wampas selections have produced a larger percentage of stars than some comments would lead one to suppose.

V.B., NEW YORK CITY—Shirley Temple has no trouble at all in learning her rôles. Her mother reads the lines, Shirley repeats them and quickly masters them.

If you want information about a movie star, ask this department. Your answer will appear as soon as space permits its inclusion. Or, if you prefer an immediate personal reply, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address your letter to The Cinema Sage, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

K.F., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Katharine Hepburn's first name was occasionally spelled with an "e" long after she had gone to Hollywood, and was so spelled on RKO cast sheets for *A Bill of Divorcement*. Now the "a" is generally used.

T.M., MONTREAL, CANADA—Yes, Greta Garbo got her picture start as a bathing beauty, in a comedy made in Stockholm, Sweden, when she was seventeen.

J.P., BOSTON, MASS.—Mae West's

birthday has been recorded as August 17, 1900.

H.W.F., RICHMOND, VA.—Yes, "Little Colonel" Henry B. Walthall had actual military experience—as a private in the Spanish-American War.

The Talkie Town Tattler

[Continued from page 10]

Temperamental Bergner

IF THE German star, ELISABETH BERGNER, comes to Hollywood, she will show something new in the way of didoes. In England, where she made her latest picture, she got a mad on and went on a four-day hunger strike. Incidentally, she shared with Katharine Cornell the honors of contributing the best performance on the New York stage this season.

Mrs. Gable's Luck

WITH the Santa Anita track closing, MRS. CLARK GABLE put two dollars on a long shot named Ida S. and collected at the mutuels for ninety-two dollars, which is the largest win any movie personage made at the track.

No Wedding Bells

MARY BRIAN will never become the mistress of DICK POWELL'S big home in Toluca Lake. They got tired of denying marriage rumors and decided to call it quits.

Three Guesses

NOBODY knows for sure whether or not the breakup of ALICE WHITE and CY BARTLETT is for keeps. Alice just smiles and says "Perhaps so and perhaps not." CY only grins and says nothing.

Mrs. Bing At Work

DIXIE LEE, who is MRS. BING CROSBY, has been signed for *Redheads On Parade*. JUNE KNIGHT was previously slated for the film, but her law-suits put her to bed and now DIXIE gets the big break.

Boyer A Hit

CHARLES BOYER (pronounced Boy-a) has been kicking around Hollywood since he played a chauffeur's rôle with ANN HARDING, but unless *The Tattler* is mistaken, his fine work in *Private Worlds* will make him one of the most popular men on the screen.

Land Of The Freaks, Eh?

AMERICANS are strange people, especially the men, opines CHARLES LAUGHTON. He gets many a chuckle, watching how they rudely push women about in subways and then gallantly remove their hats in elevators.

Gable's "No Sweetie"

SHADES of CLARK GABLE! Some three hundred New York mannequins voted U. S. SENATOR HUEY LONG and JOHNNY WEISSMULLER the *ideal sweethearts*! Poor GABLE received only twenty-four votes.

Bullet-Proof Beauty

IRENE DUNNE, back from the wars in Cuba, insists that machine-gun slugs, buzzing like bees around her, did not even make her bat an eye. Okay, MISS DUNNE, but we had machine-gun slugs buzzing around us in Mexico back in 1912, and we simply could not behave like a perfect lady at the time.

Jackie Wants A Uniform

IF YOU have been on edge, wondering what JACKIE COOPER intends to do when he grows up, we will set your mind at ease. JACKIE, whose screen career is near the end, wants to go to West Point and learn to shoulder arms.

He Knows His Crusaders

HAROLD LAMB, the famous authority on the Crusaders, admits himself entirely amazed by the fact that, since beginning his work as technical adviser on *The Crusades*, he has learned more about the Crusaders from De MILLE than he ever learned in his hours among musty tomes and exploring crumbling castles. He says that De MILLE knows more about the Crusades and the Crusaders than any other living man.

Rehearsing By Radio

ANN HARDING, preparing to make *The Flame Within*, for Metro, tried something altogether new in learning her script en route to California from Honolulu. EDDIE GOULDING, who wrote the script, read ANN'S lines to her over the ship's radio-phone until she had learned them.

Stupendous Production

METRO which has decided that JOAN CRAWFORD'S next film will be *The Garden Of Allah*, is preparing to give it a stupendous production. They are importing hundreds of real African musicians and dancers and will build huge sets representing an oasis in the Sahara. It will be one of the most impressive productions Metro has ever screened.

[Continued on page 66]

Don't choose your laxative *blindly!*



BLIND Man's Buff is no game to play... in any matter pertaining to your health. When you need a laxative, you must know *beforehand* how it will act on you.

Harsh laxatives will cause stomach pains, upset you, leave you weak. Laxatives whose sole virtue is gentleness may fail to be thorough.

You must have *both* thoroughness and gentleness...you must have pleasant, painless, complete relief from constipation. Never be satisfied with less from a laxative.

Why America uses more Ex-Lax than any other laxative

Ex-Lax is as thorough as any laxative you can take. Yet its action is so gentle...so completely without stomach pains. Ex-Lax doesn't leave you feeling weak, doesn't upset you. Ex-Lax is not habit-forming—you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. And Ex-Lax is not a punishment—it's a pleasure to take. It tastes just like delicious chocolate. Ex-Lax has no unpleasant after-taste and no bad after-effects.

Millions of people have found this out. And last year alone, 46 million boxes of Ex-Lax were bought!

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes at any drug store. If you would like to find out how good it is...at our expense...just mail the coupon below for a free sample.

**When Nature forgets—
remember**

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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TIP-OFFS ON THE TALKIES

Brief Reviews of the Current Releases

AAAA—EXCELLENT; AAA—GOOD; AA—FAIR; A—MEDIOCRE



Gary Cooper and Anna Sten in *The Wedding Night*, a human, convincing tragedy, exalted by brilliant acting

Naughty Marietta—AAAA—Tops in the musical field, with Jeanette MacDonald at her best and Nelson Eddy a glorious success. The Victor Herbert score is stirring beyond words, and the romantic story of the runaway French princess has been given charming, atmospheric settings. A fine supporting cast includes Frank Morgan, Douglas Dumbrille and Elsa Lanchester.—*M-G-M.*

Ruggles of Red Gap—AAAA—Grand comedy! Charles Laughton's humor glows in the rôle of *Ruggles*, the English valet won away from his lord and master, Roland Young, in a poker game by woolly Charlie Ruggles, and brought over to Red Gap to please Charlie's socially posturing wife, Mary Boland. ZaSu Pitts, Leila Hyams, Maude Eburne, Lucien Littlefield and others act the Harry Leon Wilson story for all it's worth.—*Paramount.*

Roberta—AAAA—An extravagant and delightful picture, with breath-taking dance numbers and pleasant fooling by Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, improved singing by beautiful Irene Dunne, and excellent acting by Helen Westley. The style show is a knock-out—not to mention the tuneful Jerome Kern score and a good performance by Randolph Scott, erstwhile Western star. The neat story involves *Mme. Roberta's* modiste shop in Paris, inherited by an All-American football star.—*RKO-Radio.*

Life Begins at 40—AAA½—The best Will Rogers film in a good while. He is a small-town newspaper editor, righting the wrongs done to romantic youth and battling banker George Barbier in politics. When Barbier is holding a political rally, Will enlists Slim Summerville and his family, all hog-callers, to stampede an army of hogs and break up the meeting. John Cromwell and Rochelle Hudson are the lovers.—*Fox.*

Folies Bergere—AAA½—Maurice Chevalier in a bubbling mood recalling his earlier Hollywood conquests. Playing both an actor in the *Folies Bergere* and a baron whom he so closely resembles as to fool even the baron's beautiful wife, Merle Oberon, he romps through boudoirs and French high financial circles. All of this involves the actor's hotly-totsty little girl friend, Ann Sothern, in the mischievous mix-ups. Eric Blore's clowning brings guffaws.—*20th Century.*

The Casino Murden Case—AAA½—Obviously paced by *The Thin Man*, this S. S. Van Dyne story emerges as a first-rate screen mystery. Paul Lukas makes an effective *Philo Vance*, and he and Rosalind Russell will remind you of Bill Powell and Myrna Loy. Poison oozes through the well-constructed plot. The capable support includes Alison Skipworth, Donald Cook, Arthur Byron, Isabel Jewell, Louise Fazenda, Ted Healy and the busy Eric Blore.—*M-G-M.*

The Wedding Night—AAA—A very human tragedy, sincerely and sometimes brilliantly acted. The film is sprinkled with genuine humor, so don't let Anna Sten's sad end keep you away. Gary Cooper is splendid as a dissipated author who goes back to the dilapidated family estate in Connecticut to get hold of himself. Sten is at her best as the inspiring daughter of a Polish tobacco planter. Helen Vinson is amazingly good as Gary's wife, who deserts him only to return

and claim him. And Ralph Bellamy, as the young lout who denounces Sten on their wedding night, is flesh and blood.—*United Artists.*

All the King's Horses—AAA—Mary Ellis, sylph-like song-bird from opera ranks, and Carl Brisson, possessor of an excellent voice, make this cream-puff story of a mythical kingdom a delight. Brisson has the dual rôle of king and actor who change places for convenience, but bring on many complications. The love scenes are very intimate and Edward Everett Horton's comedy is good.—*Paramount.*

George White's Scandals—AAA—An elaborate revue, with a thread of a story to hold it together. Alice Faye and James Dunn are a song-and-dance team discovered by George White, who gives movie fans a chance to see a Broadway producer in action. He yanks them from small-town obscurity to New York success, and James' complications matters by falling for Eleanor Powell, one of the most astounding tap dancers you'll ever see. Ned Sparks gets most of the laughs, and Emma Dunn does some fine character work.—*Fox.*

Gold Diggers of 1935—AAA—A tremendous musical number, with vast batteries of pianos, done in the best Busby Berkeley manner, is the smash in this film. Another high light is the *Broadway Melody* number. Girls who palpitate over Dick Powell must hear him sing *The Words Are in My Heart* to lovely Gloria Stuart. The story is just something on which to hang the production specialties. Alice Brady, Adolphe Menjou



Charlie Ruggles, Charles Laughton (who plays *Ruggles*) and Mary Boland in the 4-A hit, *Ruggles of Red Gap*

and Hugh Herbert bolster the broad comedy.—*Warner Brothers.*

The Little Colonel—AAA—If Shirley Temple is all you ask for, you won't be disappointed in this, but don't expect to find a faithful treatment of the Anne Fellows Johnston story material. Lionel Barrymore is a picturesque Southern colonel; Evelyn Venable, as Shirley's mother, married to the Yankee, is sweet, and dusky Bill Robinson executes his sensational stair dance. Shirley dances too—she's a marvel!—*Fox.*

The Devil Is a Woman—AAA—The last picture in which Josef Von Sternberg directed Marlene Dietrich is, pictorially, one of the most beautiful productions in film history. But the slow tempo of direction annoys many. Marlene is a Spanish nymphomaniac who blights the life of Lionel Atwill. Among others, she trifles with Cesar Romero, the Latin newcomer.—*Paramount.*

Sweet Music—AAA—Rudy Vallée has developed a pleasing screen personality. His singing and his orchestra are satisfying, and, for contrast, the maniacal slapstick of Frank and Milt Britton and their band is hilarious stuff. Ann Dvorak shows us her dancing. Allen Jenkins and Ned Sparks are amusing.—*Warner Brothers.*

Shadow of Doubt—AAA—Introducing Constance Collier, long a stage favorite, who promises to do many fine things on the screen. The story is standard mystery melodrama, solved by the eccentric old aunt, Ricardo Cortez, Virginia Bruce, Isabel Jewell, Betty Furness, Regis Toomey, and others perform creditably.—*M-G-M.*

The Great Hotel Murder—AAA—It's all Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen, but many who never enjoyed them before will like them in this. Their brawling is not so exaggerated, and they are concerned with solving a murder in a hotel room, rather than with stealing each other's dames. The plot has some clever twists.—*Fox.*

Thunder in the East—AAA—Impressive naval warfare and spy intrigue. Charles Boyer gives a splendid performance as the Japanese commander who uses his wife, Merle Oberon, to gain valuable information from a British officer, John Loder.—*Leon Garganoff Production.*

After Office Hours—AA½—Clark Gable, as a city newspaper editor, carries most of the load. Connie Bennett isn't quite as much at ease as a society girl who wants to be a newspaper reporter, and becomes Gable's instrument in unraveling a sensational crime. Wobbly story, but admirably produced. Harvey Stephens is a help.—*M-G-M.*

Let's Live Tonight—AA½—Not at all the story Lilian Harvey needed, but she does her best with it. Tullio Carminati is a smooth lover and sings agreeably. Director Victor Schertzinger's expert hand kept the ailing romance alive.—*Columbia.*

Times Square Lady—AA½—Virginia Bruce is good as the girl who inherits some sporting properties, but Robert Taylor is outstanding as the boy who comes to her rescue when she can't manage them. Pinky Tomlin is a singing hit.—*M-G-M.*

Car 99—AA½—Rapid radio police melodrama, with Sir Guy Standing as a suave crook. Young Paramount players get a good workout, including Fred MacMurray, Dean Jagger, Ann Sheridan and Marina Schubert. Frank Craven's veteran touch helps steady them.—*Paramount.*

West Point of the Air—AA—A thrilling aerial show, but not much story, with the Army's huge Randolph Field, in Texas, as the setting and Wally Beery in the lead. A grizzled top-sergeant, he tames his cocky flying son, Robert Young. James Gleason, Lewis Stone, Maureen O'Sullivan and other competent players are wasted.—*Warner Brothers.*

Devil Dogs of the Air—AA—Another grand-scale flying circus, with similar story objections. In this one, the Marine base in San Diego is the setting and the leads are James Cagney, Pat O'Brien and Margaret Lindsay. Chief interest is in the Marine training and sham battle maneuvers.—*Warner Brothers.*

It Happened in New York—AA—Rather good comedy involving a tired movie queen, Gertrude Michael, seeking a quiet vacation and running into all sorts of excitement in New York through the schemes of her press agent, Hugh O'Connell. Lyle Talbot gets in a laudable performance and Heather Angel is charming.—*Universal.*

Living on Velvet—AA—One of those things in which the girl marries the man to save him, but not even Kay Francis and George Brent can save this yarn from falling into the double-A category.—*Warner Brothers.*



Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald sing superbly in *Naughty Marietta*, adapted from the Herbert operetta

Shades of OLD MONTEREY by ORRY KELLY

VICTORIA
VINTON

MARTHA
MERRILL

NORMA
TAYLOR

JEAN
CONNORS

DOROTHY
DARE

IRRRESISTIBLE!
Warm, vibrant
Spanish colorings
..entirely new in
water-fashions!
Serape stripe ac-
cents..Orry-Kelly
originalities..as
designed exclu-
sively for Catalina

These Warner Bros. Players prefer
Shades of Old Monterey



Catalina SWIM SUITS
LOOK FOR THE FLYING FISH

Preview flashes from **SHIRLEY'S** greatest picture.. **'OUR LITTLE GIRL'**

by Jerry Halliday



**She plays at being happy to
rebuild a shattered dream!**

CONGRATULATIONS, FANS, here comes Shirley! How you'll thrill to this human story of a child and her parents whose happiness is suddenly threatened! And how the tense, dramatic climax will stir the heart of everyone from Granddad to Junior as Shirley's love triumphs over a family crisis. A "must-see" picture!

If there can be anything more adorable than Shirley alone, it's Shirley with Sniff, her loyal companion.

**SHIRLEY DANCES AND
SHE SINGS . . . TOO!**



Rosemary Ames and Joel McCrea give true-to-life performances as the parents who grope in the dark shadows of misunderstanding.

You'll love Shirley's lullaby, "Our Little Girl."



**"COME ON OVER AND
SEE MY STATUE!"**

Forgotten (for the moment anyway) are Shirley's dolls and pretty dishes. Shirley is still telling friends about the nice, fat man . . . (Irvin S. Cobb to you) . . . who traded a bee-you-tee-ful statue for a hug and kiss! Dear little girl, I wonder if you'll ever know the happiness you bring to millions of people. Special Academy Award? That's nothing to the good wishes the whole world sends you!

Shirley
TEMPLE
in
**'OUR
LITTLE GIRL'**

**ROSEMARY AMES
JOEL McCREA**

Lyle Talbot • Erin O'Brien-Moore

Produced by Edward Butcher • Directed by John Robertson • From the story "Heaven's Gate" by Florence Leighton Pfalzgraf





Ann Sothern

"Ecstasy" might be the title of this portrait, so full of the sparkle of the young Columbia player. Ann is now at work in *Eight Bells*. Lately she proved a sensation in *Folies Bergere de Paris*

—William A. Fraker



THEY'RE THE TOPS

Rochelle Hudson

After an exciting vacation in New York, where she pal-ed around with Mary Rogers, Will's daughter, Rochelle, is going into the Fox musical version of *Daddy Long Legs*. It will come to the screen as *Curly Top*, starring Shirley Temple. John Boles is in support

—Otto Dyar



Virginia Bruce

It's just a question of finding the proper screen stories for her, and Virginia Bruce will become a star, officials at M-G-M are convinced. In recent months her progress as a dramatic actress has been little short of astounding. Her most recent film was *Times Square Lady*

—Stephen McNulty

Grace Moore

Recently honored by the Society of Arts and Sciences with a fellowship and gold medal for her artistry in *One Night of Love*, Grace Moore is making another eagerly awaited musical for Columbia, one carrying the temporary title—*On Wings of Song*. Brava!

—William A. Fraker



Carole Lombard

An unusual and striking camera study of one of the most glittering figures in Hollywood. Somewhat more serious in its composition than most of her portraits, it loses none of *la* Lombard's beauty. Last seen in *Rumba*, the star is now scheduled for *You Gotta Have Romance*

—Eugene Robert Richee



Suits Me!

Hollywood sets the styles in swimming suits with these models, in colors as sparkling as sea waves in sunlight



Delightfully simple is the design of this new Gantner model, which Judith Allen wears (above). It has the large weave so popular at smart beaches this season

Photo by Autrey



Allyn Drake's Banda - Wiki (left) has that tailored effect so becoming for slender girls. The banda is studded with tiny embroidered anchors, while the wiki is the skirt type, with belt of same material as the backless banda



"Skipper Model," Jantzen calls this trimly nautical suit worn by Ann Darling, featured Universal player. The brassière top is hooked through a metal anchor of rust-proof material





failing hands the brilliant Barbara was given the vibrant torch of life. Her whole career came about because she could dance.

Her father went to the Panama Canal Zone and remained five years. He then wrote his scattered children and told them that he was returning—and they would all be together in a little home.

The five happy children went to meet the boat. At last the hardships of an orphan's life was behind them each and all.

Eyes tear-filled with joy, hands clasped in happy expectation, they waited.

At last the captain came and told them that their father had died, and had been buried at sea.

BARBARA worked as a telephone girl, and learned to be a typist while so doing.

One day she got her Irish up (as Irishers will) and told her boss to go to a very warm place.

Instead of going, he promptly raised her wages.

Some time later, she read of a company that advertised for girls.

She applied for the job and was told it was not typists they wanted, but dancers. "I can do that, too," said Barbara.

She was given a tryout and made good. From that day on, she has been very successful.

She ranks, in my opinion, among the three great actresses on the screen. Her career, so far, has been the most

wasted in Hollywood. Her stories and rôles have usually been so tawdry that not even a Stanwyck could lift them above the common run.

Her scene with Natalie Moorhead in *The Criminal Code* is one of the great screen moments of all time.

CLARA BOW, like Barbara Stanwyck, came from the streets of Brooklyn. With her hair the color of Barbara's, she also touched the rough edges of life quite early. She was one of the most honest people I ever interviewed.

When first meeting me, she said, "Hello, Redhead."

She told me a story of childhood agony as tremendous as anything in a Russian novel.

"Can I write it?" I asked.

"Go ahead," was the answer, "I lived it."

With but few exceptions, no one in Hollywood has ever remonstrated with me for any published opinion. Being public figures, they accept what is written gracefully, and often with humor.

I once wrote of Frances Marion, a close personal friend, with some harshness. A superior and a charming person, author of *The Champ* and *Emma*, she read the article and sent me a telegram which read, "For heaven's sake, Jim, give me one break. Say that I can read and write."

When storms later raged about me, Frances remained an understanding and a highly valued friend.

"I know you, Jim. You're Irish like myself—and just a bad boy," she said to me.

THE newspapers of the world have had much to say of the encounter between Jack Gilbert and myself. Like Mark Twain's death, the details are exaggerated. It took place in the Brown Derby, an eating place made famous by a late dear friend, Wilson Mizner.

Jack came into the restaurant accompanied by Sid Grauman and Ina Claire. He had not seen me since I had written and published an article about him two years before. He did not hesitate.

Within two minutes the fracas was on. It all happened with terrifying speed. The only words as Jack was rushing toward me were spoken by my comrade, who has the appearance of a teacher who has lost his Sunday School class in the woods. The right side of his face was motionless. He snapped quickly out of the left, "On you feet! On your feet!"

Jack Gilbert, like all of us, has been criticized severely. No man can question his magnificent courage.

As always in such affairs, the waiters were dumfounded. Jack was taken from the place by Grauman and Miss Claire.

Many accused both Gilbert and me of seeking publicity. This is their answer.

Through the efforts of Wilson Mizner, Sid Grauman, and others, the affair was kept out of the newspapers for ten days. We thought it was forgotten, when suddenly it "broke."

Offers of ring engagements came from all over America. One man offered a purse of twenty thousand dollars.

I wanted Jack to accept. I would have promised to "hit easy" for much less money.

With a nature completely magnanimous, Gilbert has not retained the least touch of bitterness. Of course, he would fight me again in a minute—or Max Baer, for that matter.

Out of our fracas developed a fine friendship, for which I am glad.

BILL FIELDS, among all the actors, is still the most vivid and direct. He is rated by interviewers as the "best copy" in Hollywood.

ZaSu Pitts has always been, to me, one of the biggest-hearted people in Hollywood. She came from a small town in northern California. It is said that Chaplin once engaged her to work in his film and allowed her to "sit out" the entire picture without ever using her. She later became the greatest comedienne on the screen. She was named after two aunts—Eliza and [Continued on page 69]

not for publication

Startling sidelights on
movie celebrities, re-
vealed for the first time
in Tully's years of frank
and intimate interviewing

*Don't
talk
to me
about
Love...*



says **WILLIAM**

**LOVE—AS IT SEEMS
TO BILL POWELL**

"I know nothing about it."

"We discuss it—contemplate it—and end up where we began—knowing nothing."

"Only at sixteen do we know all about it."

"Nothing as vital as love can be charted."

"It is no longer true that love is a woman's whole existence . . . Women today, equally, isolate their ordinary from their emotional lives."

"I have failed at it twice. Yet I am not at all disillusioned about it."

"We only know that this involved emotion . . . throws a wall around us so that no one exists but that one woman whom we have chosen, and who has chosen us."

"**D**ON'T talk to me about love," says William Powell. "I know nothing about it. No man can know anything about it. We discuss it—contemplate it—and end up where we began—knowing just exactly nothing at all."

"Only at sixteen, do we know all about it! At thirty, we begin to suspect that the subject does not lend itself to either analysis or set convictions. But after thirty-five we entertain a hopeful attitude toward it, and wonder whether its perfection will ever come to us again in this world."

"Love is the most consuming and yet natural emotion in human life. It does not lend itself to pigeon-holing, or to broad definition."

"Subjectively, I have never discussed love. I have always felt that there was some decency lacking in a man who could parade his emotions so flagrantly and flamboyantly. I have made an effort to answer questions which would interest people who pay their money to see me on the screen. I cannot disapprove of the inquiries into my personal life, because, not only does the Bill Powell before the camera belong to the public, but also the Bill Powell away from the camera. I give them myself in exchange for the things that a certain measure of success has brought me." He sighed resignedly.

"It is agreed that every normal person answers, recurrently and constantly, to the force Nature has planted within us; but love is far too important to

discuss, and certainly is nothing that lends itself to either dictums or to rules.

"Nothing as vital as love can be charted. There is no formula which the human heart can follow. Yet, because it is a primal urge, everyone discusses it. Unfortunately, discussion comes to no end because we can never reach conclusions about it. We merely have a stack of words which are meaningless, but an essential tribute to the one force from which emotions spring.

"**T**ODAY, it is no longer true that love is a woman's whole existence and that it is of a man's life a thing apart. Every man is forced to insulate his mind for stated periods, forced to do so by the necessity to earn a livelihood. Women today, equally, isolate their ordinary from their emotional lives, divide their days into hours of intensive work—into hours of being a sensitized person, alert and conscious of the vital qualities in herself, which force her into the routines for which nature intended her.

"We talk a lot about love! We know nothing about it in reality. I am a rather poor person to discuss it, because, after all, I have failed at it twice. Yet I am not at all disillusioned about it. I think perhaps I'll find a measure of it as I go along. It's too involved to analyze, yet there is something within me which will register, definitely, when it comes along.

"There are no lines of demarcation between love and liking. We only know that this involved emotion called love has a spiritual quality which lifts the

mind, which throws a wall around us so that no one else exists but that one woman whom we have chosen, and who has chosen us. When we simmer down our thoughts, we automatically reach the conclusion that there is only one basic thought in our minds and that is love."

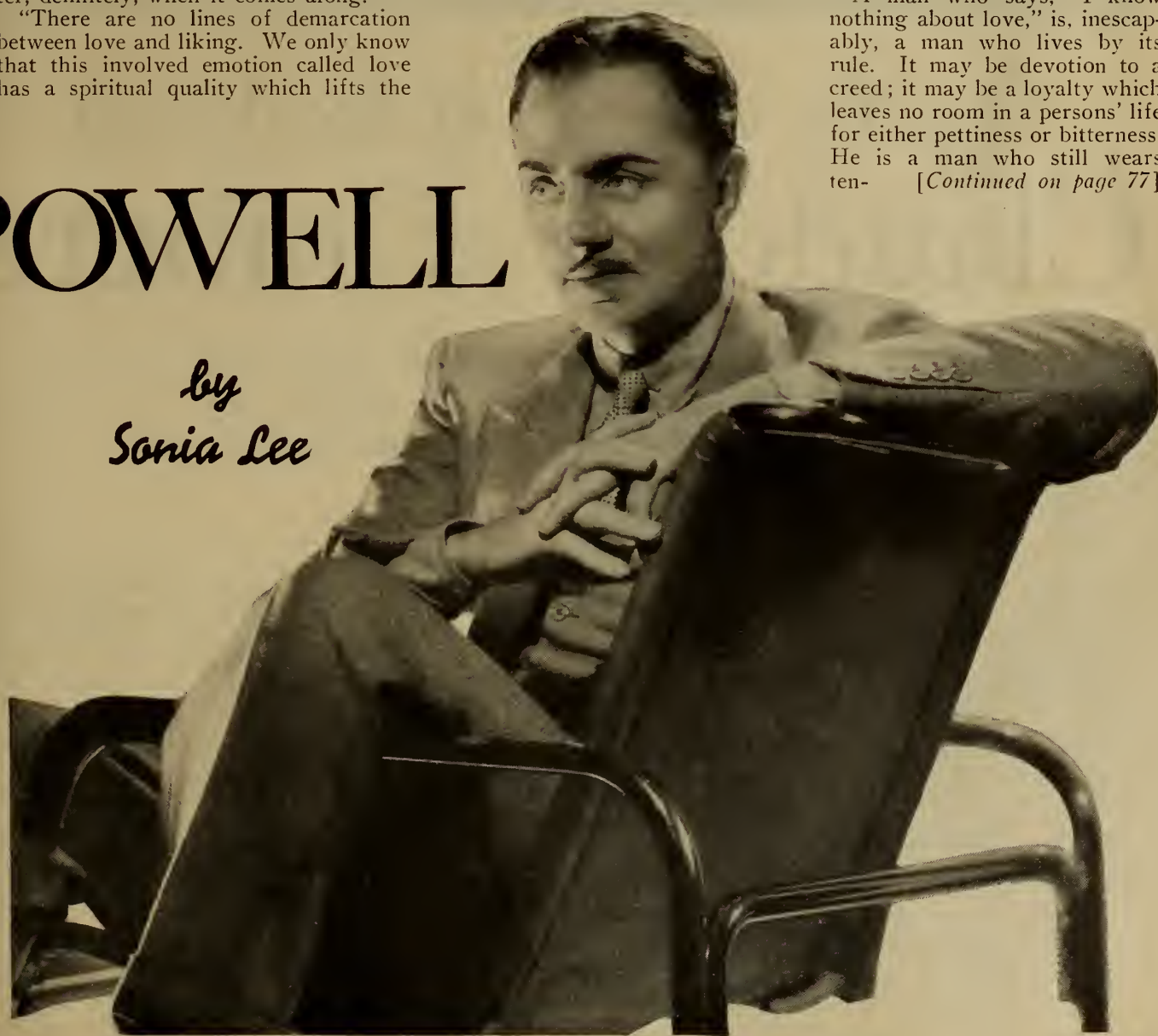
BILL POWELL is a man with no complete definition of his convictions. He has learned that too great certainty on any one thing is invariably half-brother to intolerance. His understanding is sufficiently broad, his conception of life so tinged with humor, that he believes there is room for error in every judgment, whether it is about people, or whether it is about this business of living, or of love. He has often described himself as a mid-channel sort of person—a person with no overwhelming absorption in any one thing.

His tolerance and vision are phases of his intrinsic loyalty—an outstanding characteristic in his personality. The people in his past are still in his present. He is not a man to discard those who have been close to him, those who have affected or influenced his life and career. Possibly, that is why Bill Powell says, "Don't talk to me about love." Because, unconsciously, he is subscribing to a design of living which underlines his every hour.

A man who says, "I know nothing about love," is, inescapably, a man who lives by its rule. It may be devotion to a creed; it may be a loyalty which leaves no room in a person's life for either pettiness or bitterness. He is a man who still wears ten- [Continued on page 77]

POWELL

by
Sonia Lee





The No. 1 Lady of the Screen Claudette Colbert

She felt a glow of pride when her acting won the Academy award; but despite that, the reporters cared only about her matrimonial affairs

By WILLIAM P. GAINES

CLAUDETTE COLBERT thought she had something to talk about, when the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences honored her with its annual award for the best performance by an actress during the past year.

That would make her crossing of the continent a triumphant one, she believed. She was all packed for a trip to New York, and the *Chief* was leaving in an hour, when Johnny Johnston telephoned her to rush down to the Academy banquet—they had something for her. So her vacation would be more exciting; interviewers would besiege her regarding her prize-winning performance in *It Happened One Night*, she felt sure.

Then, too, she had just completed her rôle in the daring Walter Wanger's *Private Worlds*, which invades the forbidding field of psychiatry to get new subject matter for story-hungry Hollywood. Perhaps there would be reporters wanting to know something about *Private Worlds*, too. . . . Why, hadn't she even changed the shade of her locks to titian?—Fashionable this season,

if not so becoming as her natural, dark brunette. . . . Oh, she would have just lots and lots to talk to the press about. Those inquiring reporters you know!

And newspaper reporters did storm Claudette's state-room whenever her train stopped long enough on its roar eastward. They burned with eagerness for information about the honored lady—*this* information:

"Is it true, Miss Colbert, that you are on your way to get a divorce from Norman Foster?"

That, Claudette told me when she reached New York, was the first question just about every reporter asked her, and usually the last. The scribes were unaccountably indifferent to her winning of what is, in fact, the highest award for acting achievable in motion pictures.

"I was never so deflated in my life!" she exclaimed with a pretty laugh, but there was an unmistakable note of petulance in it. After all, she'd done something really big, for an actress, and she wasn't getting full credit. Who could blame her for being impatient?

Her session with prying re- [Continued on page 78]

Next Year's First Lady?

An Open Letter to BETTE DAVIS

From J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

Western Editor of MOTION PICTURE

DEAR BETTE: I remember you first, I think, in *Bad Sister*, in which you played a wallflower. Frankly, I didn't think much then of your screen chances. It was Sidney Skolsky, I believe, who wrote about you later that when you came to Hollywood, you were a New England ash-blond who never wore make-up on the street and that Carl Laemmle, who knows his gals when he sees 'em, remarked of you after one brief look:

"Her sex appeal simply *ain't*! No man could ever be interested in her!"

Next I remember you vividly opposite Dick Barthelmess in *Cabin in the Cotton*, and I left the theatre conscious of the fact that *something* had happened to you.

"What has that girl been hiding all this time?" I asked myself, for I could see even then that you needed one of two things, a complete awakening to your own possibilities or a chance. I saw a touch of the divine fire which only a few of the great ones have had. Perhaps I was one of the first to see it and since that time you have proved me right.

I HAVE not been fortunate enough to know you well, but I have followed your career more closely than that of any close friend I have on the screen. I have admired the frank way in which you talked for publication. I have more than admired the manner in which you have conducted your marriage—you with your big car and Harmon's rattle-trap Ford, the fact that you helped him buy clothes he could afford while he helped you select those you could afford, the living in the San Francisco auto camp and all the rest of it. I knew some way, because it was Bette Davis, it was all honest and sincere and not a bid for front page space in the newspapers.

I admired your courage when one bad rôle after another fell to you and I went sky-high when I sat in an RKO projection room and saw your performance in *Of Human Bondage*. And I had just seen *Housewife* too, or am I mistaken? I went away from that preview praising you to high heaven. There was the same fire of which you had shown touches in *Cabin in the Cotton*, only the opportunity was greater and so was the actress. I knew that a dozen feminine stars had been afraid to trust their talents to carry such a difficult rôle, and I knew that you had not accepted it in desperation, but because of your own high courage and determination.

But I am sure that at the same time I have been following the ups and downs of your career, so have millions of fans. I am not conceited enough to think that I alone recognized your talent. It is evident, however, that Hollywood did not, until they saw you as the unforgettable *Mildred*.

And Bette, you are no longer the New England ash-blond who won't wear make-up on the street.

They billed you for awhile as a carbon copy of Constance Bennett. Hollywood has had so many copies

of Garbo, Crawford and Bennett, which was quite all right with me; but *you*, Bette, you are as much of an individual as Connie will ever dare to be. They can make carbon copies out of beauty contest winners, but not out of a personality like you.

ANOTHER commendable thing about you is the fact that you have kept your balance so thoroughly. Neither disaster nor success seems to change you. In this old town, where people are always walking on clouds or sunk to the depths, that is unusual.

Perhaps, Bette, you will think this is not much of a letter, since it is all praise and no mention of your faults. The reason is, no doubt, that not knowing you, I do not know your faults, of which there are no doubt many. We all have them, of course.

But the bravest thing you ever did or ever will do, Bette, was to sit, outwardly as calm as any spectator, at the Academy Award dinner, when the statuette for the best performance of the year by a feminine player, was handed to Claudette Colbert. Hundreds who believed that you should have had that honor were watching you and hundreds were applauding silently as you nonchalantly [Continued on page 79]





Many men love their children, but Eddie's fondness for his little son, Manny, is so deep as to be both rare and moving

Who

is *LITTLE CAESAR*

A RECENT deserter from the East, sick for the sights and sounds of my native New York, including gales and foghorns, galoshes and dripping umbrellas, I sat coatless on the garden terrace of Edward G. Robinson's Beverly home and watched a hummingbird bury his nose in a lily. Brilliantly blue, the sky arched overhead, the tree-fringed lawn stretched green on either hand and a yellow butterfly streaked through the flower-scented air. Space—serenity—comfort. Nothing to break the stillness but the cooing of a contented dove, high in the branches of a pepper tree. The hummingbird, his thirst slaked for the moment, lifted his head, sniffed the California atmosphere ap-

praisingly, and seemed to find it good. And drenched in the peace of my surroundings, even I began to wonder whether there might not be something in it.

I turned to my host. I knew there had been a time in the not far distant past when he, too, had sung the stimulating joys of city life, and pooh-pooled the notion of settling down anywhere else. Yet here he was—in a house he had bought, not rented—with all his treasures—books, pictures, wife and baby—apparently, installed for life.

"I know," he grinned, unabashed, in answer to my question. "But this is such a grand climate for a kid to grow up in." And, to be sure, it is grand for growing.

The Edward G. Robinsons live in Hollywood without "going Hollywood," and if you want to know who is the "big shot" around the house, read this story

BY PAULA HARRISON

YOU wouldn't have needed that remark to make you realize that this well-ordered household centered about the child, asleep in his crib upstairs.

A red-and-yellow scooter lay, abandoned, in the middle of the lawn. The breeze stirred a small green swing, hung from a tree in the corner. If you craned your neck, you could just glimpse, beyond the hedge, the roof of a playhouse. A pair of diminutive rubbers stood guard over a diminutive tricycle on the terrace—mute, but eloquent testimony, everywhere, as to who is *Little Caesar* now.

Ex-*Little Caesar* had been showing me the canvases which line the walls of his lovely house, and are fast bringing his reputation as an art collector to the level of his reputation as an actor.

"How did I get the collecting bug?" He shrugged. "I liked pictures. That's all. When I was a kid, I'd hang around the museums till they put me and the lights out, together. My idea of heaven in those days was, first, to be a good actor and, second, to earn enough money, acting, to be able to buy pictures."

He made his idea of heaven come true—the idea of the beauty-loving little immigrant from Roumania who is Eddie Robinson—learned to be a good actor and, as he could afford the luxury, began buying pictures.

How did he know what was good? He shrugged again. "You read. You study. You ask questions. You try to cultivate a little taste and judgment of your own. You make mistakes. It's all part of the game. Meantime, you're having fun."

HE STARTED modestly—with etchings, prints, a few canvases by living men, whose work appealed to him, regardless of whether their names had market value. Little by little he expanded until today, after signing a new contract, Mrs. Robinson's likely to find

him pacing his room or the terrace, a look of dreamy calculation in his eye.

"Then I tiptoe past," she assured me solemnly. "For I know that Eddie, the art connoisseur, is trying to figure just how much he can chisel for pictures, from Eddie, the family man."

Clinging to his dream as few boys do, he now owns a collection that any museum might covet—a rare Renoir landscape, a Degas pastel of dancing girls, a light-soaked Monet, a Van Gogh, whose colors quiver with intensity, George Bellows, Daumier, Pissarro. And—most exciting of all, perhaps—he has just acquired the picture that all America's been talking about, that a great museum cast envious eyes upon, but didn't quite dare buy—Grant Wood's ironic masterpiece, *Daughters of the Revolution*. If he owned nothing else, that canvas, alone, would make his home a shrine for art-lovers.

There's a light in Robinson's eyes when he talks of pictures, and his natural reserve quickens to eagerness. Yet, at a sudden sound from within the house, pictures dropped as completely from his mind as though they were so much rubbish. His face took on a listening look, the light in his eyes softened, and a little smile of which he was unaware hovered about his lips. "There he is," he said. *Little Caesar* was about to enter!

THE DOORWAY framed a small figure—silky brown hair, his mother's blue eyes, and his father's sensitive features; a blue sweater suit, one arm clutching a dressy rabbit; round bare legs, white socks, brown shoes. He started toward his father, then, seeing a stranger, retreated for a moment to consider the situation in the shelter of his mother's skirt.

I had seen him, last, at the age of three weeks—a wriggling bundle on a broad sofa, [Continued on page 62]

NOW?

Characteristic "at home" studies of a wicked gangster of the films. Mrs. Robinson posed with him



—Photos by Rudolf H. Hoffman



Movie Children *Are Smarter* Says SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S Teacher

THE most fortunate children in America—bar none!”

That's how a noted child-specialist described the youngsters who play in motion pictures. And if you could spend a month with little Shirley Temple, or Cora Sue Collins, or any of the dozens of other movie children, you would see that the description was right.

As Shirley Temple's teacher and companion, I have spent many months with her, and I have also come in contact with a number of other movie children. In Shirley's case, as well as the other children, I have found that the movies were giving them a start in the world, which will result in a thousand percent advantage over youngsters in other walks of life. Shirley, in common with all other movie children, is receiving the very best in education, health supervision, and proper training that

The bright Paramount youngsters above are Billy Lee, Betty Holt, David Holt, Lois Kent, Virginia Weidler and the cute Baby LeRoy

can possibly be provided. Already, the results of this are beginning to show, as we can see when comparing Shirley with the average little girl of her age. She's much further advanced.

Shirley has had a year of formal schooling, consisting of exactly the same course as the first grade course taught in all California schools. I have taught her under the supervision of the Los Angeles Board of Education, which makes a check of her school-work every month. And, because she is my only pupil, I am able to devote all of my time and energies to her alone. If she were attending a public school, she would merely be one of thirty or more in a class.

The average little girl of six has also had a year of schooling—but—the average little girl's education has probably stopped right there. Shirley's continues.

Studio youngsters have the advantage
of the best and most varied schooling
that can be obtained in America

As told to JOHN FAWCETT

By LILLIAN BARKLEY

SHIRLEY, in addition to her regular school work, learns many other subjects. She is learning to speak and understand French. The average little girl would not begin to learn a foreign language until she was in junior high school, at least. Shirley spends one hour each day, taking vocal lessons from one of the finest voice teachers on the Coast. She also spends an hour a day, taking dancing lessons from Jack Donahue, Bill Robinson, and many other top-notch dancers, whose services would not be available to the average little girl. You can see she has many advantages over the others—advantages which enables her to be far more advanced.

Then, besides these regular daily lessons, Shirley obtains a real education from her work. Her script lines teach her conversational ability and voice control. Indeed, the lines themselves give her a vocabulary that the ordinary little girl would never achieve—for Shirley would never be content merely to parrot the words incorporated in the script. She will not use them, until she knows the meaning of every one—and, once she learns a word, she never forgets. Also, before a picture is completed, she manages to learn the meaning of every word used by the other members of the cast in their rôles. An accomplishment that has stumped many an adult.



Shirley's education, at six, is advanced far beyond that of the average child

SHE is allowed the run of the Fox lot, and receives almost a complete education from this alone. She can take you onto the Shanghai set and tell you the name, use, and history of everything in sight—from the rickshaws to the Chinese junks. She is familiar with the parts of a ship, due to her many visits to the huge replica of an ocean liner which is on the lot. She has an amazing store of information about every one of the unusual and interesting sets within the studio bounds—sets which have been built after wide research.

She can also take you through the film laboratory—and talk intelligently about what is going on. She has spent considerable time in the wardrobe department, and has an interest in the colors, materials, and history of the clothing designed there. In short, she has access to so many places and things which the ordinary little girl would never dream of, that she cannot help but have an active interest in her surroundings—and because of that interest, her education is far in advance of the average little girl.

Shirley has another advantage over the average little miss. It relates to the rigid care which is taken over her health. Her diet, exercise, and living conditions are supervised by experts. Her food is watched as carefully, as the diet of any model child. She eats plenty of fresh fruits and vegetables—and, what is more important, enjoys them. Candy and other sweets are taboo except on rare occasions. She has been trained [*Continued on page 73*]

The Story Behind COLLEEN MOORE'S DOLLHOUSE

By GLADYS McVEIGH

COLLEEN MOORE'S childhood dream has come true! And it brings her the greatest happiness! In fact, if the poorest little girl in the world were to be given *Aladdin's* wonderful lamp, and told by the kind genie to close her eyes, and wish for a dream palace to house her lovely prince and princess, chances are that she could never conjure a more amazing fairy castle than the one Colleen has just completed.

"This is the realization of a dream I have had since I was two years old," Colleen said proudly. The beloved star of a score of motion pictures, she feels she has given her greatest performance for the children of the world, by perfecting and presenting to them this final gesture of her sincere love.

"My first dollhouse was created out of an old cigar box," she reminisced with a smile. "For many years I dreamed about building a dollhouse that would be a combination of art and toy. Of course, when I commenced to work on it, I never imagined that it would develop its present form, nor did I plan to create such an expensive toy. But, like *Topsy*, it just grew and grew.

"Even though I was busy making movies for a number of years, I never did forget my childhood dream. As I traveled over the world, I found beautiful tiny objects which I bought for my dollhouse. Whenever I heard about any rare miniatures I arranged to acquire them, if possible. I have quite a collection now."

FASHIONED from gold and silver, and other precious metals, with fifty nations contributing to its beauty, Colleen's dollhouse cost her more than \$435,000. It is, by all odds, the most wonderful dollhouse ever built in the world's history. Over a period of nine years, several hundred artisans from various countries have employed their skill to complete it.

Mere words cannot describe, adequately, the miracle that has been wrought from Colleen Moore's youthful vision. As we stepped into her secret workshop, all lights had been dimmed. In the center of the room stood the castle, ablaze with light from its own tiny electric-light globes. The famous dollhouse in Buckingham Palace, and other great works of miniature throughout the world, cannot, even faintly, compare with the art and toy treasure Colleen has built—through her love for the imagination of children.

"You see," she explained, "some people invest their money in a yacht, a valuable snuff box, or an old master, but from the half million dollars I have invested in the doll house I hope to realize twice that amount for the entire benefit of crippled children in the orthopedic hospitals of America."

CONSTRUCTED of aluminum and copper in the form of an enchanted castle, with fantastic angles and sky-sweeping turrets and steeples, it is nine feet wide,



BANQUET HALL



KITCHEN

The most fabulous miniature fairy castle ever created cost Colleen half a million dollars. She's sending it on a tour of the world—in order to raise a million dollars for crippled children

nine feet long, and rises, majestically, fourteen feet into the air. It weighs approximately, six thousand pounds and contains more than twenty thousand individual pieces of miniature. Many of these are priceless.

It is a question to me whether adults or children will enjoy it the most. The chapel alone is an inspiration, worth any artist's attention. A golden pipe organ, fifteen inches high, plays through an elaborate system of remote control. The world's smallest Bible rests in divine composition on the altar. The ivory floor of the chapel is symbolic of events from the *Old Testament*, telling the story of the *Lamb of God*, the *Dove of Peace*, the *Rain*, the locusts, and years of plenty. In the center design are the *Ten Commandments*, as hewn in the tablets. Beneath the stained-glass windows are shown original paintings and copies of masterpieces of *David and Goliath*, *Moses in the Bullrushes*, *Daniel in the Lion's Den*, and the *Judgment of Solomon*.

Through the great hall floats a fairy staircase, hanging as though by invisible threads. Its ceiling carries the illustrated legends of Hans Christian Andersen, and other fairy tales dear to childhood. From a tiny frame, peers the face of *Alice in Wonderland*, and characters of her amazing adventures. Other tiny frames tell the story of *Old King Cole*, the *Old Man of the* [Continued on page 65]



Colleen's childhood dream comes true



PIPE ORGAN



LIBRARY FIREPLACE

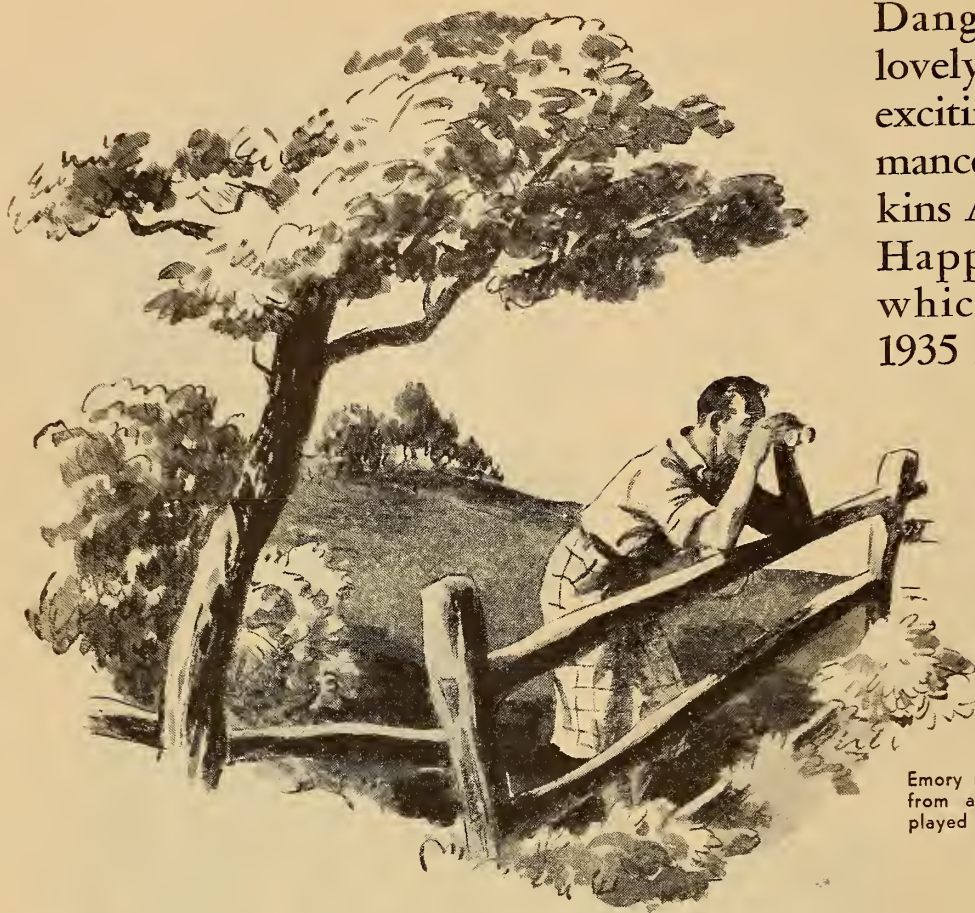


PRINCESS BATH



PRINCESS' BOUDOIR

Dangerous hours face lovely Caris Corliss in this exciting and amusing romance by Samuel Hopkins Adams, author of "It Happened One Night," which won five of the 1935 Academy Awards!



Emory recalled the vision he had seen from afar as the shadow and shine played across her gracious slenderness.

In Person

Part III

EMORY MUIR, a person of political importance, finds it necessary to go to a hidden retreat for a week, and makes important arrangements with his friend, Judge Parke. Immediately afterward he is approached by an extremely ugly young woman who declares, "I'm going with you!"

Emory decides, due to her homeliness, that it is very safe to take her along, particularly since she has overheard all the plans. Unknown to him, this young woman who calls herself "Mrs. Colfax," is really Caris Corliss, idol of millions of movie-goers. She has developed a dangerous nervous disorder after being severely mobbed following a personal appearance, and cannot stand crowds.

After reaching the hidden place in the mountains, Emory discovers by accident that it really is a beautiful young woman with him. He phones to her uncle, Dr. Sylvester, whom he met before embarking on the trip, and demands to know who she is.

The doctor reveals the truth, but tells Emory that it will be of extreme importance to Caris' recovery to stay in retreat until she recovers from her crowd complex.

Upon his return to the cabin in the hills, angered at the deception played upon him, he finds the cottage empty, and Caris disappeared.

Now go on with the story. . . .

THE breakfast dishes, still unwashed, stood on the porch. Inside the bedding, untouched, was half on the cot, half on the floor. He sat down to concentrate upon his just grievances, but the memory of that radiant face uplifted to the sky intervened. By and by he dozed.

A sound of singing on the mountain path above the azalea patch became part of a half-dream. Siren song! He recalled Judge Parke's solemn warning: "Close your ears, for you'll never get the echoes out of your heart."

It was an old ballad which, from the lips of Caris Corliss, had enslaved the hearts of millions. Now she appeared, with a spray of the fragrant bloom at her breast. As an entrance it could hardly have been more effective. The sole spectator experienced an access of dizziness, causing him to close his eyes for the moment. When he opened them, they rested upon a smeary coffee cup and a greasy plate. The sight steeled his wavering soul. Caris had plotted out that opening scene with a view to its inevitable effect upon the audience. The song was designed not only as a romantic cast-back to Judge Parke's reminiscence, but also, in case the intended victim should not at once recognize her, to overwhelm him with the realization that here, before his fortunate eyes, in person, was the embodiment of America's worshipful dreams.

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

Illustration by EDWARD COUSE



It was a flop. Caris made a pause like a hovering moth. It was one of her sure-fire poses.

"Hello," she called in a tone that any dove might profitably have imitated.

"Hello."

"You're not looking at me," she complained.

"I'm busy."

"Are you blind?" she demanded.

"No."

"Well, you don't seem to have noticed anything."

"Oh, yes, I have. I noticed that the dishes aren't washed."

"That isn't what I mean."

"Or the beds made."

"Well, I'm not going to do it if it's *never* done." With baleful sweetness she inquired, "Do you know who I am?"

"Mrs. Somebody Colfax. American. No home. No children. No gump-tion. No use. No——"

"I AM Caris Corliss," she pronounced and waited for him to wilt.

"Oh! Caris Corliss, eh? Uh-huh."

"You don't believe I'm Caris Corliss," she said, flabbergasted.

"Certainly. I'll believe you're Charlie Chaplin if you want me to."

"It isn't whether I want you to," she stormed, "It's because it's so."

"If it makes it pleasanter for you to imagine yourself a movie star——"

"Did you say 'imagine'?" her manner took on what she intended to be a cold and withering calm. "Well, suppose before you go any farther and—and get in any Dutcher, you ask Dr. Sylvester in Washington. He'll tell you."

"Yes. He did. He warned me that you were temporarily in a—well—er—a condition of unstable emotional equilibrium."

"In other words, that I'm off my head. I don't believe it."

"Now, what possible difference could it make to me?" he argued. "I'm not interested in Miss Corliss any more than in Mrs. Colfax. What I need is someone who's cheerful and can do a bit of house-keeping."

"Didn't you tell me that you saw 'The Enduring Virtue'?" the girl demanded.

"Yes, I guess I did."

"Then can't you remember what Caris Corliss looks like?"

"Fairly well. She's really beautiful, not just passably pretty."

"I wish I were sure which one of us is crazy," the girl said.

"That isn't what's worrying me."

"Well, I wouldn't have you worried for the world. What is your trouble?"

"Somebody's got to do the work of this outfit. A movie queen couldn't be expected to be of any use in that line, not even an imaginary one."

He went into the cottage. Various objects began to come out. Housekeeping by the Muir system was in progress.

"Oh, do stop! I can't bear it. If I'm in a state of—of unstable emotional equilibrium, I ought to be treated with—with consideration."

"So what?" he repeated inflexibly.

Abruptly her dejection seemed to fall away from her. She gave him a smile that made him blink. "I'll make a bargain. If I'll cook for you and look after the house, will you call me Caris?"

"You're on."

"But you'll be sorry," she prophesied.

Emory thought it more than likely.

CHAPTER IV

HOLLYWOOD had cherished, flattered, and in one short and crowded year done its best to spoil Caris Corliss. It had only half succeeded. On the other side of the account, the regimen of the screen which is necessarily severe for a star, had taught her endurance and discipline. This business of domesticity in the wilds was now obviously her job. Very well; she would show Mr. Emory Muir!

In pursuance of this laudable and vengeful ambition she began by concentrating upon the portable stove. It bulwarked her spirits considerably to find that Emory had forgotten several important items from the grocery. With a patient air, she handed him a list of his omissions, and observed that the nearest grocery could probably supply them.

"The nearest grocery," said he discontentedly, "is fifteen miles away over rotten roads."

"That's all right. No hurry!"

THE messenger got back late in the afternoon, and reconnoitering, saw the new cook toiling earnestly at the stove, surrounded by discarded remnants of culinary ruin.

He went to his cabin. The interior was a model of neatness and freshness. Everything had been scrubbed to a polish and dusted speckless. He peered out through the window. The home-maker was sitting, humped on a camp chair, staring despondently and vengefully at the stove. He thought in panic, "it'll all be over in a week." There followed a pang of mortal certainty that nothing was ever again going to be worth thinking of as home unless the girl outside made it so. He recalled the vision he had seen from afar as the shadow and shine had played across her gracious slenderness. Emory Muir stood, dizzy and dreaming.

Well, in a pinch a man can always go fishing. Emory went fishing. He caught three trout and a small red-fin sucker.

"YOO-HOO! Dinner!" There was a distinct note of triumph in the summons. He came to it with alacrity but misgivings.

She had set the little table on the porch. The soup came up, steaming and appetizing. Well, anyone can produce soup out of a can already flavored. The bacon and eggs were done to a turn. Emory told himself, though without total conviction, that he could have done as well himself. The flapjacks completed his surprise.

After his second helping, she said hopefully: "I'm so glad you like them."

"They're not bad," he admitted.

Wounded but still optimistic, [Continued on page 56]



Emory remembered the warning: "Close your ears, for you'll never get the echoes out of your heart!"

The *New* Styles Are *Your* Styles

Hollywood again illustrates the versatile trend of the "very latest things" for the late Spring and early Summer



Jean Harlow features a dress of black crêpe in *Reckless*—one made startling by the white jabot effect of the collar. Gloves to match.

By DOROTHY MANNERS

HAVE you ever sat in a movie theatre watching your favorite Crawford, Shearer, Garbo, Francis, Colbert and Lombard in a stunning new gown, and thought: "Grand on her . . . but much too extreme and exaggerated for *me*?"

And, as the enormous puff sleeves, and other eccentricities of the Hollywood-inspired modes, flooded the market you're lucky, indeed, if you haven't thought to yourself (as you struggled with a Garbo "pill-box hat") . . . "I guess I'm just not the type."

But take heart! There's gladdening fashion news from Hollywood. Your day has come!

Not in many seasons has Hollywood sponsored such an elastic fashion trend. Variety has become the spice of Hollywood stylists, who have gone on a perfect orgy of fitting the mode to the personality, the mood—and even the whim of the moment.

Skirts are both long, or short; sleeves are full, or tight; drapes are as new as the straight silhouette; necklines are severely tailored, or

Marlene Dietrich's white chiffon gown is draped across one shoulder and accented by a cluster of silk carnations. Lace gloves match the flowers





The new knotted neckline is featured in Madge Evans' ice-blue frost crêpe gown. Classical and chic.



Marlene Dietrich's black velvet suit has a split skirt. The coat suggests the new smock influence



Madge Evans' sports suit is of a new French fabric, the blouse of blue and white tie silk, the hat of white straw

fluffy—take your choice. Wraps are with, or without fur; evening gowns are classic in their simplicity, or as decorated as a Valentine. In former seasons it was distinctly bad taste to put on “too much”, but now you can go around in furs, frills and furbelows to your heart's content, provided you're the type . . . and in the mood!

For the woman who, really, has never outgrown her “flapper type” there are sports clothes almost as zippy, and exciting, as you wore in your Scott Fitzgerald days . . . with short skirts, perky little hats on the back of your head, bows on your shoes, and all the rest of the flapper-ensemble—an ensemble that has never gone out of style.

Taking up the candy-box type of femininity who, really, never adapted, herself, to the demands of the tailored mode, there are laces and artificial flowers, and picture hats and ruffles . . . all decidedly *new*. The costume movement, the trend toward the picturesque, is the most popular theme of the moment . . . but, if you are tall and classic and tailored, you can continue in your former simplicity, and be quite as smart as your more frilly sisters. And just as decorative.

PERHAPS the Hollywood evening gowns illustrate the elasticity of the new style themes more effectively, than any other type-gown. These are noticeable in the evening ensembles from the new pictures . . . ensembles

totally independent of each other in inspiration . . . yet, equally, smart for most any occasion.

Contrast the elaborate “costume gown,” worn by Marlene Dietrich, with the severe formality of the gown worn by Madge Evans. There's variety for you!

Travis Banton, who designed the white chiffon for Marlene's personal wardrobe, calls it an “ode to grace,” and is frank in admitting it was inspired by the gowns Marlene wore in *The Devil Was a Woman*. White chiffon, used for the first time in a sophisticated manner, is draped across one shoulder, only, and accented by a cluster of the silk carnations Marlene is wearing with everything, these days. Her lace gloves match the flowers, which are green in this instance, and she has several sets of these accessories for the gown. A tiny elastic keeps the gloves secure, just above the elbow.

For Claudette Colbert, Banton has gone even more elaborate in the creation of a cream-net gown, lavishly trimmed in bouffant rows of vulture feathers, and accented by a necklace set with diamond and ruby jewels. It's a creation that will quite take your breath away. The same may be said for the brilliant-studded white satin gown, designed by Adrian for Jean Harlow in *Reckless*. Perhaps the most amazing feature of this dress is the “braided brilliant strands” which loop and wind over Jean's lovely arms. Adrian also created the black tulle which you'll see

Elizabeth Allen's classic negligée is fashioned of purple crêpe and has long over-sleeves and metal trim



Mary Ellis favors an apricot frock of flat crêpe for afternoon wear. Note the bias tunics and wide-brimmed hat



Madge Evans affects a "daytime" mode of navy blue light-weight woolen, with collar of lawn and real lace. Accessories are blue

worn by Virginia Bruce in *Times Square Lady*. This seems to hint "the lid's off, so far as ruffles and frills go".

But you, who swear by your "tailoreds," even after dusk, take heart from the smart model Madge Evans is wearing. The new knotted neckline is a feature of this ice-blue frost crêpe gown. The lines are extremely plain, and perfectly moulded to the figure.

ODDLY enough, this variety of designing mood holds over into the new street and day-time wear, as well as for the evening mode.

What could be smarter than the abundantly-furred spectator-sports outfit designed by Banton for Marlene Dietrich's personal wardrobe? Marlene turns to beige kasha and sheer brown wool for her newest Spring ensemble. The shorter skirt length is important, the blouse of brown has a detachable Ascot scarf of the same fabric which also lines the smart cape. The cape is bordered in natural lynx, and the Dietrich hat is brown felt, adorned by a single goose quill.

The sports suit worn by Madge Evans, illustrated here,

is of a smart new French fabric. The blouse is created in blue and white tie silk. The hat is white straw with blue-and-white grosgrain ribbon, and the other accessories are in white. This smart creation is very becoming to Madge.

More formal among the "daytime" modes are the street dresses worn by Jean and Madge, the former from *Reckless* and the latter from Madge's new wardrobe. Madge's coat-dress is a particularly popular note in the Spring fashion medley. It is in navy blue, light-weight woolen, with a distinctive collar of lawn and real lace. The hat combines navy blue straw with white felt. Accessories are blue . . . and, while you're about it, notice the smart down-the-front button arrangement! The dress Jean wears in the scene from *Reckless*, with Harold Huber, is of black crêpe, made startling by the white lace "jabot" effect of the collar—illustrated on the preceding page.

WHERE will you find a more startling study in contrasts than in the two afternoon formals, pictured here for us, by Marlene Dietrich and Mary Ellis. Yet
(Continued on page 66)

The TALK of

RINGSIDE seats were at a premium in the arena of the Biltmore Bowl during the awarding of prizes by the Academy of Arts and Sciences, for the best of this and that. And movieland held a Roman holiday for Columbia studios. It was thumbs down for the other studios, Columbia taking seven awards. And that, let us remind you, is *some* awarding. The Bowl was packed to the last seat. All the beauty and chivalry of Hollywood was there. Ben Bernie, the old maestro, furnished the dance music, but the floor was too crowded for dancing.

Irvin S. Cobb, of Kentucky's Paducah, suh, did his stuff as M.C.—and kept the crowd in an uproar with his drolleries as he presented the awards. When these were announced, it began to look like a Columbia studio parade.

FIRST, there was Harry Cohn, president of Columbia, who received the gold statuette for having produced *It Happened One Night*. Next came the award to Claudette Colbert for the finest feminine performance of the year—in the same film. Claudette was all dressed for

the train, on short time to get away for a much needed vacation. Clark Gable took top honors for male actors, and the audience brought the house down when Robert Riskin won the award for the finest adaptation of the already famous film. Frank Capra then walked to the platform to receive the award for the best job of direction, again in *It Happened One Night*. Applause.

"I think the band better strike up *Hail, Columbia*," observed Cobb dryly, and the crowd roared. Never in the seven years of the Academy awards, has any one studio, or one picture, walked away with so many honors.

HIGHLIGHTS of the Academy ball at the Biltmore Bowl: Loretta Young, looking her sweetest in red; Clark Gable,

Who's
Who in
Hollywood
and who is doing
what? Here are
all the latest,
inside an-
swers!



Maurice Chevalier *should* smile. The first date Kay Francis had, after her recent siege of flu, was with him. They took in the fights



Ruby Keeler shakes a—a—nifty cocktail in *Go Into Your Dance*. The costume is an idea for the hot days of summer

HOLLYWOOD



For a while, the romance of Loretta Young and Clark Gable in *Call of the Wild* is on ice. But oh, what a thaw there is when two hearts melt!

Katharine Hepburn has her chance to go exotic again in *Break of Hearts*. Don't you like the hostess gown?

still wearing the long hair he needs for his rôle in *The Call of the Wild*. Jean Harlow and Bill Powell, the center of attraction as always, when they appear in public. Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Robinson—and his inevitable cigar. Mrs. Harold (Mildred) Lloyd, sitting beside Clark Gable, with Harold (without the specs), beaming at them from the opposite side of the table. Walt Disney, embarrassed when called down front to accept his award for the best short of 1934. Arthur Caesar, beaming when given his for the best original story, *Manhattan Melodrama*, after seeing which, according to Mistah (Master of Ceremonies) Cobb, Dillinger dropped dead.

Claudette Colbert all a-flutter in her hurry to catch her train East, forgetting to take her gold statue. Several of those receiving awards, not present. Shame! The press, as usual, put in the worst seats. Charles Rhodes, the camera ace of the Fawcett magazines, everywhere with his camera and flash bulb. Harry Cohn, bubbling like a schoolboy, over the success of his studio. Cobb's tear-jerking speech as he held little Shirley Temple after presenting her with a special small gold statue—the award for making millions happy. Shirley's speech into the mike, when she said in a loud, clear voice, "I thank you, one and all," and then planted a resounding kiss on Cobb's leath-





A fair consignment is Marian Marsh (tidy and tide-y) appearing in *Devil's Cargo*

ery old cheek and making him cry. The melodious music from Ben Bernie's band, and selections from picture songs, awarded statues for merit for the first time. Cobb and several celebrities, posing for the newsreel boys in *Flirtation Walk*. The crowd at the bar, drinking to the winners. And so, into history.

THERE were many who believe that it should have been little, blonde Bette Davis who should have received the woman's award for her performance in *Of Human Bondage*. In fact, many cast their vote for her but it was no good. Bette sat in a booth close to me and gave no indication of her great disappointment.

HOLLYWOOD parties are playing a new game. *Soul-mates*. Everywhere the movie people get together, they are indulging in the new pastime. It's done like this: the idea is to pair off soul-mates, among the movie stars. For instance, some-

one starts it by announcing that Gloria Swanson and Kay Francis have each had four husbands. The next person insists that Kay and Jean Muir were both basket-ball players in their college days and the chain is built up, until at last it comes back to Gloria. Some hilarious times are had when refreshments are served and the game gets going in a big way. You never know when some unexpected guest will pop in with all the answers.



Irene Dunne displays new coiffure

PEGGY WATTERS, the little Georgia dancing gal who has been Lyle Talbot's heart-throb for months, has decided that she belongs to the cinema. Producer Sam Katz and the Missus, Sari Maritza, are both much interested, and it looks like Peggy will be on her way to stardom before long. She is a cute brunette with dancing eyes and a sunshine smile, and has appeared in the South as a dancer and singer. We can't tell you, really, whether Peg and Lyle are altar bound, but where there's romance, there are rumors of weddings.

ASPECTATOR at one of the recent races at Santa Anita tells me that Bing Crosby's horse ran so far behind they didn't know if it was last in that race, or first in the next. Could someone have yelled "Milk"?

IT looks as though Universal, one of the oldest and most respected producing organizations in Hollywood, will soon be in other hands. Some say that Uncle Carl Laemmle, its founder and guiding genius since its inception, will never sell, but the rumors

(Continued on page 70)



Papa Bing with Gary Evan, and the twins, Philip Lang and Dennis Michael



Warner Baxter is Argentine in his next

Mary Ellis —the New Glamour Star of the Screen



A new personality—one with a golden voice—comes forward to conquer you, and to share some of the honors now bestowed upon Grace Moore. Mary Ellis is already hailed as the Screen Discovery of 1935. What is she like, what is her background? This revealing story tells you

Mary Ellis has time to make only two pictures a year in Hollywood. *All the King's Horses* marks her first

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

THE new glamour girls of Hollywood carry the stamp "Made in America," since Grace Moore proved that glamour is not, necessarily, an imported quality. Before the last golden note of *Butterfly's* death song had died away, the teletype wires were humming with urgent appeals to talent scouts. "Find us another great voice—quick!" Mary Ellis, of Metropolitan Opera fame, is the first answer to the wires.

"I've been putting off Hollywood for ten years," she told me, "because I thought that I didn't have the qualities it required. I wasn't beautiful enough for one thing, but pictures have been gradually changing. When I thought that there was a place for me on the screen, I came out. So there you are!"

AND here is Mary—short, dark, sturdily built. She walks briskly. She exudes such vitality and restlessness that her small dressing-room fairly seethes with her presence. She smokes a cigarette in a few strong puffs, looking you directly in the eye while she talks. There is nothing heavy lidded, or Garbo-ish about Mary's glance.

"I am—I suppose—a peasant," she says. "Can there be an American peasant? For I was born in New York, you know. I'm very proud of that. My parents were French, German—a little of everything, and only one generation removed from the soil. I am a farmer, my-

self. I raise my own fruit, flowers and vegetables. I dig in the dirt on my place in England. I love the feel of it—the smell of it—the peace of it.

"It's an old Elizabethan house a half-hour from London. I haven't stayed in town for a party but twice in the three years and a half I've been playing over there. Home is too delightful. That's one thing I can't get over in Hollywood—so many gorgeous houses, and none of them *homes*. It is like being in a railway station, everybody seems just arriving or departing. If I were staying here, permanently, I would find a place in some canyon (not a Spanish hacienda or a Mediterranean villa, but a farm) where I could plant things. Two pictures a year are all I have time for—in Hollywood.

MARY ELLIS has never had time for much of anything except work. Her career began at an age when most girls are wearing their first party dresses. At sixteen, she was standing in the empty auditorium of the Metropolitan Opera House, singing to Gatti-Casazza. A mutual friend had taken the ardent, eager child to the man, whom thousands of ambitious young singers dream, hopelessly, of meeting.

"The friend asked Gatti to advise me with whom to study," Mary Ellis relates in her crisp, staccato voice. "I was going to Italy. The (Continued on page 72)

Jeanette MacDonald builds circulation
—an important factor of a good complexion—by gently pinching her face



Jeanette keeps her eyes beautiful
by applying a soft nourishing cream
around them before retiring at night



The star of *Naughty Marietta* has
lovely hair, and keeps it that way by
brushing it a hundred strokes a day



Jeanette doesn't neglect her hands.
By massaging the tips of her fingers

In My Mirror

by JEANETTE MACDONALD

Who Reveals Her Own Beauty Treatments

Jeanette MacDonald, now co-starring with Nelson Eddy in *Naughty Marietta*, tells—exclusively for MOTION PICTURE—what every woman *doesn't* know about home beauty care. And Jeanette tells it with engaging frankness and charm. Every treatment she describes (and prescribes) might be adopted with profit by any woman eager to enhance her own beauty and appeal. Don't miss these revealing articles by the stars which MOTION PICTURE brings you exclusively each month. You have read in these pages the beauty doctrines of Dolores Del Rio, Maureen O'Sullivan and Ginger Rogers. Next month, and every month thereafter, another charming star will write her Beauty Secrets for MOTION PICTURE, and you.—*Editor.*



Jeanette MacDonald looks into her mirror and finds that her beauty treatments bring good results—charm and loveliness. Her prescriptions are offered for your benefit

ALL my life I have patterned my ideas of beauty after my mother. She is one of those remarkable people who is past sixty, looks forty, and feels like twenty-five. Her skin is lovely—clear, smooth and youthful, and with scarcely a wrinkle. So you can understand why I have carried on with the same beauty practices which she started for herself, years ago.

Being very modern, she has always used creams and lotions, as well as soap and luke-warm water—which, of course, isn't anything new. But there is one beauty trick, which she practices religiously, and which I have as religiously, imitated. And that is a bit of nourishing cream, patted gently around the eyes, every night, before going to bed—to ward off crows-feet, of course.

But it does more than that. The actual patting—done with the very lightest touch of the tips of your fingers—is more soothing and helpful than you can imagine. I suffer occasionally from insomnia—especially, when I am working on a picture, and cannot get it out of my mind. When this happens, I put on my eye cream after I have climbed into bed. I begin by patting the cream around the eyes . . . very slowly and gently. I close my eyes, and even put it on the upper lids—smoothing it over and over, again. The cream and the patting, together, seem to relax the tiny, delicate muscles around the eyes, and that helps me to find sleep much more quickly and easily.

I think that it is this treatment which has made Mother's eyes as fresh, and full of light and laughter, as a young girl's. And it has kept the skin around the eyes so lubricated that dry, hard wrinkles cannot develop. I believe any woman would do well to try this.

FORTUNATELY, I have always had a pretty good skin. But some years ago, when I was on the stage, my skin began to break out on my neck and chin. It frightened me, and I went to a doctor, at once. After examining me, closely, he asked me if I had, by any chance, been wearing any dyed fur, lately. As a matter of fact, I had—a dyed blue fox collar on one of my coats. Then he pointed out that, sometimes, the chemicals in a dyed fur react, badly, on the chemicals of some skins. And he said that if I discarded the blue fox collar my skin would probably clear up again, which it did. But I have never since been able to wear a dyed fur of any kind. If you have any trouble of this kind, you might look into this possible cause of it.

At the same time he gave me a beauty hint, which has been priceless to me. Every once in a while, all of us feel—we don't even have to see it—a tiny, lumpy, rough condition forming un- [Continued on page 76]

The Picture

There is a wide variety of of the new pictures, with acting and skilful direction.

Cardinal Richelieu (20th Century) A magnificent production, exalted by one of George Arliss' best characterizations. He is, of course, the shrewd *Cardinal Richelieu* in this expert adaptation of the Bulwer-Lytton play; but, for all his skill, this isn't quite as much a one-man show as some of the Arliss films of the past. Edward Arnold, as *King Louis XIII*, does brilliant work; Maureen O'Sullivan handles a romantic rôle with much charm and ability, and Cesar Romero, given his best opportunity to date, is effective as Maureen's love. Douglas Dumbrille, Francis Lister, Halliwell Hobbes, Violet Kemble Cooper, Katharine Alexander, Robert Harrigan, Joseph Tozer, Lumsden Hare and Russell Hicks make impressive contributions.

The story is the familiar one of *Richelieu's* machinations in the sorely beset court of *Louis*, while France is dogged by enemies on all sides. The *Cardinal* is awarded audience sympathy and credit for having the best interests of France always at heart. Arliss obviously delights in the cunning schemes and the feud with *Baradas*, played by Dumbrille. The settings and costuming are lavish, and W. P. Lipscomb's preparation of the dialogue is commendable.—AAAA

Laddie (RKO-Radio) The Gene Stratton Porter romance of the Indiana farmlands has been made into a picture that will line up young and old alike at the boxoffice. It will even entertain many who have thought it stylish to sniff at anything Gene Stratton Porter-ish. The film carries enough sentimentalism to delight your elderly Aunt Betsy, but intelligent adaptation and George Stevens' direction have avoided the sour note of hokum.

John Beal does right well by the title rôle. A little stiff at times, but likable. Gloria Stuart is pretty and adequate as *Pamela*. But another of those sensational child actresses, Virginia Weidler, in the rôle of *Little Sister*, just about steals the show. Others of the capable cast are Donald Crisp, Dorothy Peterson, Willard Robertson, William Bakewell, Gloria Shea, Charlotte Henry and Jimmy Butler. As for the story: A proud English Tory hides his shame in Indiana over his son's military disgrace in England, but nevertheless opposes the marriage of his daughter, *Pamela*, to *Laddie*, a son of the soil. The cute tricks of *Little Sister* help overcome Tory Crisp's opposition, and the renegade son, Bakewell, turns up for a reconciliation. All in all, it's a film that does itself proud.—AAAA

Black Fury (Warner Brothers) A sociological drama rating the descriptive "important," but none the less thrilling entertainment for all of that. Paul Muni's performance deserves Academy consideration and the entire cast is excellent. Michael Curtiz's direction is superb, and the screen play, from an original story, *Jan Volkanik*, by Judge M. A. Musmanno, and a stage play, *Bohunk*, by Harry R. Irving, has the flavor of authenticity.

The setting is a squalid coal-mining community. Paul's girl, Karen Morley, goes off with a mine cop, William Gargan. Paul gets on a terrific drunk, and is an easy pawn for a professional strike agitator, J. Carroll Naish. A private detective agency cashes in by supplying armed guards and strike-breakers. There is a prolonged deadlock and Paul, once a hero to his fellow miners, gets their scorn for their plight. Driven to desperation by strong-arm violence, he dynamites the mine entrances so his whipped comrades can't return to work without a satisfactory settlement. That puts him back on a hero pedestal, and he regains Karen.

Barton MacLane, John T. Qualen, Vince Barnett, Tully Marshall and Mae Marsh are included in the large and capable cast.—AAAA

George Arliss stars in the 20th Century production of "Cardinal Richelieu"

John Beal and Gloria Stuart are the leads in RKO-Radio's picture, "Laddie"

William Gargan, Paul Muni and Karen Morley are to be seen in "Black Fury"

Parade

BY
J. EUGENE
CHRISMAN

subject matter in the best
an abundance of excellent
Additional reviews on page 16

Private Worlds (Paramount) Walter Wanger explored Phyllis Bottome's novel and found this much could be filmed: Individuals alternately veil and uncover different phases of their personality as they move among different people and environments, to protect their "private worlds" from unwelcome intrusion. And it doesn't take much of a monkey-wrench to get delicate mental adjustments all awry and guide the individual across the narrow boundary between sanity and the land of the cuckoos.

Claudette Colbert and Joel McCrea are psychiatrists in a hospital where McCrea expects to become superintendent. But Charles Boyer, who has little use for women doctors, is appointed. There are many "private world" upheavals, and the psychiatrists won't admit what is going on in their own heads. Claudette and Boyer are in love before they realize it. The plot is complicated by Helen Vinson, Boyer's trifling sister, and Joan Bennett, McCrea's wife, who takes a brief excursion across the sanity line. The acting is splendid, with Boyer matching Claudette. Big Boy Williams, as a violent nut, Esther Dale, as an intolerant matron, Sam Hinds and Jean Rouverol deserve mention. An outstanding picture.—AAA½

Go Into Your Dance (Warner Brothers) Those two perennial sweethearts, Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson, are together on the screen for the first time. Keeler, no doubt inspired by that fact, gives the best performance of her screen career and Jolson is O.K., if you like his brand of mammy songs, for he goes largely back to the old routine.

Jolson is a bad boy entertainer whom Broadway no longer wants. Helen Morgan, wife of a Chicago gang leader, falls for him and induces her spouse to back him in a new type of Broadway entertainment. Ruby is just a little chorine who worships the great Jolson from afar but soon gets her finger in the pie. All the money advanced has been used to bring the show up to opening night, when Equity demands a deposit of thirty thousand dollars which Morgan is at last able to induce her suspicious husband to advance. But when Jolson learns that his sister, Glenda Farrell, is falsely accused of murder in Philadelphia, he puts the dough up as a bail bond for her. She is proved innocent just before first curtain and it's all hunky-dory at the fadeout, with a clinch between Ruby and Al.

Plenty of color and grand dance numbers by Bobby Connolly, and a supporting cast that would make your hair curl, no less.—AAA

Mississippi (Paramount) Here's a picture that seems to have just about everything to make a grand hit, yet even the combination of Bing Crosby and W. C. Fields doesn't hoist it into the smash class. But don't think, by that, that you won't find it better than average entertainment; and if you're inclined to go softie over the Old South, you'll revel in the atmosphere of a beautiful production job.

The story is Booth Tarkington's, but the fighting coward legend, filmed a couple of times previously, begins to wear. Bing, engaged to Gail Patrick, refuses a duel with her rejected suitor, John Miljan. Only Joan Bennett, Gail's sister, sympathizes with Bing's "ideals." He joins a showboat captained by Fields, and, when he is compelled to fight Fred Kohler in self-defense, Kohler is accidentally shot. That gives Bing a killer reputation, which enables him to bluff Miljan. Then he convinces Joan that he hasn't really gone tough, but is still the idealist.

The Rodgers-Hart numbers don't serve Bing as well as *Swanee River*. Fields is better than his material. The Cabin Kids, pick-aninnies, are amusing. You'd better see it and enjoy yourself.—AAA



Charles Boyer and Joel McCrea support
Claudette Colbert in "Private Worlds"

Ruby Keeler, Glenda Farrell and Al
Jolson appear in "Go Into Your Dance"

W. C. Fields, Joan Bennett, Bing Crosby
and Gail Patrick are in "Mississippi"



Chester Morris
will salute you

Valerie Hobson
has a greeting



Carl Laemmle, Jr., will give you the keys to Universal
on the Coast, and you'll visit such famous sets as
B—*The Good Fairy* street; C—Buck Jones' cowtown;

Come to OUR HOLLYWOOD

You've always wanted to see Hollywood, and here's the chance of a lifetime! Plan now to join the Motion Picture Movieland Tour for the most thrilling vacation trip that can be imagined!

By JACK SMALLEY

ALL aboard for Hollywood and lots of thrills! Our big special train is getting up steam, reservations are pouring in, and plans are completed for the most exciting two weeks' vacation trip ever devised. You simply must not miss it!

And what a rousing welcome awaits you in Hollywood, the marvelous land of movies!

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE has made all arrangements for the members of its Movieland Tour to pass through gates marked "No Visitors" and see sights

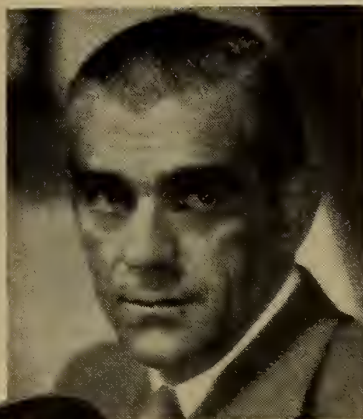
that will make every moment of the Hollywood trip a memorable experience to brighten a whole lifetime.

In the last issue we told you how the Movieland Special party will leave Chicago August 4, stop off in St. Paul and Minneapolis to motor through historic spots of the lake-studded Twin Cities; how they will be guests of the Fawcett Publications at world-famous Breezy Point Lodge, "the Deauville of the North Woods" near Brainerd, Minnesota, then travel over the majestic Rockies to Seattle,



City, largest and oldest studio (see arrows): A—*Notre Dame*; D—Jungles; E—Sound stages

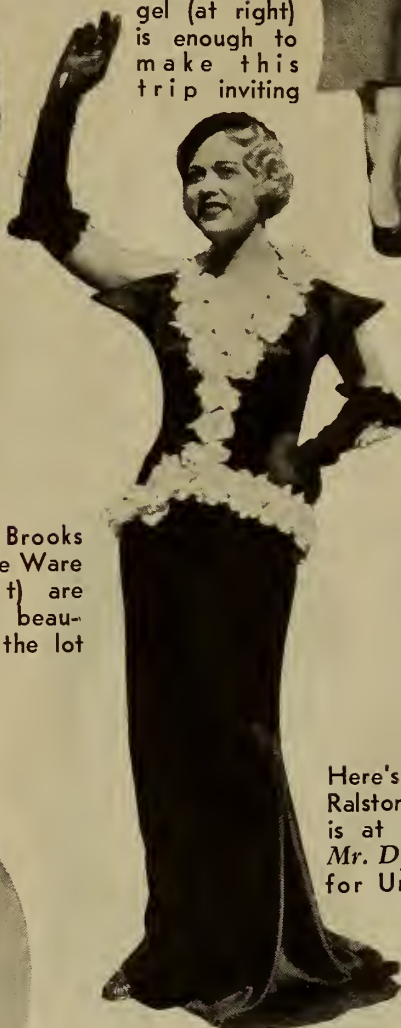
Boris Karloff, the "monster," will be lurking in the studio. But don't let that scare you; you'll like him



Just to see Heather Angel (at right) is enough to make this trip inviting



Phyllis Brooks and Irene Ware (at left) are talented beauties on the lot



Here's Esther Ralston, who is at work in *Mr. Dynamite* for Universal

PARTY!

Wouldn't you be thrilled to meet Sally Eilers on the "U" lot? If you come along, you'll see her!



by boat to the Magic Isles of Puget Sound, down past the snow-capped Cascades to San Francisco, and on to ever-amazing Hollywood.

Of course, by the time you arrive in the capital of Film-land you'll all be one big, happy family, and that will double your enjoyment of the motor trips and parties at the studios which have been planned for you.

First of all, after freshening up at the Hotel Roosevelt, right in the midst of Hollywood on famous Hollywood Boulevard, and only a block from the editorial

offices of this magazine, you'll visit the awe-inspiring Universal Studios. Carl Laemmle, Jr., general manager of Universal will make your visit a memorable occasion. The big gates will swing open to admit our cavalcade of cars to the largest and oldest studio on the West Coast, where many great films have been made.

Universal City is the only studio city in the world, and this year it has celebrated its twentieth birthday. In its long and successful career, Universal has made such record-breaking pictures [Continued on page 74]

In Person

[Continued from page 42]

she brought out her special effort, a small, flaky berry pie. While eating it, he talked informatively and absently about the local bird-life. This was too much.

"I don't believe you even know what you're eating," she burst out.

"What? Why, yes. It's some kind of pie, I should say."

"Don't you know what kind?"

"Well, it might be berry. Or maybe currant. Yes, I believe it's currant. Isn't it?"

"You'll never find out," said Caris bitterly, and hurled the remaining half of the pastry into the bushes, thereby all but betraying Emory into a cry of anguish. Never in his life had he eaten a better pie.

"Well," he conceded, "it wasn't so bad."

"Is that all?"

"For a beginner."

She said with cold conciseness: "I made A-plus in Domestic Science all through college. And I won every cooking prize in summer camp."

THE last light was waning out of the sky when she finished cleaning up, thoroughly and healthily wearied. Relations were a trifle strained as with conscientious politeness they exchanged goodnights and withdrew to their respective quarters.

Full of minor aches and bruises Caris

the Cook fell at once into depths of sleep. She awoke, feeling better than she could have believed possible a few days before. Observing no signs of life in the other cabin, she set about preparing breakfast. When she called Emory at eight o'clock, he sat down after his plunge, and ate everything that was set out without comment or compliment. While washing up, she came to a revengeful conclusion.

"Could you mail a letter for me this morning?"

He read her expression. "Yes," said he with a sinking heart.

She disappeared, and presently delivered the missive to his hand.

"When will it reach Washington?"

"Tomorrow morning."

"Then they could get here tomorrow evening," she mused.

"I see. Weakening, eh? I expected it."

"I'm not weakening. I'm—I'm bored."

He wagged his head. "Couldn't stand the gaff," he observed.

"That's not so," she flashed. Then suddenly she drooped. "I wanta go ho-o-o-o-ome."

BY AN abrupt transition she had ceased to be the self-conscious actress and had become a piteous young girl.

"All right, all right, all right!" exclaimed Emory in dismay. "Only don't look like that. I'll do anything. I'll telegraph."

"Could you?" She glanced up at him trustfully. Emory's throat thickened. He desperately wanted to throw a comforting arm around those tremulous shoulders, and tell her that anything she wanted would be done if he had to break his neck, not to mention his heart, to do it. . . . "Kind but firm." Dr. Sylvester's formula came timely to mind. In altered tones he said:

"Certainly. I'll wire your uncle that your nerve has broken, and you aren't up to an ordinary job of—"

"You will not! How can you be so rotten?"

"Why not face the facts? You signed to go fifty-fifty through the week. Now if you want to renig and leave me to hold the bag, I've nothing further to say."

SNATCHING the letter from his hand, Caris tore it up, and crammed the fragments into the stove.

"We'll never get back to where we were. You've been too poisonous."

"—there's an animated cartoon on in Clifton Forge."

"I wouldn't think of going with you," she returned disdainfully.

And then he added, "If I do stay, what are we going to do today?"

"I'd suggest a little light housekeeping for you while I go for supplies. If you've any taste for sewing you'll find

some of my shirts shy on buttons." He climbed into the car. "Goodbye." By mid-morning the improvised camp was slick as a new pin under Caris' ministrations. The luncheon which she prepared was so toothsome that it completely restored, not only her shaken self-confidence, but also her justifiably ruffled temper. About noon she heard the car return.

EMORY sniffed the aroma of the cookery, and cast what she hoped was a look of approbation on the military neatness of the porch.

"Been doing a spot of work, I see."

"A spot. That's what you call it."

"I could eat," he stated.

Eat he did with evident relish. Between courses he opened a new topic.

"As a well brought up child you must have read Grimm and Andersen."

"The fairy-tales? Of course."

"Do you happen to remember what the dwarfs said to Snow-white?"

"Not exactly."

"She got lost in the mountains, you know, and the dwarfs took her in."

"Go on."

"This wandering child had illusions of grandeur, too."

"What do you mean, too?"

"She thought she was a king's daughter."

"So she was, wasn't she?"

"So they said something like this to her: 'If you will take care of our house,

[Continued on page 58]



Wide World

Captain W. H. Fawcett, publisher of Motion Picture, and Harold Lloyd start their daily golf match at Palm Springs



Charles Rhodes

Ann Dvorak and her rare wire-haired Daschund, said to be one of the only twelve of this breed in the world

"EVERY DAY I LOVE YOU MORE"



**Thrilling Words —
but nobody says them to the girl
who has COSMETIC SKIN . . .**

IT'S WONDERFUL to *win* love—even more wonderful to *hold* it! So don't let unattractive Cosmetic Skin steal away your good looks. It is when stale make-up is left to *choke the pores* that the warning signals of this modern complexion trouble appear—tiny blemishes, dullness, blackheads, perhaps.

**Cosmetics Harmless if
removed this way**

Lux Toilet Soap is especially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its **ACTIVE** lather sinks deep into the pores, removes every trace of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Use all the cosmetics you wish! But to *protect* your skin—keep it lovely—follow this simple rule:

Use this gentle soap before you put on fresh make-up during the day—**ALWAYS** before you go to bed at night. Remember, 9 out of 10 lovely Hollywood stars use Lux Toilet Soap!

RUBY KEELER

STAR OF WARNER BROTHERS
"GO INTO YOUR DANCE"



LIKE SO MANY
GIRLS I USE ROUGE
AND POWDER, BUT
THANKS TO **LUX
TOILET SOAP** I'LL
NEVER HAVE
COSMETIC SKIN



....UNTIL you see
the surface skin blemishes
she has tried to cover up

DO YOU have those occasional little pimples that come sometimes from a temporary internal disorder, or perhaps from clogged, sluggish pores? You probably do—almost every woman suffers this embarrassment now and then.

Don't try to cover up these surface defects with cosmetics, which won't really conceal—*get rid of them instead.* You can clear them up so easily and quickly by giving nature a little external aid with Resinol Ointment and Soap, to hasten the healing process.

It is refreshing to breathe the tonic-like fragrance of Resinol Soap and to feel its light foamy lather cleansing and stimulating your skin as you gently work it into the pores. It rinses easily, too, and leaves the skin ready for the soothing medication of Resinol Ointment. This special medication relieves the soreness and redness and helps to quickly heal pimply spots. Made from a doctor's formula, it is safe for the most sensitive skin and it does not smart or sting.

All druggists sell Resinol Ointment and Soap. Supply yourself today—use them freely as directed and you will be delighted with the improvement in your skin. For free sample of each, write Resinol, Dept. 9-B, Baltimore, Md.



In Person

[Continued from page 56]

cook, and make the beds, wash, sew, and knit, you can stay with us and you shall want for nothing."

CARIS closed her eyes—and fell asleep in her chair. When she awoke there was no Emory beside her. He had changed his position on the porch, to the rail opposite. Through half-closed lids she could see that he was sketching in a book. It was the first evidence from him of any appreciation of her being worth looking at, she whose face had collected millions of dollars from a discerning public. So his indifference to her appearance had been a bluff. This was her opening.

"Where am I?"

"Don't move please."

Swiftly his pencil stroked, while her sensation of inner warmth glowed and spread. Unfortunately a new element intruded; she got a cramp. Stealthily she wriggled, stretched, extended her arms. Overhead she was aware of a soft stir. Emory sat up and put his sketch-book aside.

"Of course I've sat loads of times," said she. "If I'd known that you wanted to draw me—" As she spoke she had come to his side.

He turned the book to give her a good view. What she got was a severe jar. The sketch was unquestionably expert, but it had several features to which she could lay no reasonable claim, including wings and a tail.

"I've been trying to get that mother-wren ever since yesterday," he stated. "Why couldn't you have stayed asleep a minute longer?" She shook a despondent and disillusioned head. "Just a household drudge," she sighed, but she

had the grace to grin at her own discomfort.

CARIS returned to her chair. She would try another and a well-authenticated angle of attack. "I think you might tell me," she observed.

"Tell you what?"

"We—ell, you haven't told me anything about yourself yet. Who is she?"

"Who is whom?" he asked.

"The girl."

"There isn't any girl."

"Of course, you'd say that."

He scanned her with a growing and obnoxious twinkle. "Because I haven't fallen for your charms, it must follow that there is some obstacle in the background. Is that the idea?" She repressed her annoyance sufficiently to state with languid mendacity: "I certainly don't expect or want you to fall for me."

"Making it unanimous."

"Men who fall in love with me, bore me," she persisted.

"If it comes to that," observed Emory, calling something to mind, "how about Bill?"

"Bill?" She took on vividness, alertness. "Bill is something else again." She laughed.

"**H**OWDY, ma'am. Howdy, Mister?" Neither of them had heard any sound of approach. But there she stood, a bony, solemn child of perhaps ten, bare of foot, scant of clothing, but rich in self-possession.

"Who are you, midget?" asked Caris.

"I'm Minna."

"Glad to see you and all that," put in

[Continued on page 64]



Charles Rhodes

Isabel Jewell with William Tannen, and Ida Lupino with Tom Brown, pause to compare notes at the Cafe Trocadero, one of Hollywood's popular night places

Mrs. Kendall Lee Glaenger member of the immortal Lee family of Virginia . . . noted for her beauty and talent—her reputation as a hostess in Paris and New York. Adores music. Has many friends among modern composers. Loves the outdoors and has a shooting box in the Adirondacks. Her sister is married to Rockwell Kent, famous artist.

ALL HERS...

The appointments of luxurious living—yet the beautiful Mrs. Glaenger pays only 25¢ for her tooth paste

Certainly no mere price could be a factor in this charming woman's choice of Listerine Tooth Paste. She likes it and uses it for what it does. The quick, thorough way it cleans; the brilliant lustre it imparts to teeth.

"It gives my mouth a new-born feeling," said Mrs. Glaenger in her lovely New York apartment, "and gives me a sense of well-being."

Literally thousands of men and women who can afford to pay any price for a tooth paste, have switched to Listerine Tooth Paste and stick to it. More than two million women and a million men are using this beauty and health aid made by the makers of famed Listerine.

If you have not tried it, do so

now. See how much cleaner your teeth look. See how much brighter they become. Note how wonderfully clean and refreshed your mouth feels after its use. Remember that here is a product in every way worthy of the notable Listerine name; at a common sense price. In two sizes: Regular Large, 25¢ and Double Size, 40¢.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

Listerine TOOTH PASTE



Mrs. Glaenger's 10-carat diamond ring and solid gold cigarette case given by Napoleon to a Russian princess, and her three diamond bracelets.



Corner console of the Louis XVI Period in Mrs. Glaenger's apartment. Also Chinese crackle glaze porcelain jar from the Ming dynasty.



Rare Louis XV French commode. Behind it a rich Ming Period Chinese painting on silk, together with porcelain vase of the Chien Lung Period.



Rivaling Mrs. Glaenger's ermine and silver fox evening wrap in grace and beauty, is her mink cape, constructed of beautifully matched skins, collected over a period of twenty years by a famed furrier.



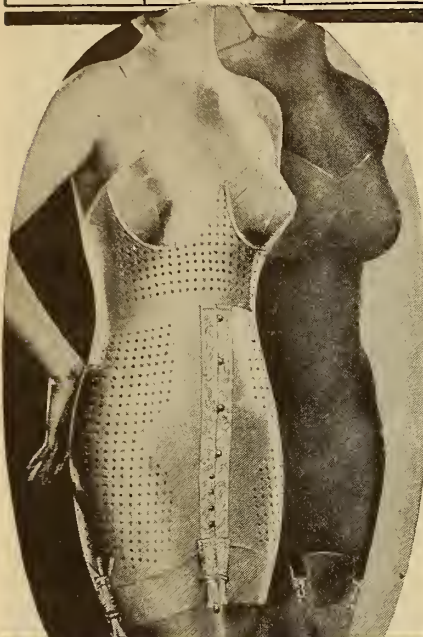
TEST...the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE ...at our expense!



"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Co. and sent for their FREE folder".

"They actually allowed me to wear the Perfolastic for 10 days on trial..."

"and in 10 days, by actual measurement, my hips were 3 INCHES SMALLER".



"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 inches and my weight 20 pounds".

REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR MORE

... it costs you nothing!

WE WANT you to try the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly

Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as the gentle massage-like action removes flabby, disfiguring fat with every movement... stimulating the body once more into energetic health!

Don't Wait Any Longer — Act Today

You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce your waist and hips **THREE INCHES!** You do not need to risk one penny... try them for 10 days... at no cost!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 166, 41 EAST 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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Address _____

City _____ State _____

☐ Check Here for Free Folder on MEN'S REDUCING BELT



Joan Crawford wearing the new "luster" type of make-up

Let's Be Lovely!

by Gwen Dew

FACE forward into summer! It's time to discard heavy make-ups, and to give new loveliness to our faces which must look brightly into the summer sun, and gleam softly in the June moonlight. Change the style of make-up you have been using, try new shades of powder, rouge, lipstick, and eye-shadow, and watch the looks of admiration you'll receive!

There's something new under the make-up sun, too! Hollywood has started another fashion that will sweep the country. It's called the "Luster" make-up. Haven't you noticed how Joan Crawford, for instance, often wears a "shiny" make-up, and wondered how she achieved it? Well, one company has produced a brand new cosmetic. It is thicker than an evening liquid powder, and leaves the face fresh and gleaming. With it they advise applying titian rouge and lipstick, and green eye-shadow, all to carry out the tones of summer days. Of course, this is a sports make-up, to be used on those occasions when your ordinary make-up is too artificial, and your face, naturally, becomes shiny. This product gives you instead a natural appearance that is truly delightful. It's young and fresh, and I predict it will be very smart this summer on the beaches, golf links, tennis courts and country clubs!

Here's a new thought from one of the most famous of cosmetic houses.

Instead of always using one complete set of make-up shades, the same for day or night, for suits as for evening clothes, as you have often been told to do, this smart beautician advises entirely different make-ups for various sorts of costumes. So sometimes, for example, you are delightfully Regency in your softness, and you need a subtle make-up that is demure. Another time you need to look brilliant and sparkling, and you'll use those cosmetic tones.

This company has taken the important new colors of the season, and worked out the flattering and perfect shades to wear with them. For instance, soft blossom pink is fashion's favorite, and a light cream rouge, shades of brown eye shadow, and an alluring perfume are recommended. At night the same color is combined with a different powder, and silvery blue eye-shadow, and a moonstone shade of nail polish are used. Oh yes, they carry their ideals for make-up clear to your fingertips, and recommend a "streamline manicure," which means that you carry your nail polish clear to the end of your fingers! I have this company's entire color make-up chart if you're interested!

ONE cosmetic house, famous for the work it does with Hollywood stars, creates a color harmony chart that is a welcome aid to the brunette, blonde, or [Continued on page 67]

ENCHANTING

Radiant Charm
for YOU!

For all women who would retain the thrill of youth and grow attractive looking.

Blondes use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash as a rinse to restore the sunny golden hues and natural lustre of real blonde hair. Brunettes impart fascinating highlights, a glorious sheen to your dark hair or lighten it any golden tint of "blondeness" you desire. You can get exactly the effect you want as soon as you want it of course. But, best of all, Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is so simple to use that you can apply it secretly in your own home and watch your hair slowly assume its new lustrous beauty over a period of weeks or months. Even your most intimate friends will admire your charming brightness—and never suspect the cause!

SMOOTH ARMS AND LEGS ADD TO THE CHARM OF YOUR APPEARANCE

Brunettes especially, and blondes, too, are you risking making your arms and legs coarse and *unnatural* looking, by shaving or using depilatories? Don't remove the "superfluous" hair nature intended you should have. Make your arms and legs smooth and alluring with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

Your druggist has Marchand's Golden Hair Wash in the new gold and brown package. Start using it some time today.

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

TRY A BOTTLE— FREE!

(See coupon
below)

A trial bottle of Marchand's Castile Shampoo—FREE—to those who send for Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. The finest health treatment you can give your hair. Marchand's Castile Shampoo makes your hair fresher and more charmingly alive. Send for bottle today

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH WILL NOT INTERFERE WITH PERMANENT WAVING

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY, OR USE COUPON BELOW

CHARLES MARCHAND CO. · 251 West 19th Street · NEW YORK CITY

Please let me try for myself the sunny, golden effect of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents (use stamps, coin, or money order as convenient) for a full sized bottle. Also send me, FREE, trial sample of Marchand's Castile Shampoo.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State..... M. P.-635

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**WITHOUT
BINDING,
BULK OR
BOTHER!**

New Toe-Fitting Shape—Tailored to the toe, relieving pressure and pain. This professionally designed shield from the *Red Cross Laboratories* excels old-style plasters.

Slip-proof Tabs—hold plaster flat against toe, without bulging.

Perfect Protection—Shaped to prevent shoe pressure and crowded toes.

Glossy, Waterproof Surface—*Drybak*, an exclusive process, doesn't stick to stocking and isn't affected by water.

Individual Medicated Centers—Safer and unexcelled for removing hard corns.

Send 10c for a trial package—
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For professional foot treatment see a *Chiroprapist*

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.



BOX OF 12
25¢

**RED CROSS
DRYBAK
CORN PLASTER**

(Also *Drybak Bunion and Callus Plasters*)

Who Is Little Caesar Now?

[Continued from page 35]

gazing wonderingly into the eyes of the man who knelt beside him and crooned, to his new born baby, a lullaby his own mother had sung to him. The swift months had passed, and here he was, again—a young man of not quite two, standing, sturdily, on his own feet, surveying the pleasant corner of the world which had fallen to his portion, forming his own young impressions.

His mother, slender and sunny-faced, bent over him. "Like to shake hands with the lady, Manny?" she suggested. Manny is short for Emanuel, Edward Robinson's given name.

A moment's pause. "No," he decided. There was nothing in the least rude or unpleasant about it. Having been asked a question, he had replied with candid simplicity. Here was someone he didn't know, who not only stood between him and his daddy, but wanted to be shaken hands with, to boot. There's nothing particularly amusing about shaking hands with people. Manny couldn't see the point, and my sympathies were all with him.

But his kindly father feared lest a guest's sensibilities had been injured. "Give him a chance to wake up," he apologized. "He'll come round. He's a nice social guy, really."

MOST men love their children—and especially their first-born sons. But a passion like Eddie Robinson's for his baby is as rare as it is moving. Perhaps it's partly due to the fact that the Robinsons were married ten years before their youngster came; or it may be mixed up with the circumstance that Mrs. Robinson, convinced that a child would crown her husband's happiness, entered the shadow of death, deliberately, knowing that she faced greater hazards in childbirth than the average woman, but risking those hazards, courageously, for the sake of the possible prize. It may be that Eddie Robinson has a greater capacity for paternal love than most men, or less self-consciousness about revealing it.

"Yes," he admitted, when I had finally succeeded in reclaiming his attention. "It's true that I had a clause inserted in my last contract, saying I wasn't to work after five-thirty—because I wanted to see the kid put to bed. Well—why not?" he demanded with his slow smile. "A man's got a right to see his own kid put to bed, hasn't he? Besides, it's the only chance I get at him while I'm working."

"Except for your morning shave together," his wife reminded him.

It transpired that the Robinsons, Senior and Junior, share the daily shaving rite. Manny trots into the bathroom after his father and, gravely imitating all the latter's motions, soaps his face, brushes the soap into a lather, then scrapes it off with a pusher, originally designed to push food into his spoon. He knows what he's doing, too, and refuses to be tricked. One day his father

gave him the brush dry. A few moments of manipulation convinced him that something was wrong. "Back," he told his father firmly, handing him the offending brush, "Back. Back."

"I had to put it back in the closet," Robinson chuckled, "and give him a wet one. Funny kid," his lips concluded, while his eyes, resting again on the bobbing blue elf in the sunlight, cried: "Darling, darling, beloved kid."

I ASKED him about his latest film, *The Whole Town's Talking*.

"I'm delighted," he said. "I had a swell time making it, too. It was a part one could sink his teeth into. That's what any actor wants. No fun playing a thing you can walk through—or worse yet, lie down through. Hope I get more parts as juicy. But I'm going to tell you something," he continued slowly, "and don't misunderstand me. I like to act. I'm conceited enough to think I can act, and I want to go on acting. Only my slant's a little different, now. The good old career—any old career—doesn't seem quite so all-important as it once did."

The baby approached with a twig he had picked from the ground. "Kick," he announced—which, interpreted, means stick. Maybe he repented his earlier rebuff, or maybe he had just got used to seeing me around. At any rate, after eyeing us, one by one—"Yady have it," he decided, and, with an air of profound satisfaction, deposited the treasure in my lap. Judging from the reaction of his elders, this was apparently a joke, in which he joined wholeheartedly, his front teeth exposed in a ravishing smile, his eyes crinkling, exactly like his father's. He was awake, now—wide awake.

"Pay, daddy," he urged, tugging at his father's hand. And, for the next half hour, we were treated to the spectacle of Edward G. Robinson, bouncing a ball to his baby, riding him piggyback, and playing the alarmed pedestrian, while Manny tinkled his tricycle bell and gurgled: "Fah!"

"Small miracle," smiled his mother.

IT'S SO hard to live in Hollywood without going Hollywood! So often I'd heard the cry: "There's something in the atmosphere that ruins people."

To which, having seen for myself, I now reply: "Bunk!" The Robinsons live in Hollywood, as they'd live anywhere—in a home that radiates peace and friendliness—with the music, the books, the pictures, the friends, the child they love. They live that way, because that's how they want to live—because they have the wisdom and perspective to take the substance, instead of the shadow, to pass up the tinsel for the sake of enduring values. There's nothing in the atmosphere of Hollywood that can ruin the Robinsons; for, wherever they go, they're strong enough to create their own atmosphere of intelligent living.

"What a Beautiful Make-Up ..I Wonder What Her Secret Is?"

They ask this about
ANITA LOUISE



ANITA LOUISE
in Warner Bros.
"A MIDSUMMER
NIGHT'S DREAM"
A Max Reinhardt
Production

Photographed in the
Hollywood home of
Anita Louise

Would You like to have your beauty attract such interest too?

YES, you can really become more attractive, more alluring, more interesting...if you adopt this make-up secret of Hollywood's famous stars.

It is a new kind of make-up...face powder, rouge and lipstick in color harmony...originated by Max Factor, Filmland's genius of make-up.

You will marvel at the amazing difference. Each shade of face powder, of rouge, of lipstick is a color harmony tone designed to accentuate the individual, colorful charm of blonde, brunette, redhead and brownette. Created to beautify living screen star types, you may be sure the color tones are remarkably natural, gloriously beautiful...even beyond compare.

You may expect a revelation in new beauty

the very first time you make up. Your skin, touched with the magic of this satin-smooth, clinging powder, will appear more lovely in texture and warmth of color...your cheeks, given a soft glow of rouge color, will be delicately beautiful...your lips, accented in life-like color harmony, will acquire an alluring appeal. Your complete make-up...perfect in color harmony, will remain perfect for hours.

Discover now how beautiful you can actually appear. Share the luxury of color harmony make-up, created originally for the stars of the screen, and now available to you at nominal prices. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by leading stores.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP ... Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick

...In Color Harmony

FOR personal make-up advice...
and to test your own color harmony
shades in face powder, rouge and
lipstick... mail coupon now.



Mail for your COLOR HARMONY IN POWDER AND LIPSTICK

MAIL THIS COUPON TO MAX FACTOR... HOLLYWOOD
JUST fill in the coupon for Purse-Size Box of Powder in your color harmony
shade and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. Enclose 10 cents for postage
and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart
and a 48-page illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up". . . FREE.
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NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light... <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue... <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE
Fair... <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light... <input type="checkbox"/> Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>
Green... <input type="checkbox"/>	Green... <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Granny... <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light... <input type="checkbox"/> Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium... <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown... <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Ruddy... <input type="checkbox"/>	Black... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light... <input type="checkbox"/> Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>
Sallow... <input type="checkbox"/>	Black... <input type="checkbox"/>	REDFEAD
Freckled... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light... <input type="checkbox"/> Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive... <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark... <input type="checkbox"/> Light... <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry... <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here.
Only... <input type="checkbox"/> Normal		

ROUGE
Rouge coloring must be in harmony, too, so as to enhance the color attraction of each type. So, for blondes like Anita Louise, Max Factor's Blondeen Rouge is correct. Creamy-smooth, like finest skin-texture, it is extremely easy to blend, giving the skin a soft, natural color.



LIPSTICK
To add alluring appeal to the lips, the color tone of your lipstick must be lifelike. And, for blondes types like Anita Louise, Max Factor's Vermilion Lipstick completes the make-up. Moisture-proof, permanent in color, smooth... it imparts lovely lip make-up that lasts for hours and hours.



In Person

[Continued from page 58]

Emory. "But to what are we indebted for the honor of this visit?"

"We seen your smoke. Old Man Twing, he sent me."

"Who's Old Man Twing?"

The child considered. "I reckon he's my grandpappy."

"And what does he do?"

"He makes."

"Moonshine," interpreted Emory. "Whiskey."

"Yes. Cawn," confirmed the girl. "You-all ain't revenooers, are you?"

"Certainly not. Nothing of that sort," he assured her.

"That's good. The Old Man plumb shoots revenooers."

"Oh, he does! Well, you tell him we're just camping."

"Sure will. I'll tell him you're friends of mine," said the mite generously.

"Perhaps you'd like to stay to dinner with us," suggested Caris, reminded of the duties of hospitality.

It was from her mouth, after eating, that Caris received the compliment which Emory had withheld from her. "You're sure a bone-bred cook if ever they was one," she pronounced. Under the influence of plentiful food she became confidential, "I got four bits."

"Now where did you get all that money?"

"A gentleman gave it to me, up the mount'in'. A gentleman in a big shiny car."

"What's that?" said Emory sharply. "Whereabouts?"

"Crossin' the upper road. I reckon he was lost. He asked me how does he git out."

"O, well, I expect that's all right."



Charles Rhodes

Evelyn Venable, an ardent student, shows Henry Hull one of her collection of first copy of Shakespeare

Did he ask you anything else?"

"Only foolishness," answered Minna. She had just recalled that the generous wayfarer had told her to say nothing about his interest in the locality. Within her limitations Miss Minna was a person of honor.

Shortly after dinner she made her adieus and thanks. She must be over the mount'in' before dark, she explained, because the place was safe for no human being later. With the dusk came the whippoorwills who acted as time-callers for the Unseen, then the bull-bats to spy out the land, and then the witches on their hickory sticks. After moon-up came the hoo-hoos and the ha'nts. Caris gathered the cringing little shoulders into a hug, and said:

"I know what it is to be scared, too, honey. You come back tomorrow, and I'll tell you a secret charm to make you safe."

"What's the charm?" idly asked Emory as their guest scampered up the path.

She hesitated, then smiled. "Bill's in it. And that's about all you're entitled to know at present."

EMORY, after she bade him good-night, got out his calendar and glared at the figures as if he hated the sight of them as he crossed off one more day.

On Wednesday he did not stir from the place. The invader in the shiny car troubled him. It did not seem likely that it could be the pestilent young trailer from Washington, still on their track in this forgotten wilderness.

Nothing happened that day except another visit from Minna. No, she had not seen the donor of the four bits again. She had told Old Man Twing that the two folks at the Springs were not revenooers, but her friends and all right, and he was coming down to call on them as soon as the new mash "set." Emory was bidden to go out and talk to the birds while "we women" tended up the camp.

Luncheon having been disposed of, Minna contrived to segregate her host with a view to settling a problem which had been troubling her. "She says," began the inquisitor with characteristic directness, "that she ain't your woman."

"No, of course she isn't," replied Emory.

Wrinkles of uncertainty appeared between the childish brows:

"You-all ain't married together with a preacher?"

"We certainly are not."

She ruminated. "Ain't you aimin' to marry her, Mister?"

"No."

"Don't you want to marry her?"

"See here," broke in Emory desperately, "do you know what happens to little girls who don't mind their own business? The hoo-hoos pick their bones."

"They can't pick mine," she retorted with cheery confidence. "She told me how to keep 'em away. Bill won't let 'em."

"Who won't let 'em?"

"Bill." She danced away. "I'm not goin' to tell you any more because you won't tell me nothin'," she flung back at him.

He was not particularly sorry when she soon announced that she had to go back and help the Old Man with the still.

THURSDAY'S breakfast left a depleted larder. After inventory Caris delivered an ultimatum. "You've got to go to the store."

"I don't like to leave you here alone."

"I'll be all right. Nobody's ever going to find this place. Anyway, I've got my revolver."

"That's something. Well, I'll be back as soon as I can."

Working with her newly acquired precision, Caris washed up, turned out her household, and went to Emory's shack. She found that what had been a chore was now rather of the nature of a pleasurable responsibility. Had she but known it, few things are more dangerously on-leading to a woman than the first stages of looking after a man's domestic well-being!

A board on the porch creaked. A voice barked:

"As you were, Sister."

Before her blinking eyes there posed superbly a figure the like of which she had seen nowhere outside of the wildest old-time "Western"!

(To be continued)



Wilma and Buddy Ebsen, sensational brother and sister "hoofers," are appearing in "Broadway Melody of 1935"

The Story Behind Colleen Moore's Dollhouse

[Continued from page 39]

Mountain, and *Skippy*. The high, etched glass windows relate the tales of *Jack in the Beanstalk*, *Prince Charming*, and the *Pied Piper of Hamelin*.

FANTASY is rampant throughout the entire decorative scheme. Beside the golden bed of the fairy princess rests a dainty pair of silver slippers. In her green-and-silver bath a tiny fountain sparkles. A miniature ermine rug lies ready to feel the imprint of her tiny feet. And on her dressing table rests her royal crown, fashioned from pure gold, and studded with precious pearls. Yet nowhere did I find the *Fairy Princess*! Not even in the banquet chamber of her *Prince Charming* did I find her.

Nothing could be a more complete personification of Colleen's desire to give free rein to the imagination of every child than that one gesture! The boys and girls of all nations can people that castle with their own images of fairy prince and princess!

In the tiny kitchen, with its utensils fashioned from pure platinum, a silver teakettle awaits the command of its proud possessor. On its walls are decorated murals of *Little Jack Horner*, *Little Bo Peep* and *Contrary Mary*.

The library ceiling depicts the starry kingdom. The floor, done in inlaid, col-

ored wood of varied hues, embeds the signs of the Zodiac. On the copper shelves rest tiny volumes of the world's best-known authors. Over the fireplace, *Captain Kidd* commands his swaggering swashbucklers. A door depicts *Gulliver* pulling tiny boats out of the sea. The room is strewn with strange, miniature furniture, designed for enchanted little people who like to read while reclining in different positions.

IN FACT, the magic of Colleen Moore's dollhouse conjures for the beholder all of the mad fantasy of the ages. Water tanks on turrets and in the dungeons of the castle feed live fountains in the kitchen, garden, and bathrooms, operated by an electrically-run centrifugal pump. The tanks on emptying, play beautiful chimes in the steeple every ten minutes. In *Aladdin's* garden a magic feather nightingale perches on a tree, and sings joyfully.

The dining room is the abode of the *Knights of the Round Table*, each chair containing the coat-of-arms of its occupant. The coat-of-arms of *Guinevere*, the fickle-hearted, is of two hearts, to connote the faithlessness of the *Queen*. The table is set with twelve golden dishes, and golden knives and forks, less than an eighth of an inch long.

It would take pages to describe all of the wonderful details of Colleen's dollhouse. It was completed in her secret workshops in Glendale, California, under the supervision of Charles Morrison, an eminent engineer, and no other than the father of Miss Moore. The work of bringing magic dreams to realistic fulfilment has been his own special work and pride.

THE DOLL castle has left Hollywood, and is now on its long trek around the world. Its tour will extend, not only through the United States and Canada, but also throughout Europe, thence to the Orient, and finally, to South America and Australia. Under the present plan, local charities in each community will select the most worthy institution as beneficiary.

Probably never before in the history of Hollywood has there been such an unselfish, idealistic gesture of reciprocity toward her public as the one Colleen Moore has revealed for the first time.

If it doesn't make her the best-beloved woman in the world, then this writer, and a few others who have experienced the delightful enchantment of viewing the doll castle, will be woefully mistaken. It is a sight, I am sure, that children (and grown-ups, too) will never forget!

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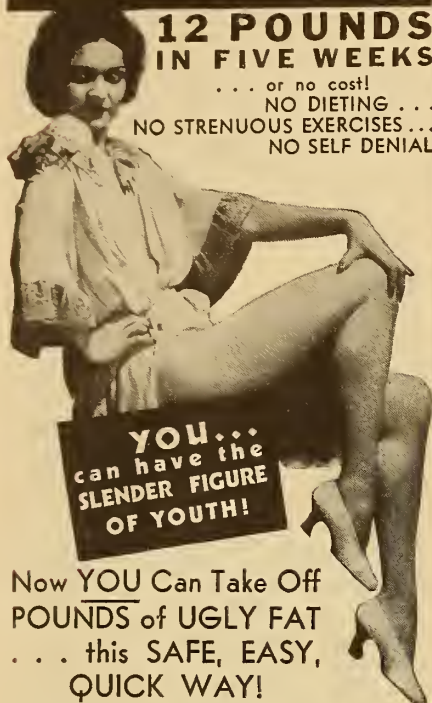
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The New Styles Are Your Styles

[Continued from page 45]

for afternoon party-going, Banton assures us they are equally smart. Both ladies may go on to dinner in their costumes ... though Mary, of course, would abandon her smart sun-shade when she stepped into the Cocoanut Grove in her charming apricot frock of flat crêpe. The bias tunics supply newness of design, and the lilt of the wide-brimmed hat suggests a definitely popular trend in the coming millinery.

Don't be fooled by Marlene's fox muff or by the fact that her suit is velvet. It is distinctly new and "summer" in theme, according to Banton, who insists the heavier materials in the lighter weights, and furs, will appear even through the warm months. Marlene's formal suit is of black velvet, while the skirt is split, moderately, in front to assist in walking. The blouse is tucked, starched organdie and the coat follows Banton's belief in the smock influence for summer wraps. Marlene's hat is a formalized felt beret, trimmed with a branch of glycerined ostrich feathers, and yes, that silver fox muff goes in *chic* disregard for the season.

Several other important Hollywood designers are advocates of the idea that summer fashions will be amusing in the theme of "keeping cool ... but managing to look all bundled up." It's a new and quite different idea for summer wear ... isn't it?

Even in the privacy of her own home, Milady, of this season's fashions, may be as individual as she pleases, and set her own styles in her hostess robes. Elizabeth Allen wears two hostess gowns that are as new, and yet, as contrasting in theme ideas, as the rest of the attractive summer modes from Hollywood.

For the lady of dignity, Adrian has designed a classic negligée that Elizabeth wears in *Mark of the Vampire*. As pictured here, the long over-sleeves and the metal braid trimming are definite points of distinction in this flowing robe of purple crêpe.

It all adds up to the observation that Hollywood is more versatile in her new summer fashion tips than she has been in many seasons. There are style tips, galore, for all of us in the new pictures ... not, merely, exotic eccentricities of dress, to be gasped over and admired as "movie-star clothes" ... but definite tips to be adapted to what you, and you, and even you, will be wearing this summer.

The Talkie Town Tattler

[Continued from page 15]

Vegetables Are Cheap

WHILE watching W. C. FIELDS deftly juggling an old straw hat, a turnip, a tomato can and a lemon, I was moved to ask BILL why he used such commonplace props. He turned a quizzical eye on me:

"My little chickadee, when I decided to juggle and not to struggle, I had to use vegetables and other things which were handy. I've kept it up ever since, my gay flamingo, and I like it."

Tiptoeing For Beauty

TAKE a page from the beauty book of RAQUEL TORRES, who has just been given the deed to a Bel Aire mansion by her husband, STEPHEN AMES. She spends ten minutes each day, walking on her toes as an aid to slenderizing her figger.

Million Dollar Royalties

WE WONDER if you've heard that *The Birth Of A Nation* is still going strong in some parts of the world? The

heirs of THOMAS DIXON, Jr., have so far received \$1,200,550 in royalties and the money is still coming in.

Ringside Heckler

MICKEY McGUIRE was a ringsider at JEFFRIES' barn fights the other Thursday night and attracted more attention than did the fights. MICKEY wore his mop of clay-colored hair, long; and his screams of derision at the bad bouts which spotted the card made more than one disgruntled boxer long to reach over the ropes and spank him.

Nice Kitty

A SKUNK ruined a tentful of valuable costumes and props during a Fox location trip near Bakersfield recently. A pack of dogs ran it into the tent and Mr. Skunk did just what any indignant skunk would have done under the circumstances ... only his aim was bad and it cost Fox five thousand dollars to send a fast plane to Hollywood to duplicate gowns and props.

Let's Be Lovely!

[Continued from page 60]

redhead. Did you know that redheads are particularly in favor this season, just as platinum blondes were last year? Here are the colors for this favored child . . . olive powder, a shade of blonde rouge, and carmine lipstick. Let me know if you want the blonde or brunette colors. Study your own face. A certain type needs applications of rouge, in certain spots, to make it look smaller; another's eyes need to look farther apart; certain lips need to be made larger. It can all be done with make-up!

Have you ever used the "magic" lipstick? It looks orange, but, as you apply it to the lips, it turns to a blush rose shade. The point is: it becomes the shade most becoming to your lips, because it takes on the natural tint already there. This lipstick will not smear, and is waterproof, natural and permanent! The crème rouge this company produces is absolutely waterproof, and is greaseless. It never fades or streaks, even in swimming, which makes it ideal for all outdoor sports.

If any of you have felt handicapped by scars, birthmarks, spots, freckles . . . here's the grandest news! A certain girl found that she could not get a job because of a terrible birthmark on her face. She experimented until she found something that would cover it, and then, to her surprise, was told she had something that she should give the world. It's a perfectly amazing product, and comes as a blessing to any woman who has known the mental torture of a scar or disfiguring mark. This preparation is a miracle worker, I assure you.

To have eyes as alluring as possible, there must be clean eyebrow lines. There's a new gadget introduced—a sort of cross between dainty manicure scissors and accurate eyebrow tweezers, and it gives you a fine eyebrow line. This company has all sorts of things to give you lovely eyes, such as lash tints and a device for making curly lashes.

Every star knows the importance of make-up in her life . . . and her entire appeal may depend upon the care she gives her face. With a little study, you will find that you have a dozen new faces you didn't know about . . . all lovely and young and fascinating!

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What do you want to know about being lovely? I'll be glad to give you advice, and the names of any of the products I've mentioned. I know how stars keep their loveliness, and I'll be glad to share their secrets with you! All that is required is a stamped, addressed envelope for my reply. Address Gwen Dew, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



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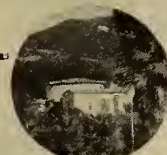
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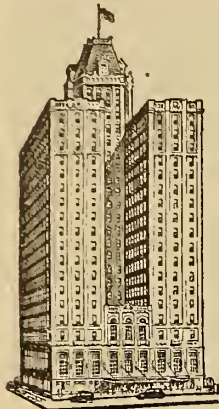
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I'm No Trilby

[Continued from page 25]

the slacks of Hollywood, the severely masculine apparel assumed for her last Gotham run-around, and the ravishingly feminine costume in which she dodged the avid cameramen when Richard Tauber sang in Paris. Which was the most charming memory is difficult to say.

More than any other star, the description "orchidaceous" fits Marlene. She's no sunflower nor hollyhock, no beauty of the hedgerows, but a pale, exotic blossom of the night. She is hot-house perfection, synthetic loveliness, with every fault of feature minimized by skilful artistry, and every virtue of face and form brought to fullest flower.

I KNEW she was terrified by crowds and by reporters. Already newspaper headlines had screamed such silly trivialities as that Marlene didn't snub Garbo the night they met in that Hollywood café. How could either of the girls "cut" the other, when they have never met? She dreads misquotations and the misinterpretations of her remarks. Yet there were questions to be asked. After all, this was an interview.

"Of course, I'll answer any question," said Marlene. So I began.

"You are traveling with twelve trunks, I hear. Apparently you approve Hollywood styles."

"Twelve trunks!" she exclaimed, "Ah, no! Just sufficient changes for a week's stay in your city. You see, New York demands a variety of costume greater than in Hollywood. Here the days have so many different phases. There are breakfasts, the forenoons, luncheons, matinees, cocktails, dinners, theatres, suppers and the clubs after that. One dresses for each occasion. In Hollywood, things are simplified. The routine there is home, the studio, and home again—with an occasional night out.

"There is no playtime there. You'd be surprised what care, what thought, what work goes into the making of a motion picture; not only in the actual shooting, but in the preparation. There is no time for anything but work. Hollywood is a workshop. For us, New York, Paris, London, Rome, Budapest are the playgrounds.

"Of course I approve Hollywood styles, especially for Hollywood—which, you must understand is a place apart in all the world. Hollywood fashions have a definite influence on world fashions. They are reflected throughout Europe, especially at the sports resorts. Naturally, I may do some shopping here. It depends entirely upon whether I see anything I like well enough."

Hollywood a workshop, I thought. And we regard it as something of a merry-go-round. I asked:

"Do you mean to say there is no 'life' in Hollywood—no excitement?"

"Rather that the life is very different. Surely there is no night life as it is understood here, or in the European capitals."

"Is it necessary to be well-dressed in Hollywood?"

"Very necessary. That is, when we are on parade—at premières, for instance. It is mandatory that every star shall live up to the preconceived notion of the public. But when we are working in the studio, sweaters and slacks are more convenient to wear to and from the dressing-room."

This, I imagined, was as good a time as any to ask my most embarrassing question. So, swallowing hard, I inquired:

"Do you still—er—wear—er—pants?"

Marlene looked a little weary, as though to answer, "What, again?" But she smiled:

"When it is convenient, yes. There are occasions when trousers are more desirable, more comfortable than skirts. It is then not only I, but many players, wear them. I do not see why we should not share the comfort enjoyed by men."

"Do you still wear masculine evening clothes?" I hazarded.

Marlene shrugged her expressive shoulders.

"That was a vogue of the moment," she said. And I didn't press the point.

DO YOU go out much in Hollywood?"

"No, very little," she said. "I have explained that it is a place of work, primarily."

"Have you many friends there?"

"Very few friends. Sometimes it is very lonesome. One can be very lonesome, you know."

Yes, I knew. But how could she know? Gloriously young, gorgeously beautiful, happily married, at least passingly well to do, blessed with a daughter whom she adores, and in turn adored by millions. How could she be lonesome? Yet, looking at her, I knew that this was true. "One can be very lonesome." That "one" meant Marlene.

I snapped from this brief reverie as a velvet-footed maid approached.

"Pardon, Madame, the gentlemen of the press to see you."

Marlene turned to me.

"You will understand," she said.

WELL, I can take a hint! Doing my best to manage a courtly bow over her flowerlike fingers, I made my exit as the reporters and cameramen tramped in. I paused at the door as flashes lit the room with lightninglike brilliance. Marlene was posing. One of the photographers said:

"Lift the skirts, please; let the public get a gander at those million-dollar legs!"

Marlene's heavy-lidded eyes looked very weary. She withered the cameraman with a glance. Or, at least, she gave him such a glance as would wither any but a news-photographer. Then her soft voice came to me as she replied:

"It is not necessary. They are very well known!"

Jim Tully Talks—Not for Publication

[Continued from page 29]

Susan, the last two letters of the first and the first two letters of the last. I have written five stories about her, and I would rather go to her if I were in trouble than any pawnbroker in the land.

Clark Gable has always been easy for me to interview. We have much in common. He was a rover like myself. He is from the same section of Ohio which I left early. He worked in a rubber factory. I recently wrote a story about him for one of the Fawcett group of magazines in which he told how a porter in a railroad station got his last dime. Clark must have been a rich vagabond. He is one of the finest men I have known.

I have interviewed Wally Beery a score of times. We know each other so well now that whenever I am asked to do an interview with him I get him on the telephone. "Write your own ticket, you redheaded scoundrel," and then Wally Beery will proceed to tell me what I want to know.

DURING nearly fifteen years of interviewing in Hollywood, only one person has ever refused to see me—the courageous Mae West. Her noted invitation, "Come up and see me sometime," was not for me.

Hearing that I wanted to do a story on West, Texas Guinan sent me a letter from Vancouver. It was full of intimate and never before known details. Texas was dead before the letter reached me. Her affection for West had not been very deep. I did not use the letter.

After interviewing C. B. De Mille, I called him the "Napoleon of the Shadows." He was suave, cautious.

Four books were on his desk. The third was my own *Beggars of Life*.

After an interval, he picked up my book and said, "I haven't yet read this, Mr. Tully—but it's the third on my list. I'll get around to it soon."

Knowing my Hollywood, I smiled.

That was eight years ago. I wonder if he has read it yet.

I found De Mille very charming.

DURING an interview with Mary Pickford, her mother came into the room and said, as nearly as I can remember, "Daughter, I've been offered a hundred thousand for the beach home."

"Why, Mother," returned Mary, "you must not sell it—where in the world would you live this summer?"

"But it only cost sixty-five thousand," said the mother.

"That makes no difference," snapped Mary.

Regretfully, the wife of the onetime Canadian laborer who had been Mary's father, turned and left the room.

Mary smiled at me and said, "Where did we leave off?"



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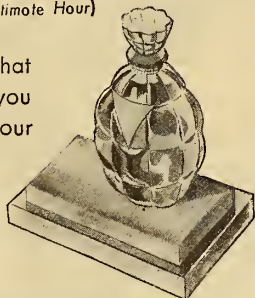
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STANDARD ART STUDIOS

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The Talk of Hollywood

[Continued from page 48]

have it that William Randolph Hearst, dealing through Warner Brothers, has already purchased the studios as a home for his *Cosmopolitan Productions*.

THE Great Ziegfeld, almost ready for production by Universal, was purchased a few days ago by Metro. Naturally, this company will produce the picture, and, at this writing it looks as though William (Bill) Powell will play the rôle of Ziggy, the great glori-fier, as was first planned. If true—and the picture carries color, Bill will have to sport blue and purple shirts. Ziggy did!

BOB MONTGOMERY likes to sing around the house, but is stymied because his Scottie dogs make merry whoopee every time they hear him. So Bob, who must have his vocal practice, hops in his open car and rides for hours alone while practicing the scales.

CLIVE BROOK, that grand English actor, has returned to Hollywood, and will soon appear again on the American screen. Most people do not know that Clive, even accepting his austere bearing, has a remarkably keen sense of humor. I once had an appointment with him, but was informed by a veddy, veddy English butler that, "Mr. Brook is in his bawth. Rawther!" When I called at his home, the following day, Brook said: "My butler, has delusions of grandeur. When we have two people in for dinner, he refers to it the next day as 'the banquet.'"

W. S. (Woody) VAN DYKE, Hollywood's favorite director and party thrower, was married to Miss Ruth Mannix, a Hollywood belle, in New Orleans, not long ago. Woody had been married once before, but recently obtained his divorce. Hollywood has been expecting the new nuptials and was not in the least surprised. But we wonder what Woody will do with the Missus the next time he goes off into the frozen North for another *Eskimo*, or to Africa for another *Trader Horn*?

CARL BRISSON and his lovely wife, Cleo, have been vacationing in Honolulu, gathering a tan from a warm Hawaiian sun. Carl was a very distinct hit in *All The King's Horses* and his Hollywood future is secure. He has, in fact, instructed his entire business establishment, now installed in a London office, be moved, lock, stock and barrel, to Hollywood. Cleo is slowly recovering from a serious operation, and Hawaii has accomplished wonders in effecting a complete recovery. They stayed but a month on the islands as Carl had to be back to begin a new picture.

SPEAKING of Carl Brisson reminds us of the ferocious Danish cheese he serves his guests. It must be nearly twenty years old to attain its proper aroma. Now that his supply is exhausted, no more can be obtained until Frank Buck, who is busy elsewhere, returns,—and he is the only man who can bring it back alive! Ouch!!

STRANGELY enough, although his Daddy, George Barnes, is one of Hollywood's most expert cameramen, a weekly photographic record of Norman Scott Barnes, the offspring of George and Joan Blondell, is being photographed by the baby's godfather, Norman Foster, who is a mere amateur.

LEE TRACY is going to quit telling the story of his early life to magazine interviewers. One magazine printed the story of Lee's life in St. Louis and a man who read it, sent Lee a bill for a window through which Mrs. Tracy's little boy heaved a rock more than twenty years ago.

DID you see Joan Beal and Katharine Hepburn in *The Little Minister*, and did you like their brand of romance? They will be Hollywood's next great romantic team, if RKO-Radio's intentions are carried out.

This man Beal will bear watching, and if he continues to "go to town," as he did in the Barrie opus, he can write his own ticket.

GRACE MOORE, who was mentioned more than favorably in the presentation of the Academy Awards, will be started on her new flicker by the time this reaches print. In it she will sing several arias from *La Boheme*—and will that be a treat for la Moore's fans?

WARNER OLAND, the smoothest smoothie of Oriental rôles, is glad that the *Charley Chan* pictures are being continued. In the old silent days, Warner, as the sinister Oriental crook, murdered people, but now in this talkie era as the benign *Charley Chan*, he catches murderers. Killee, catchee, allee samee to Warner. We all likee.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN has moved back into her little "house-in-the-clouds" apartment, where she claims she spends the happiest hours of her Hollywood existence. It is the hottest group of rooms in the building, being a penthouse affair and getting the direct rays of the very warm California sun.

Maureen, however, bakes serenely in the sunshine and spends her idle hours reading and preparing her own meals.

ALL-STAR FINAL

Hollywood Flashes

EVERYBODY in Hollywood excited about possible wholesale exodus of producers to the East. . . . Talk of sale of Universal Pictures Corporation subsides. . . . M-G-M, however, takes over Universal's story and production unit for *The Great Ziegfeld*; price reported \$250,000 to \$350,000. . . . The Stan Laurel-Oliver Hardy comedy team splits. . . . Sheila Mannors' home robbed of furs and perfumes worth \$1,135. . . . Max Reinhardt wins his fight to get the part of *Mrs. Bottom*, added to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, left on the cutting room floor. . . . Scattered cities now getting big-time "world premieres"—*Naughty Marietta* in New Orleans, *Laddie* in Indianapolis, *West Point of the Air* in San Antonio, because of "local angles" in these films. . . . Francis Lederer, who had a world peace program, now believes he has a solution for unemployment. . . . Noah Beery, once highest price screen villain, finds a market for his acting in England. . . . Jimmie Durante back in Broadway's night-club life—his true love. . . . June Knight asks M-G-M to release her from her film contract, to make pictures abroad and appear in a Broadway show. . . .

ROMANCE: Ann Sothorn and Gene Raymond going places together. . . . What's this? Marlene Dietrich escorted regularly by Brian Aherne on her New York vacation. . . . And this? Greta Garbo and John Gilbert playing tennis. . . . But they still say Greta likes George Brent. . . . Mack "Killer" Gray gives Lucille Ball an engagement ring. . . . Noah Beery, Jr., and Maxine Jones (Buck's daughter) will wed. . . . Rosita Moreno and Mel Shauer are engaged.

DISCORD: Jayne Shaddock sues Jack Kirkland, author, for divorce. . . . Lila Lee separates from Hubby Jack Peine, of Chicago. . . . Reno frees Gwili Andre from Stanislaw Mlotkowski, of Philadelphia. . . . Anita Page seeks annulment of her Mexican marriage to Nacio Herb Brown, song writer. . . . Elinor Fair tells the court she wants her aviator husband, Thomas Daniels, to take a non-stop flight. . . . Mrs. Phyllis Cooper Stevens, wife of Onslow Stevens, is granted her freedom. . . . And Mrs. Mercedes Sparks takes a legal walk-out on "Dead Pan" Ned. . . . Thelma Todd and Pasquale de Cicco are legally split. . . . Charles Ray files a counter-suit to his wife's divorce action. . . . Jean Harlow gets an interlocutory decree against Hal Rosson. . . . Alice White and Cy Bartlett, scenario writer, separate. . . . Director Melville Brown files a cross-complaint to Mrs. Brown's suit for severance. . . .

MATRIMONY: Well, anyway, Rex Lease did his bit for this department by marrying Elsa Roberts, non-professional.

BABIES: Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn LeRoy (Doris Warner) weighed in their son at six pounds, eleven ounces. . . . And these happy couples are buying their scales: Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg; Gloria Stuart and Arthur Sheekman; Marguerite Churchill and George O'Brien; Molly O'Day and Jack Durant; Mr. and Mrs. Guy Kibbee; June Collyer and Stuart Erwin, and the George Meekers (née Joan Carter Wadell). . . .

DEATHS: William (Stage) Boyd. Frank Joyce (Alice Joyce's brother). William Conklin.



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"I wonder if it would end all regular pain for me, and end it for all time?"



To the woman who is asking herself that question, the makers of Midol make an emphatic answer: It will *not*.



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And speaking of boxes, you'll appreciate the slim aluminum case in which you get Midol. It's so thin and light—and dainty—you can give it a permanent place in your purse and always be prepared. It's a tremendous relief—mental and physical—to be able to approach this time without misgivings, and to pass serenely through it.



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Let's go adventuring in the China Seas with that famous pair of screen lovers, Clark Gable and Jean Harlow, where the exotic country of junks and typhoons and pirates furnishes a colorful background for a romance which will stir your pulses. Love and adventure set a headlong pace in their new picture, CHINA SEAS—and Wallace Beery is in the cast too! You won't want to miss this thrill-packed tale which appears complete in June ROMANTIC MOVIE STORIES, along with many other tales featuring your favorite movie stars in stories of their latest screen hits.

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NOW 10¢

Mary Ellis—the New Glamour Star

[Continued from page 49]

maestro listened to me and laughed. 'Let her come to the Metropolitan,' he said, 'she will learn more singing here with me than she will in Italy.' So for four years I sang all the child rôles—even the little heroine of *The Blue Bird*. Maeterlinck, himself, came over for the first performance of the opera and helped me with the part. But please—whatever you do, do not call me a singer! I never study, never practice. Sometimes, in a play, I sing a song. I have a healthy voice—that is all."

She was still under twenty when Belasco, the Wizard of the Theatre, sent for her. She had never had a day's experience on the speaking stage, so Belasco arranged for her to work with Stuart Walker for one season. Later, she stepped, a full-fledged Broadway star, into Friml's *Rose Marie*, written especially for her.

"There has been none of the long struggle and drudgery of road shows and roving stock companies for me," Mary Ellis admits, "But don't think because of that, it has been all roses! I have worked hard almost all my life. My mother's dramatic ambitions found expression in me. When I was such a small child that my dangling legs did not touch the floor, I had to practice at the piano for endless hours.

"I NEVER had much childhood, I never had any girlhood," Mary continued. "My ideas of life, outside of the theatre, stopped at sixteen. I still think of the world in the terms of an immature girl, who believes in fairy stories. I do not seem able to learn anything from hard experiences. After every disaster to one of my dreams I am crushed, and then, in a little while, along comes a similar experience and I rush into it with the same hope and fervor as the first time!

"I think, perhaps, this is because during all the years when most girls are going to dances and falling in love and learning the ABC's of life, I was living in the great, dark Metropolitan Opera House, in a world of glittering unreality. The heroes and heroines of the operas are not real people, their woes and raptures are not real emotions. It is all artificial. So now I am meeting modern problems with *Melisande's* experience. I am seeing life through *Isolde's* eyes! And I'm afraid it is too late for me to grow up now."

PERHAPS she is thinking of her three marriages, the first to a producer (now dead), the second to a publisher (now remarried), and her present "friendly arrangement" with Basil Sidney, the actor with whom she played for seven years on the New York stage. "I believe in marriage," Mary says, "but I think that it is not for me.

"I do not suppose I shall ever marry

[Continued on page 75]

Movie Children Are Smarter

[Continued from page 37]

to eat slowly and chew her food well.

She receives plenty of good, healthful exercise. Already she can swim remarkably well for one so young, and, even now, exhibits a great interest in tennis. Shortly, she will begin her riding lessons. Naturally, her dancing is excellent exercise now. She also gets the same amount of playtime as the ordinary child.

Every three months, she receives a thorough physical examination—from the studio doctor, and from a doctor provided by the Board of Education. Care is taken at all times to see that she is dressed properly for weather conditions. Sleeping and bathing are carefully supervised—likewise the brushing of her teeth. Altogether, the care which is taken makes it virtually impossible for anything to impair her health.

BESIDE all this mental training and health supervision, the studio authorities have arranged another great boon for Shirley. Every precaution has been taken to keep her from becoming spoiled or conceited. Probably few other children outside of the film industry, are so carefully sheltered from overindulgent adults who might "cuddle" her into a state of inflated ego. She is watched very carefully for any signs of becoming too precocious. She is not allowed to overdo anything, nor is she allowed to have everything she wants.

Her playmates are selected carefully from among such youngsters as the Harold Lloyd children, who will not make her feel that she is different from other children. She is not allowed to

associate with adults outside of the studio unless they are considered "safe" by the studio heads. Thus, she meets only the best of people who will exert a good influence upon her.

In order that she will not realize how great is the public interest in her, she is not allowed to eat in the studio commissary, nor can she practice her lessons, dancing, etc., in public. All contacts that might be harmful are carefully avoided. Even movies are taboo, and she sees only a few special pictures.

THUS we see that Shirley is probably receiving the best training of any little girl in the country. And, likewise, Baby LeRoy, Cora Sue Collins, Virginia Weidler, David Holt, Jackie Cooper, Freddie Bartholomew, Jane Withers, Georgie Breakston, Mickey Rooney, and dozens of other children in motion pictures are given special training and special protection. Their education, their health, and their environment—these are specially supervised by experts. And when they grow up, they will not only be way ahead of the average, mentally and physically, but they will have enough earnings, realized from their work, to keep them in comfort for the rest of their lives.

All of this is a far cry from the conditions which existed among the child actors back in the days when Jackie Coogan was making *The Kid*.

But now, as we have seen, with the training and supervision which modern movie children receive, they can be described, rightfully, as "the most fortunate children in America."



—Wide World

"Immortality" for Shirley Temple! Her hand and footprints are added to those of many stars in the fore-court of Grauman's Chinese Theatre

Motion Picture for June, 1935

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Come to Our Hollywood Party

[Continued from page 55]

as *Foolish Wives*, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, *The Phantom of the Opera*, *Show Boat*, *King of Jazz*, *All Quiet on the Western Front*, *Only Yesterday*, *The Good Fairy*, *Imitation of Life* and *The Bride of Frankenstein*. Such stars as Claudette Colbert, Margaret Sullavan, Karloff, Irene Dunne, John Boles, Hoot Gibson, Lon Chaney, Dolores Del Rio, Chester Morris, Herbert Marshall, Buck Jones, and dozens of others have made Universal pictures famous throughout the world.

And the keys to Universal City are yours! A movie World's Fair!

YOU'LL see many magnificent sets as you motor through this huge valley studio, with the Cathedral of Notre Dame in one far corner; dungeons and castles; Alpine mountains and thatched jungle huts. You'll stop and make snaps of the metropolitan street, back of the Western cowtown village, where Margaret Sullavan made *The Good Fairy*, and where stores, theaters and skyscrapers have been built for picture sets.

And you'll wave to Universal stars as you pass them on the lot—there's Chester Morris grinning at you, petite Heather Angel trips along, Karloff emerges from the make-up department where he is experimenting with the strange masks and make-ups used in his horror pictures. Clark Williams and Henry Hull go by. Buck Jones brings his spirited horse to a halt, Sally Eilers and dozens of other Universal players and stars are on hand—in real close-ups.

John LeRoy Johnston, Universal's ace publicist, who calls more stars by their first names than any one in the industry, has arranged a most unusual privilege—a chance to see a picture in production!

That means you'll actually see how films are made, how the sound cameras operate, and what the stars look like when they are making a picture.

By this time you'll be hungry as the wolf in *Three Little Pigs*, so the chef of Universal Studios' own restaurant will have a gorgeous many-course luncheon ready to serve. You'll lunch with Universal stars, who plan to be on hand especially to greet you personally.

And that isn't all in store for you! No trip to Hollywood could be complete without visiting the stars' homes in Beverly Hills. During your

stay in Hollywood, cars will call for you for a trip out Sunset Boulevard to wind through those palm-lined avenues where you'll see the homes of Mary Pickford, Harold Lloyd, Charles Chaplin, William Powell, Norma Shearer, and more than fifty others. Homes you have always wanted to see, in all the colorful setting of spacious grounds, pools and driveways.

What's more, you'll be guests in a star's own home, but we're saving the details of that for another time.

MEANWHILE the time grows short for you to complete your plans to join this grand party of ours and come to Hollywood.

Don't fail to send your reservations in today! We've prepared a booklet containing all details of the itinerary, the cost (and it's surprisingly low), what to wear, and what you'll see.

Just drop a note to the manager of the Motion Picture Movieland Tour, Joe Godfrey, Jr., in our Chicago offices. By return mail you'll receive full details.

Once in a blue moon comes such an opportunity. To arrange it yourself would be a tremendous task, and a great expense. But through the advantages of group travel and our Hollywood connections, all these thrills will be available to you at an astonishingly low price.

And just think—you'll have no luggage to carry, no bills to pay after you board the train. Your hotel rooms will be ready for you at every point, with only the best accommodations selected, and motor-cars are provided for all the side trips.

ON THE return trip you'll cover new territory, going back through Salt Lake City, stopping over at Colorado Springs and Pike's Peak. You'll motor up to the top of Cheyenne Mountain, and have a dinner dance at the Antlers Hotel.

And on August 18, you'll be back in Chicago, filled with tales of a price-less trip through Hollywood and exciting adventures in a dozen states!

Don't let our special train pull out without you! Sit down now and send a three-cent stamp to Joe Godfrey, Jr., Business Manager, the Motion Picture Movieland Tour to Hollywood, 360 N. Michigan Boulevard, Chicago.

And get your passport to the vacation thrill of a lifetime!

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Mary Ellis—the New Glamour Star

[Continued from page 72]

again. The only reason would be to have a child, and I do not remember that my own childhood was happy enough to wish that on another human being. What right have I to a child if I cannot give it the mothering a farm woman, or a seamstress, gives hers? My life is very full. When it is emptier, when I am older, my children would be gone from me, anyway. A woman who has brought up sons and daughters is lonelier in old age than one who has never had them, I think.

"I look ahead, and what I see does not frighten me, for it is what I have always known—work! I want to work until I die. I shall be acting when I am seventy! To me, rest would be a sort of death. Even now, when I have hours free, I must be doing something, taking walks with my dogs, playing tennis, getting my hands dirty in the garden. I am never satisfied. That is why I am not still at the Metropolitan, still on Broadway—why I have come to Hollywood to try the new experience of the movies. Some day I'll study painting."

MARY ELLIS is not a girl in her twenties—this new star of the screen—but her vitality is so great that it has nothing to do with Time. Feature by feature, her strong modeling of brow and chin, wide cheekbones, straight, short nose, are not conventionally beautiful, but her vitality *is* beauty. She is a brunette, and brunettes seem to wear better than blondes—their personalities somehow are more fluid.

Where—you wonder—is she going? What is the goal of so much effort and will? Everyone cashes in success for something. Mary Ellis shakes her head, doubtfully. "I want to travel a little, before all the strange places of the earth are spoiled by tourists. I'd like to drift in a houseboat along the rivers in Kashmir, and see if, somewhere in the world, there isn't a reality as beautiful as romance. But, otherwise, I don't want much that money will buy. For instance, I don't need diamond necklaces or a gorgeous wardrobe on a farm! The greatest reward that I have won from my career has been the privilege of knowing famous men and women. The stage, more than any other walk of life, opens doors to successful actresses that nothing else in the world could. I collect interesting people, instead of jewels or antiques. Because of my work I have been able to meet some of the greatest artists of my time."

Those who have seen the preview of *All the King's Horses* and the rushes of *Paris in Spring*, Mary Ellis' first American pictures, say that she is the Screen Discovery of 1935. As I walked across the studio lot a golden voice came pouring, effortlessly, from the cutting room—what was it she had called it? A *healthy* voice! It is a good adjective to use in connection with Mary Ellis, the new Made-in-America glamour star.

Women Are Quitting

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WRONG MAKE-UP gives a "hard", "cheap" look.



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THERE IS NOW a *new* and utterly different way in make-up...the creation of Louis Philippe, famed French colorist, whom women of Paris and the Cosmopolitan world follow like a religion. A *totally* NEW idea in color that often changes a woman's whole appearance.

That is because it is the first make-up—rouge or lipstick—yet discovered that actually matches the warm, pulsating color of the human blood.

Ends That "Cheap", "Hard" Look

This new creation forever banishes the "cheap", "hard" effect one sees so often today from unfortunately chosen make-up—gives, instead, an absolutely *natural* and unartificial color.

As a result, while there may be some question as to what constitutes Good Form

in manners or in dress, there is virtually no question today among women of admitted social prominence as to what constitutes Good Form in make-up.

What It's Called

It is called ANGELUS ROUGE INCARNAT. And it comes in both lipstick form and in paste rouge form. You use either on *both* the lips and the cheeks. And one application lasts all day long.

In its allure, it is typically, *wickedly* of Paris. In its virginal modesty, as natural as a *jeune fille*—ravishing, without revealing!

Do as smart women everywhere are doing—adopt Angelus Rouge Incarnat. The little red box costs only a few cents. The lipstick, the same as most American made lipsticks. You'll be amazed at what it does for you.

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In My Mirror

[Continued from page 51]

der the skin. This happens, particularly, around the chin. If this condition is neglected, it might very easily break out into a pimply rash. He told me, that the minute I feel this lumpiness under the skin, to begin "pinching" immediately. Now don't misunderstand me. You don't pinch hard or roughly. You make delicate, little pinches with the tips of your fingers.

Most bad skin conditions are caused by a sluggish circulation. Proper slapping of the skin, and massage, will do the trick, too. But I have found that this "little pinching" is much easier for me to do, myself. The pinches are so light that you could almost call them "little pats." I have had such success with it that I do it, occasionally, all over my face and neck. While I'm reading in bed, for example, holding the book with one hand, I use the other "pinching" my face. This brings up the circulation beautifully.

A LOT of people have asked me if I have been able to find a mascara which did not smart my eyes. Now no mascara will smart the eyes if you remove it, completely, before going to bed. Perhaps you make the mistake of trying to remove it with cold water. Warm water, or even hot water, is much better—for the simple reason that there is soap in practically every mascara base. (That's why a cake of mascara bubbles and foams a little when you apply water to it). Naturally, the soap is dissolved more quickly with hot water than cold.

Lipstick is my chief cosmetic accessory. I put it on the first thing in the morning, even before I come down to breakfast—because it actually starts the day right for me—makes me feel "dressed," for some reason, or other. Have you ever tried "setting" your lipstick to make it more indelible—by applying first one coat, then powdering lightly over that, and, when that is dry, applying a second coat? I do this often, and, occasionally, I use two different shades of lipstick—a dark one underneath, and a lighter, more natural shade for the final coat. They must not be too distinct, of course, or they will not blend, nicely.

Another lipstick trick—if your lips are inclined to become chapped, and to crack—is to use a bit of pomade, first, under your lipstick. This also gives the lipstick a nice, moist look. If you have very thin, flat lips you can make them, actually, more full and "round." Yes, you do that by pinching, too. With your thumb and your forefinger, pinch the cupid bow part very lightly, and outwardly.

You can also do the same with your hands—that is, you can make your fingers look longer, because you can point the ends—by pinching. If you happen to work at a typewriter

a lot, you know how that "blunts" the ends of your fingers. Counteract that by pulling the tips of your fingers, outward, and to a point. Do this for a minute, or so, every time you wash your hands. The skin and muscles, you see, are more pliable after they have been in water.

I think all of us are too apt to neglect our hands. Weekly manicures are not enough. A good hand lotion, or hand cream, should be used daily—twice and three times daily, as a matter of fact. I always carry some with me in my handbag. It's as much a part of my handbag equipment, as my compact and lipstick.

Then, in addition to my manicures at a beauty parlor, I always give my nails a little extra attention, at least, once a week. After removing my nail polish, I soak my hands for ten, or fifteen, minutes in warm olive oil. This softens and nourishes the skin, and it, also, supplies the necessary oil to the nails—to prevent them from becoming brittle. Then, as a change from liquid polish, I buff my nails, shiny, with a bit of powdered nail polish. This buffing, occasionally, is excellent for the nails—a task which we are apt to forget, because liquid polish is easy to use, and so effective.

ABOUT sun!—I get freckles when I have been exposed to it, just as many of you do. But, fortunately, they are not very large ones. And, in the Summertime, I can usually cover them up with a shade of powder—a little bit darker than my skin. Now there's one thing I want to warn you about—because I had a rather sad experience with it, myself. Someone told me, that if I used a tiny bit of peroxide on my face—mixed with an oil, or a cream—that, this, would bleach the freckles. Well, it may have bleached the freckles a bit, but it also bleached the rest of my skin . . . to such an extent that the freckles stood out, even more fiercely. A regular freckle cream will help, of course. But the most sensible thing is to protect your face against freckling.

While I can't keep out of the sun entirely, I do use one of those preparations designed to prevent sunburn. While they prevent sunburn they also prevent freckling to a great extent, because they give your face a protective film through which only a few of the sun's rays can penetrate.

All of the big cosmetic houses manufacture such a cream or lotion, and it would be wise to investigate these before the warm months slip upon you. One lotion, I know of, is quite oily, so you could not use that except when you are sitting on the beach—for then people excuse your looks. But there is one I'm thinking of, which you could use in the same way as you use a powder base, allowing it to dry first on your skin, and then powdering, and making up over it.

Don't Talk to Me About Love

[Continued from page 31]

year-old trousers and seven-year-old coats—not as a pose, but because they definitely stand for routine and normalcy.

In a town where love is put on and taken off like a cloak, where every emotion can be simulated and *is* simulated, Bill Powell says: "You can't get away from yourself. Ever! The camera won't let you. It crystallizes all the things that you have experienced, that you have thought. You see people on the screen who, in everyday life, show no outward mark of the greatness which the camera records. They may be rude, they may be crude, they may be egotistical. Yet there is an X-quality which they can't hide. Let's call it the X-quality of likability."

SINCE 1921 Bill Powell has been important on the screen and since 1928, a star. His career has had singularly few variations. Today, at forty-two, he is far more important than he ever was before. Certainly, he is not an Adonis—nor the embodiment of Love's Young Dream. Yet he continues to make pictures—good pictures. Unquestionably, it is because of something of what Bill Powell has digested of this life—something of wisdom and balance.

And this is the man who is not too certain of his own capacities, who knows only that, as he grows older, there must be an expansion of his personality, a humble acceptance of the gifts which life has brought him. And which he always takes in stride.

Bill Powell has been married twice. The first Mrs. Powell sees him frequently, in conference over their son's future, over the plans for his education. Between them is a lovely harmony—let us even call it a glorified friendship. Carole Lombard, the second Mrs. Powell, still considers her marriage to Bill the most telling influence in her life. Their relationship has the flavor of blood kinship.

And so, while Bill Powell says "Don't talk to me about love—I know nothing about it," in his personal life, in his activities, he has pretty well solved its problems—solved them to the point where his love is unadulterated. Its departure leaves no dregs and no ashes. So there are no qualms of conscience to annoy him.

He is honest enough to realize that all our ambitions are merely a crystallization of the intrinsic need of every person to find that perfect companion who completes and vitalizes. Love is, in itself, a philosophy. It gives to a man, as balanced as Bill Powell, a rule for behavior—a program of life.

And so the man who can't discuss love is a man who, by his very nature, has solved its elusive problems.

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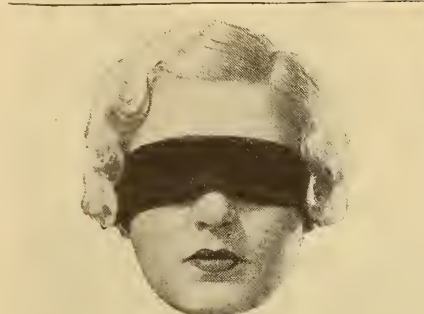


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The No. 1 Lady of the Screen

[Continued from page 32]

porters in Chicago resulted in her being "terribly misquoted," she insisted.

Claudette's mother usually travels with her, but this time she stayed on the West Coast to keep an eye on the workmen who are building Claudette's fine new house. When the news that her daughter was rushing toward a divorce court reached her, Mamma Cauchoin was tremendously distressed.

"She wired me to find out what it all meant," said Claudette.

"Now, I ask you, just *how* should one talk to the newspapers, anyway? How *can* one keep from being misquoted?"

Claudette grew so very serious, it seemed just as well to steer the subject back to the Academy award, for awhile.

"When you were working in *It Happened One Night* did you have any idea that it might be voted the leading picture of 1934?" I asked. (As you probably know, Columbia hogged the Academy's "best" awards on this one: general production; direction—Frank Capra; adaptation—Robert Riskin; performance by an actor—Clark Gable, and another "best" for Claudette. Five awards on one picture—a record!)

"No," she answered, "none at all. At first I refused to play in it." (Margaret Sullivan already had turned down the part.) "My agent, Charlie Feldman, sent me the script. It was delightful reading—but just froth, I thought. There wasn't much of a story, and I had been doing too many trivial things. I wanted a heavy dramatic rôle. But then Frank Capra came to see me and changed my mind.

"I don't know whether Capra thought the picture would be really important. He's very shrewd. He thought it was a good script, of course; but a lot of the best features he put in himself, while we were shooting. All that *Flying Trapeze* business in the bus, for instance. That looked silly at the time. But when you ask Capra if he thinks something's going to look good on the screen, he just says, 'I don't know. We'll see.'

"It was different in the scenes where Gable and I were trying to hitch a ride. I knew they were funny. We couldn't hold our own laughs several times, and had to retake.

"I knew Gable was doing some excellent work. But I didn't think I was so good. I still think I was better in *The Gilded Lily*, but the ending of that picture—"

A lot of people didn't like the ending of *The Gilded Lily*. But it's interesting to know that Claudette considers Wesley Ruggles, who directed it, "the best actor's director in Hollywood." As she explained it:

"Capra, of course, is a genius at building a picture, but Ruggles can get more out of your individual per-

formance than anyone I've ever worked with."

When three actresses were nominated by the Academy as candidates for its award for the past year, Claudette was surprised—pleasantly; but she thought she had some chance of winning. However, as a later gesture, the Academy made it a wide-open ballot, so that members dissatisfied with the nominees could write in the name of any actress they chose to.

"Then I honestly didn't think I'd win," she said.

"I was just about to leave home for the train when Johnny Johnston, of Universal, telephoned me. He sort of had charge of things this time, and he told me to come on down to the banquet; they had something for me.

"I thought he was just fooling. He's always calling me about some absurd thing. I had on an old brown suit for traveling, too; but I did agree to stop by."

So that's how you happened to see newspaper pictures of Claudette wearing her tailored suit at the formal banquet of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

"Well, now tell me," I said, "are you really going to get a divorce?"

Back to that troublesome matter again, so suddenly!

"No," Claudette said gravely, "I'm not going to get a divorce now." She said *now*.

She and Norman Foster have been man and wife for more than seven years. They met and fell in love when both were appearing on the stage in *The Barker*. From the very beginning, they occupied separate residences, Claudette living with her mother.

Seven years is longer than many professional marriages last, wherein the principals see too much of each other in a few months—or days. But what's the right theory and logic of marriage, anyway? Wasn't Claudette's destined from the start to have an unhappy termination, if she persisted in living apart from her mate?

"We decided to keep our separate establishments for financial reasons," she said. "We were very happy, very satisfied with our arrangement. Everything went along splendidly until we came back from our round-the-world trip in 1930.

"Before that I'd been working on the stage and in pictures in New York. Then I had to go to the West Coast. Norman stayed here."

"And so, then?"

"It's just one of those things. How can one explain those things? It was all right to live in separate residences, but it was different with a continent between us."

Norman Foster went to Hollywood, too. But the separate residence plan was resumed there. Rumors that there would be a divorce have persisted.

Next Year's First Lady?

[Continued from page 33]

took a sip of water at the climax.

I do not mean, Bette, to say anything against the fairness of the voting committee of the Academy, and less to indict Claudette; but I happen to know that you had been given some reason to believe that you might win, for your performance in *Of Human Bondage*.

"In fact," a close friend of Claudette's told me, "both she and Norma Shearer drank a toast to Bette's success, one afternoon just before nominations closed."

BEHIND the scenes of what happened is an amazing story. Your name was not even on the list of nominees. Your friends and admirers took up the battle and the voting committee of the Academy was flooded with wires and letters. So the Academy made it an open ballot—giving the members an opportunity to write in your name. This, in itself, was a notable recognition of your achievement, Bette—but, under the circumstances, you had small chance to win.

Only a woman of great courage could have taken a blow like that.

Did you not think, I wonder, that other opportunities would come and, as you once told a writer that success was your method of revenge, you would some year walk up through that spotlight to claim that golden statuette? And you will—you surely will! Maybe next year.

AND what of the future, Bette? I believe you have that fire, that inner flame, which all great stars of the stage and screen must have. I doubt that you will ever want to play the part of a good woman. You are right, for Mary Pickford told me at Pickfair not a month ago that good women are never interesting in drama.

Bear this in mind, Bette: The greatest care should be exercised in the selection of your rôles at this time in your career. Every part you play should be another rung on your ladder to greater heights.

I want you to write an answer to this. I want you to reveal to your millions of fans, more of your real self than you have ever revealed before. I am sorry if you resent my finding no fault with you, but one cannot condemn a person whom one knows as slightly as I know you.

With best wishes from myself and your fans,

Sincerely,

Eugene Christman

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JEAN HARLOW

[Continued from page 27]

always had. It has definitely given me a wider sense of the term, however.

"I'M NOT in pictures for the fame they might bring me," Jean said, and her blue eyes became very serious. "Nor am I in them particularly for the money. Fundamentally, my reason for being in pictures is because I like the work. Every person who goes to see my pictures is a link in a long chain which makes possible my doing the work I love. That is a statement of cold fact, and I am naturally grateful to all of those people who are responsible for my being in pictures today.

"Hollywood has taught me the value of good health and sensible living. Especially in pictures, health is of infinite value. Pictures practically demand that there be no excesses in food, drinking, or burning the candle at both ends. You are always working here under a high nervous tension. When you appear before the camera, you know that every scene is to be viewed by thousands. And that old camera doesn't lie."

After a moment's thought, Jean continued. "Hollywood has taught me another thing. That's the value of honesty. It's a great thing to be honest with yourself and with others. Certainly, as in any other business, you must fight for your rights in pictures. If you are honest with yourself, you have a principle. And knowing that you are right, you have something to fight for.

"I've found that you can't take anyone at face value. No one has a right to judge another person. Who knows the real innermost thoughts that motivate the actions of any person? Many times, things are said of people that would lead you to believe they were this or that. Good or bad, I form no opinions until I find out for myself just what a person really is. Along with this lesson, you could include tolerance.

"And, since coming to Hollywood, about eight years ago, I've developed an appreciation of a sense of humor. It is wonderful to be able to laugh at yourself when unhappy—when you feel ill-treated and abused. A sense of humor certainly makes traveling this road of life a lot easier.

"Along with all of these lessons, Hollywood has taught me that life isn't particularly worth living without a good disposition. A good disposition is a matter of training. No one really accomplishes anything by losing her temper. You can't get anywhere in confusion. Reason things out calmly. Then fight if you have to.

"I'll admit I have a terrific temper. I'm the kind of person you have to goad and goad. Then, when I realize that I've really been handed a bad deal, I'm furious and through! But I won't say anything until I've calmed down. I was about seven years old when I first started to realize what talking when angry meant. I remember, I said many unkind things to my mother, and later

The New Hollywood 5¢

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**"I'VE BEEN MY OWN
WORST ENEMY" by
JOAN CRAWFORD**

**"I'VE ALWAYS BEEN
A SHOW-OFF" by
FRANCHOT TONE**



was so sorry that I was actually ill in bed for days. Hollywood has proved to me that this lesson, early learned, was worth a lot.

"Sometimes I'm tempted to almost go berserk when I read some of the things that are printed about me. But would making a fuss help matters? I'm sure that it would only attract more attention to what was said, and, in the end, make matters far worse.

"Hollywood also has taught me what a refuge home can be. The love and devotion of those who are nearest and dearest to me is all centered here."

CERTAINLY Jean Harlow realizes what a comfort home can be. And the Jean Harlow you meet in the white house atop one of Westwood's hills is the real Jean. A young girl completely without vanity who, contrary to the opinion of some, does not slink through darkened drawing-rooms in low-cut evening dresses, exerting Circe powers, but rather a healthy girl in slacks and sneakers who supervises the perfectly run household.

It is incredible that Hollywood has not taught Jean Harlow either affectation or vanity. But it hasn't—nor has it embittered her by exacting the usual wages attending fame and fortune.

How the Readers Rate Them!

[Continued from page 12]

PLEA FROM THE SOUTH

HERE'S a Southerner pleading for the movies to do right by the Southern dialect. If we below the Mason-Dixon line go North, East, or West, and are asked where we are from, and we don't reply with a "sho nuf" or a "you all," they won't believe us when we say we hail from Georgia or Tennessee. Every patriotic Southerner is hereby asked to flood Hollywood with letters until the imitation of the so-called Southern drawl is stopped.—**WILLIAM PARKER III, Cedartown, Ga.**

All we dare say about this is, a real Southern accent, such as Helen Vinson's, is very charming. And it doesn't seem to be holding her down.

IN SHORT, IT'S GOOD!

"WHAT a picture!" "Isn't it marvelous?" That is what I heard the audience say after seeing *Roberta*. Irene Dunne was grand, and someone in the audience called her the Golden Girl with the Silver Song! And how those two can dance—America's dancing team—none other than Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers! Their dancing is a riot of rhythm and graceful steps.

Those beauties in gasping gowns, those jewels and those furs. A price-less adventure in Paris at love time: a lot of laughs, a world of joy—and again those new dance sensations, and the haunting music of the one and only Jerome Kern.

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Signed, W. H. Fawcett, (Publisher)

Subscribed to and sworn before me on this 23rd day of February, 1935, (Notary Seal) E. V. Mausel.

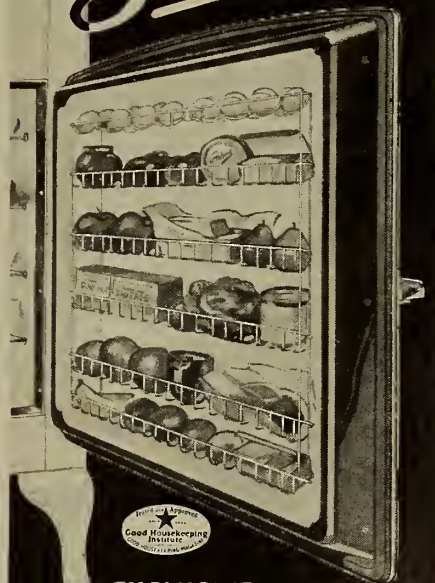
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A FRIEND of mine asked Mary Ellis: "Do you sing any opera in *Paris in Spring*?"

She sensed both implications in the question. She answered, with a smile, "I think Grace Moore did everything that could be done in that direction in *One Night of Love*. Why imitate—when there are other things I can do, as well as sing opera? But maybe I'll have to keep in practice on my arias. Opera is coming to the screen . . ."

YES, opera is coming to the screen, and no mistake. Not only from Columbia, the studio that produced *One Night of Love* and now is starring Grace Moore in *Love Me Forever*—but from every studio.

With operatic music made palatable, the masses proved that they liked it. And it is a matter of pride with every other studio to demonstrate that Columbia, the youngest of the major studios, is not the only one that can perform musical magic.

At least, every studio in Hollywood is quietly lining up operatic talent (no corpulent canaries), quietly buying up screen rights to famous operas and operettas, quietly abetting the revolution that Grace Moore started.

NELSON EDDY, a star-sensation overnight in *Naughty Marietta*, looks like the Great Lover of the new era. But he will not be without rivals. Right on the same lot (M-G-M) is Ramon Novarro, who has been talking restlessly for years about leaving the screen for the concert and operatic stage—and now can forget the idea. At 20th Century, Lawrence Tibbett—who proved two or three seasons ago that he had the personality and the voice to "take" with movie audiences—is preparing to make *The Diamond Horseshoe*. (The title refers to the stalls occupied by society at the Metropolitan Opera House.)

Universal is spreading the "Welcome" mat for Jan Kiepura, the Hungarian tenor, who has just shown his capacity for opera in the British picture, *My Heart Is Calling*. Warner Brothers have Dick Powell on tap—and it is no secret that Dick has operatic ambitions. Paramount and Columbia both have liens on the services of Tullio Carminati, who has, among his many assets, a fine singing voice. Fox has Walter King—the erstwhile Walter Woolf of Broadway singing fame—all ready to be groomed. Nino Martini, of the Metropolitan, is getting screen-tested.

Jeanette MacDonald, among the present women stars, has nothing to fear when the screen goes operatic. Neither has the aforementioned Mary Ellis. But the dawn of the operatic day in films will see the arrival of many a new face. Lily Pons, of France and the Metropolitan, is preparing to make a picture for RKO-Radio. M-G-M already has Marion Talley under contract. Paramount has signed Helen Jepson and Gladys Swarthout, both young Americans and both stars at the Metropolitan.

And when the Great Day comes, the movie masses will wonder how they ever contented themselves so long with hot-cha jazz and blues singers.

WHEN opera does arrive on the screen in a big way, it will be no pale imitation of *stiffish* stage opera. After *Becky Sharp*, it is obvious that the screen will soon be through giving pale, gray imitations; it will have all the colors of life, itself. And the camera, being movable, will give opera movement that it has never had before.

One handicap that opera has long suffered is that few great singers are also great pantomimists. Screen audiences have become used to a high quality of acting, and they are not likely to be willing to forfeit it, even to hear great singing. So, right at the beginning, the movie producers face this problem: Can they find enough singers who know acting or will they have to find a new way of telling operatic stories?

A new way has already been found. I saw the first demonstration of it all a year ago; with the backing of Producer E. W. Hammons, Director William de Mille, his scenarist-wife, Clara Beranger, and author-musician John Erskine experimented together on a tabloid version of *I Pagliacci*. With Henry Hull, later destined for screen fame, in the role of the tragic clown, they made it a vivid pantomime with off-screen voices supplying the operatic touch. The story moved forward continuously with the star not rooted to one spot, singing, and no facial contortions for vocal effects were necessary.

COLOR films and operatic films—these are two new answers to the oft-repeated and seldom-justified charge that Hollywood lacks courage. Another new answer is *Private Worlds*. Here was a story with a daring and sombre theme—the theme of mental illness, of sex repression—a story that few could visualize as a film. Yet it is a film, an extraordinarily fine film, wrought with sincerity, reality and unerring good taste.

It has one scene that will register indelibly with anyone who has ever known the torture of loneliness, of frustration. That is the scene in which Joan Bennett, as the sweetly normal, neglected wife of Joel McCrea, doctor for mental diseases, hears a voice intoning her name. It is a strange, abstract voice—the voice of a girl whose mind has gone blank. She rises from her chair, walks dully to a window, looks out into the stormy night in search of the person calling. She covers in a stair corner and the voice grows more insistent. Strangely impelled, she rises, starts up the stairs, which sway at a sharp angle, first one way, then the other. She reaches the top. The voice rises crescendo. With a fiercely ecstatic, insane look in her eyes, she turns and leaps into space . . . I defy anyone to forget that scene, or not to appreciate the imagination, the deep sympathy that went into its filming.

Larry Reid

"Only in Kotex can you find
these 3 satisfying comforts!"

CAN'T CHAFE... CAN'T FAIL... CAN'T SHOW

"Three exclusive features solve three important problems every woman faces. I explain them to you here because there is no other place for you to learn about them."

Mary Pauline Callender
Author of
"Marjorie May's 12th Birthday"



CAN'T CHAFE...

To prevent all chafing and all irritation, the sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton. That means lasting comfort and freedom every minute Kotex is worn. But, mind you, sides *only* are cushioned. ... the center surface is left free to absorb.



CAN'T FAIL...

There is a special center layer in the heart of the pad. It has channels that guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad—thus avoids accidents. And this special center gives "body" but not bulk to the pad in use ... makes Kotex keep adjusting itself to every natural movement. No twisting. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 times more absorbent than cotton.



CAN'T SHOW...

Now you can wear what you will without lines ever showing. Why? Kotex ends are not merely rounded as in ordinary pads, but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility always. No "give away" lines or wrinkles ... and that makes for added assurance that results in peace of mind and poise.



I'VE always felt that the real facts on this intimate subject were withheld from women. So here I present information every woman should know.

I realize that most sanitary napkins look pretty much alike. Yet they aren't alike either in the way they're made or in the results they give. For only genuine Kotex offers the 3 exclusive advantages I explain on this page—the 3 features that

bring you women the comfort and safety you seek. And with Kotex now costing so little and giving so much, there's really no economy in buying any other kind.

5 times as absorbent

The Kotex absorbent, cellucotton (not cotton), is 5 times as absorbent as cotton. It is the identical absorbent used in the majority of our leading hospitals.

NEW ADJUSTABLE BELT REQUIRES NO PINS!



No wonder thousands are buying this truly remarkable Kotex sanitary belt! It's conveniently narrow ... easily adjustable to fit the figure. And the patented clasp does away with pins entirely. You'll be pleased with the comfort ... and the low price.

Women who require extra protection find Super Kotex ideal. It costs no more than Regular. For emergency, Kotex is in West Cabinets in ladies' rest rooms.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX

Try the New Deodorant Powder Discovery ... QUEST, for Personal Daintiness. Available wherever Kotex is sold. Sponsored by the makers of Kotex

*I'm your best friend
I am your Lucky Strike*



Luckies



They Taste Better

MOTION PICTURE


JULY
..



JEAN
HARLOW
USNET



WHY GARBO'S FRIENDS DARE NOT TALK
CAN CHAPLIN COME BACK? ... by JIM TULLY



The handiest daily
Beauty Exercise is **DOUBLE MINT**
gum. Enjoy it whenever and
wherever you want to. The result is
immediate—more life and
loveliness to your
eyes and lips.



"BARBAROUS!" Says GOOD HOUSEKEEPING BEAUTY EDITOR
"INTELLIGENT!" Says YOUR OWN DENTIST



IT ISN'T BEING DONE, BUT IT'S *One Way* TO PREVENT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"IT'S worse than a blunder, it's a social crime," exclaimed the Director of the new Good Housekeeping Beauty Clinic. "That girl," she went on, "is headed for social suicide."

But dentists looked at it differently.

"An excellent picture," was their general comment. "It's a graphic illustration of a point we dentists are always seeking to drive home. If all of us gave our teeth and gums more exercise on coarse, raw foods, many of our dental ills would disappear."

Time and again dental science has crusaded against our modern menus.

Coarse foods are banned from our tables for the soft and savory dishes that rob our gums of work and health. Gums grow lazy...sensitive...tender! It's no wonder that "pink tooth brush" is such a common warning.

DON'T NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"!

For unheeded, neglected—"pink tooth brush" may mean serious trouble—even gingivitis, pyorrhea or Vincent's disease.

Follow your dentist's advice. Brush

your teeth regularly with Ipana Tooth Paste. Then, each time, rub a little extra Ipana into your gums. For Ipana and massage help restore your gums to healthy firmness. Do this regularly and the chances are you'll never be bothered with "pink tooth brush."

WHY WAIT FOR THE TRIAL TUBE?

Use the coupon below, if you like. But a trial tube can be, at best, only an introduction. Why not buy a full-size tube of Ipana and get a full month of scientific dental care and a quick start toward firmer gums and brighter teeth.

• • •

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. M-75
 73 West Street, New York, N. Y.
 Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.



Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

IPANA
 TOOTH PASTE

IPANA and Massage
 mean
Sparkling Teeth
 and **Healthy Gums**



Motion Picture for July, 1935



"Turn about is fair play" is what Joan Crawford means to convey to Robert Montgomery whose solemn pledge of "No More Ladies" proves to be worth about as much as a politician's promise... Bob seems to get the idea... The air is packed with dynamite, but Grandma Edna May Oliver, now on her fourth Double Martini, is serenely undisturbed by the whole business...

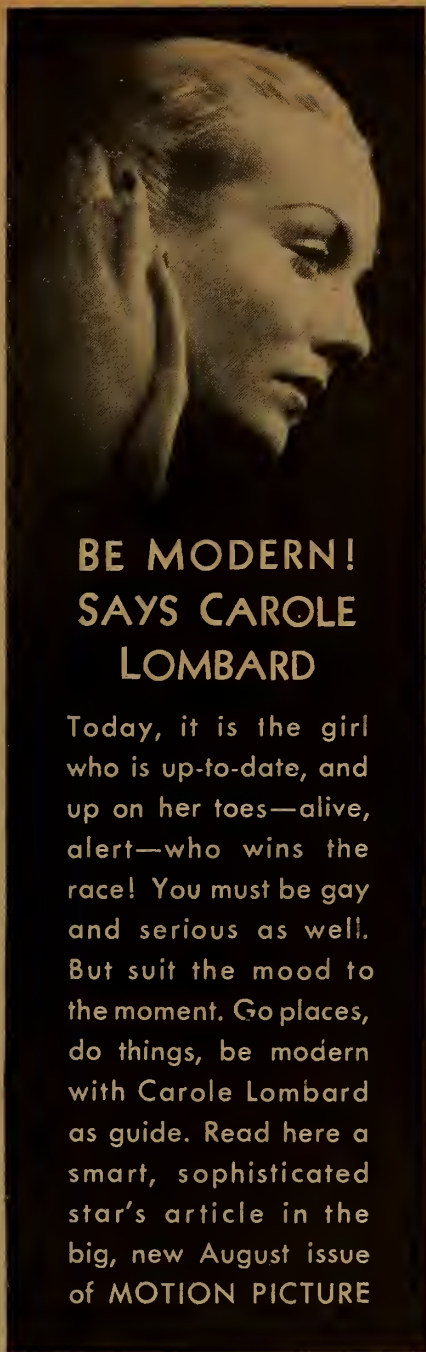
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents the season's gayest romance adapted from New York's laughing stage hit!

JOAN ROBERT
CRAWFORD · MONTGOMERY
NO MORE LADIES

with

CHARLIE RUGGLES · FRANCHOT TONE · EDNA MAY OLIVER

Directed by Edward H. Griffith



BE MODERN! SAYS CAROLE LOMBARD

Today, it is the girl who is up-to-date, and up on her toes—alive, alert—who wins the race! You must be gay and serious as well. But suit the mood to the moment. Go places, do things, be modern with Carole Lombard as guide. Read here a smart, sophisticated star's article in the big, new August issue of MOTION PICTURE

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MOTION PICTURE

ROSCOE FAWCETT
Editor

LAURENCE REID
Managing Editor

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J. EUGENE CHRISMAN, Western Editor

Last Call to Win \$500 in This **"DO YOU LOOK LIKE A STAR"**

Contest

From left and right, North and South, Seattle and Oskaloosa, they come . . . these lads and lassies who look like Lombards and Lloyds. The first winner is going to collect \$250 and no questions asked . . . and isn't that Something? Does your Aunt Mary look like May Robson, or your best girl friend resemble Harlow? The editor of MOTION PICTURE thinks Ashtabula may have a Fred Astaire . . . or Daytona a Bette Davis . . . but how can he tell if you don't send in a picture? If you're interested in cash prizes send in your entries today . . . this is the last announcement . . . the contest closes June 1st . . . so let there be no moaning when 'tis too late!



1. Janet Gaynor, and below
 2. Helen Klappas who lives
 at 222½ Chester Ave., N.S.,
 Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania



5. Joan Crawford seen with
 6. Lucille Malner who says
 2295 W. Grand Ave., Detroit
 Michigan, is her residence

Prizes

- First Prize \$250
- Second Prize \$100
- Third Prize \$50
- Fourth Prize \$25
- Fifteen Prizes \$5

Rules of the Contest

Send in your photograph (any one will do, but don't expect us to guess at one the size of a peanut, or want us to return it) or a picture of anybody you think looks like a star. Paste on the back the name and address of the person in the picture and the name of the actress or actor the photograph resembles (we should be able to tell, but if we can't it won't be our fault.) Nineteen winners will be selected from all photos submitted up to the closing date of the contest, midnight, June 1, 1935. Winners will be announced in the August issue. In event of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Address MOTION PICTURE Star Contest Editor, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



3. Sterling Holloway with
 4. Harry van Husen who is
 resident at 5279 Houston
 Avenue, Detroit, Michigan



7. Will Rogers appears with
 8. Andrew A. Trimble of 1377
 Vandemar Road, Cleveland,
 Ohio, who looks like him

**Watch for new contest
 starting in August
 MOTION PICTURE**

(See details on page 81)

"Quit picking on us and jump on the men"

Three ladies, hopping mad,
take us to task
for sparing careless men

Advertising Dept.,
Lambert Pharmacal Co.,
St. Louis, Mo.

July 6, 1934

Gentlemen:

Your ad, which I am enclosing, certainly burns me up!

Will you kindly explain just why, although there are mostly boys in the picture, the moral is for girls? Do you think girls have a monopoly on halitosis? Let me assure you that they certainly have not. Just ask a few girls of your acquaintance, and find out. Learn how many girls dread to see certain chaps come over to ask them to dance, because it is such an ordeal to face the boy's breath. Believe me, there are plenty of ruined romances due to halitosis on the part of the man.

Now let me see you direct an occasional ad against the men—but I just bet you won't!

Very sincerely yours,

Miss F. E. Y.

Staten Island, N. Y.

Lambert Pharmacal Co.,
St. Louis, Mo.

October 20, 1934

Gentlemen:

I am writing to tell you that your last ad, taking women to task for having halitosis (bad breath) has annoyed me and several of my women friends. My work happens to bring me in contact with the public and I know from experience that for every woman who has bad breath there are at least nine men. If you wish to do a real service to everybody, direct a few of your ads to men. They're the real offenders.

Mrs. A. F. P.
Chicago, Ill.

Advertising Manager,
Lambert Pharmacal Co.,
St. Louis, Mo.

Jan. 11, 1935

Dear Sir:

You'd think from reading your ads that nobody but women had halitosis, and that men went around smelling as sweet as May blossoms.

If you knew what you were talking about you'd know that most men have got halitosis about half of the time. But they're too self-satisfied, vain, stupid, and conceited to do anything about it. They think that just because they're men they can get away with anything and we women have to stand around and pretend we like it.

I don't know what value you place on your women customers but you're going to lose a lot of them if you don't give the men their just deserts in one ad at least.

Mrs. M. F. S.
Tuckahoe, N. Y.

Men are the worst

MEN ARE INDEED the worst offenders in spite of the fact that we have directed at least 2 million dollars worth of advertising to them on the subject of halitosis. It is true, however, that most of our advertisements are directed to women. We feel that women are the biggest factors in influencing men.

We are glad to print the above letters. Perhaps men will read them and resolve to go forth, fastidiously speaking, and sin no more!

Halitosis (bad breath) is unforgivable in either social or business life—unforgivable because inexcusable. It can be so quickly and pleasantly corrected by the use of Listerine, the safe antiseptic and quick deodorant. Listerine halts fermentation, a major cause of mouth odors; then gets rid of the odors themselves. Use it morning and night and between times before social and business engagements. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

Listerine takes your breath away

The TALKIE TOWN Tattler

Choice morsels of gossip and news about the latest and liveliest goings-on in Hollywood



By

J. Eugene Chrisman



When J. Eugene Chrisman, the Talkie Town Tattler, goes circulating around Hollywood he never knows when the candid camera will catch up with him. This time it caught the Tattler going into a "grand march" with Dixie Lee

In The Grab-Bag

WELL folks, here's the old Tattler again, with a grab-bag full of gleanings garnered from roaming Hollywood's bosky dells, highways and bridle paths, to provide the latest chatter from Talkie Town for the Tattler's many readers. There is plenty of news this month and as long as you stay with the Tattler you can depend on getting your share.

Hold That Line!

PLAYED golf at Lakeside where all the stars go for

their golf and during the round met BING CROSBY and JIMMY DUNN neither of whom I had seen for some time. I am ashamed of those two boys for getting tummies. No screen Adonis can have a tummy long, and retain his popularity with the fair sex—and my advice to BING and JIMMY is to trim them down a few inches.

Tends to Knitting

OUT on the set at Warners, saw BETTE DAVIS knitting a bedspread out of string. She in-

formed me that she had chosen an intricate old New England design and that she did it to keep herself from getting nervous.

Comforting Cary

ALL of Hollywood has been feeling sorry for CARY GRANT, for he has certainly carried a torch for his ex-wife VIRGINIA CHERRILL, since their divorce—but now it looks as if CARY is finding solace with JANET MacLEOD, a Pasadena society bud.

Bosworth's Pal Passes

CAMEO, the famous white horse which HOBART BOSWORTH rode on the Beverly Hills bridle path for years, is dead. HOBART mourns him like he would a child, for CAMEO was more than just a riding animal—he was a pal.
[Continued on page 12]



McNulty

"One of America's most beautiful girls," says Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt of Louise Henry, MGM player

with a song in her heart



she brings you a Melodramatic Musical Romance!

Glorious

Grace Moore

in her new picture

LOVE ME FOREVER

Dream... live... love... in the spell of her magic voice... as divine Grace Moore forsakes "One Night of Love" for her newest and greatest entertainment!

LEO CARRILLO • ROBERT ALLEN

Screen play by Jo Swerling and Sidney Buchman

Directed by Victor Schertzinger

A Columbia Picture

TIP-OFFS ON THE TALKIES

Brief Reviews of the Current Releases

AAAA—EXCELLENT; AAA—GOOD; AA—FAIR; A—MEDIOCRE

Cardinal Richelieu—AAAA—Superb historical drama! The fine characterization of George Arliss, in the rôle of the grasping Cardinal, and that of Edward Arnold, as Louis XIII, are performances seldom equaled, rarely surpassed. Maureen O'Sullivan and Cesar Romero in the supporting cast make a new and delightful romantic team.—*20th Century.*

Laddie—AAAA—Here is the picture for old and young alike. Sentimental, yes—but genuine, real. A new child actress, Virginia Weidler, emerges in this touching tale of the Indiana farmlands. Pretty Gloria Stuart as Pamela takes her part charmingly. This story shows the author, Gene Stratton Porter, at her best. Don't sniff at it. See it!—*RKO-Radio.*

Black Fury—AAAA—Thrilling entertainment,—powerful, dynamic. Paul Muni as the rough leader of striking miners, as outcast, as disappointed lover, gives his best performance to date. And Karen Morley, as the girl who throws him down and then comes back, portrays the character of a *Coaltown* girl with fine sympathy, understanding. An important picture!—*Warner Brothers.*

The Man Who Knew Too Much—AAAA—A new child star emerges in this drama of intrigue, enacted upon an international stage. And that child star is Nova Pilbeam. Already selected as the best picture of the year in England, this film should have a great vogue in America also. It is the first film that the King and Queen asked to have shown privately to them, at Compton Palace, Eastbourne. Edna Best, who is well known in this country, is in the supporting cast, as are also Peter Lorre and Leslie Banks.—*G-B.*

The Casino Murder Case—AAA½—In this first-rate screen mystery, Paul Lukas appears as Philo Vance, and a good one he is, too. His characterization will remind you favorably of that of William Powell as a previous S.S. Van Dine sleuth. Playing opposite Paul Lukas is Rosalind Russell, and in support are Alison Skipworth, Donald Cook, Arthur Byron, Louise Fazenda, and Ted Healy.—*M-G-M.*

Reckless—AAA½—Now, for the first time, Jean Harlow is seen dancing and heard singing. In *Reckless*, the famous platinum blonde is cast as a successful dancer, show girl. Her pal is William Powell. Jean looks upon him as a brother. But he is in love with her. Franchot Tone is a wealthy youth who takes a fancy to Jean, marries her, and finally commits suicide. Jean is considered responsible for her husband's self-inflicted death, and cannot get a job. Finally she does get one, however, and makes a big hit. Both Jean Harlow and William Powell are superb.—*M-G-M.*

Private Worlds—AAA½—This is splendidly acted drama, dealing with lives of psychiatrists, with strange people, with sanity and insanity. Charles Boyer as superintendent of the hospital in which Claudette Colbert is employed as psychiatrist, approaches Claudette, herself, in the excellence of his performance. Joel McCrea, Helen Vinson, and Joan Bennett are in the able supporting cast.—*Paramount.*

Go Into Your Dance—AAA—At last Ruby Keeler appears with her husband, Al Jolson. And the result is that she does her best acting to date. Glenda Farrell and Helen Morgan appear in support of the principals. Al is backed in a Broad-



Lili Damita and Jack Buchanan who appear in *Brewster's Millions*, the gay comedy with music and dancing

way show by the husband of Helen. Ruby is only a little chorus girl, admiring Al from afar. In the end, however, Al and Ruby find love in each other's arms.—*Warner Brothers.*

Mississippi—AAA—if you thought W. C. Fields the tops in his role as Micawber in *David Copperfield*, you should see him in this show! As the captain of a Mississippi showboat, Fields is the comedian supreme. Then too, in this picture, is the great crooner and actor, Bing Crosby, and, lest we forget, also lovely Joan Bennett, as a youthful belle of the Old South.—*Paramount.*

Brewster's Millions—AAA—Think of having to spend two and a half million dollars in six months! That was Jack Buchanan's problem in this hilarious musical comedy. If he did not succeed in doing this he stood to lose an inheritance of thirty million. He gambled at Monte Carlo, and won. He bought worthless stocks, and they went up. He backed a big show which should have failed, but became a hit instead. Many singing and dancing numbers add to the entertainment the film provides, and lovely Lili Damita plays the feminine lead.—*United Artists.*

Traveling Saleslady—AAA—This film tells us about a girl whose father could, but would not give her a job. So, when he wouldn't, she got a job working for her father's rival. Then she fell in love with her father's star salesman. Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell are as lively as ever in this picture, but it is to Hugh Herbert that the honors go. His drooping face and his futile gestures send the fans into paroxysms of laughter.—*Warner Brothers.*

The Bride of Frankenstein—AAA—Beginning where *Frankenstein* left off, this picture has thrills, horrors enough to chill even the coldest heart. Boris Karloff becomes even more completely, than before, the monster that he portrays. Una O'Connor, as a frightened maid, gives an extremely vivid performance. And the photography is extraordinarily well done. James Whale's capable directing is apparent throughout the weird, gruesome tale.—*Universal.*

The Scoundrel—AAA—Here is your chance to see that great playwright and stage actor, Noel Coward, at his very best. This film shows Coward at the zenith of his achievement in characterization. It is a strange role that he portrays here. He falls from a plane into the ocean, dies, then returns resurrected fantastically to his old haunts in New York. There he is shot. Tears are shed at this, his second passing. Strange, we say. But see it yourself.—*Paramount.*

Star of Midnight—AAA—If you enjoyed *The Thin Man*, this new murder mystery will hold you in like suspense, will send chills up your spine. William Powell is the lawyer detective in the story. Ginger Rogers is his girl friend. And Ralph Morgan is in the cast. Stars indeed in

this *Star of Midnight*! Witty dialogue, action, mystery, suspense,—this yarn has them all.—*RKO-Radio.*

Four Hours to Kill—AAA—Here is another *Grand Hotel* type of picture. Its scope is not as wide as that of *Grand Hotel*, but its unfolding is strikingly similar. Richard Barthelmess is an escaped convict, handcuffed to his detective captor. They sit in a theatre, smoke in the lobby, talk about themselves and life. Joe Morrison is the cloak-room attendant, Helen Mack, a stenographer, his girl. Dorothy Tree, an usherette, is the villainess, while Gertrude Michael, a rich, unhappy wife, is also in the picture.—*Paramount.*

The Devil Is a Woman—AAA—Pictorially, this is one of the most beautiful films that have come out of Hollywood. Marlene Dietrich and Lionel Atwill carry their respective rôles with skill and finesse. The tempo of the picture, however, moves at a snail's pace. Cesar Romero, who is the young lover in the recently released *Cardinal Richelieu*, appears in *The Devil Is a Woman*, also.—*Paramount.*

Escape Me Never—AAA—This film, which has long been a New York and London success as a play, now has been transferred to the screen. Both on the stage and before the camera, the rôle of *Gemma Jones* is interpreted by that exceedingly accomplished actress, Elisabeth Bergner.—*United Artists.*

Baby Face Harrington—AAA—Charles Butterworth brings to this story his best comedy manner. He is a somewhat confused hotel clerk who manages, to his distress, to become mixed up with a mob of gangsters. The result of this confusion will make you laugh until it hurts. Una Merkel and Nat Pendleton only make things worse for poor Charley, but better and better for the fans.—*M-G-M.*

One New York Night—AAA—In trying to help a girl, Franchot Tone succeeds here only in getting himself into difficulties. The script is based on murder and mystery. The story, itself, is entertaining, and Franchot Tone is supported by Una Merkel and Conrad Nagel.—*M-G-M.*

Stolen Harmony—AAA—This picture is neither all one thing, nor is it all the other. But it is good entertainment. In part, it is a gangster film. Then again, it is a musical. George Raft and Ben Bernie take care of the leading male rôles, while Grace Bradley heads the feminine section of the cast.—*Paramount.*

Little Colonel—AAA—Shirley Temple bids strongly for another Academy Award in this drama of the Old South. With Lionel Barrymore, playing the part of her grandfather, she creates both humorous and touching situations. Though it is not a faithful treatment of the book by Annie Fellows Johnston, it is ably adapted for the screen. Bill Robinson, as a Negro servant, executes his famous stair dance. And Shirley, herself, dances, too.—*Fox.*

Party Wire—AAA—This picture, written and directed for laughs, gets them. The havoc that small-town gossips can create is humorously expressed. Jean Arthur, the heroine, does excellent work. She is distinctly a rising star in the cinema heavens. The misinterpretation of a late call on a "party wire" starts this story of Main Street on its merry way.—*Columbia.*



Here in *Stolen Harmony*, we behold Ben Bernie and Jack Norton talking while George Raft takes it all in



Trouble brews between Bill Powell and Franchot Tone as Jean Harlow steps up in the picture, *Reckless*

Everybody is Crying for **BABY PANTS**



Baby Pants, in the inimitable Catalina manner . . . so very provocative as worn by the stars of Hollywood . . . are the important water fashions of 1935. Both swim suits and two piece ensemble as illustrated

\$5



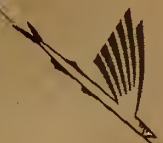
ORRY KELLEY, Designer
for Warner Bros. Stars
Creates Studio Style
Water Fashions ex-
clusively for Catalina.



MAXINE DOYLE
WARNER BROS. STAR
... wearing the popular
new creation "Baby Pants"

Catalina
SWIM SUITS

LOOK FOR THE FLYING FISH



443 South San Pedro Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

325 S. Market Street, Chicago, Illinois

Motion Picture for July, 1935

EYE IDEAS



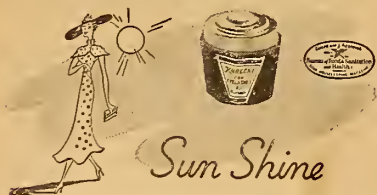
by
Jane
Heath

EYE THE SUN!

LUCKY the girl who can eye the sun—unafraid . . . of his frank remarks about her beauty! But it isn't so difficult. Apply make-up discreetly. (You know how outspoken friend Sol can be about too much powder, rouge, lipstick!) Then curl your eyelashes with KURLASH. Without heat, cosmetics, or practice, this marvelous little implement gives you a natural beauty point that is more flattering in strong sunlight. Your lashes will look longer, darker—sun-silhouetted in lovely shadows. KURLASH \$1—and you're a sun-proof beauty right away!



And let me tell you that even in the full glare of beach or tennis court, a wee bit of colorful eye shadow, SHADETTE, will be almost invisible but most flattering! While LASHTINT, the perfumed liquid mascara, will darken your lashes in an amazingly natural way. Water-proof—so you can wear them swimming! Each only \$1!



Another clever trick! Rub a little KURLASH into your lashes before you face the sun. It will set silken rainbows dancing in them . . . while just a film of it over your upper lids will give you a lovely "dewy" look and guard against sun-wrinkles and dryness. Awfully good for lashes! \$1 in nearby stores!

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly send you personal advice on eye beauty if you drop her a note care of Department E-7, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, Toronto 3.

The Talkie Town Tattler

[Continued from page 8]

You Tell 'Em, Lupe!

LUPE and her JOHNNY continue their marital vaudeville act to the vast amusement of Talkie Town. When LUPE departed by train for a personal appearance tour in the East, JOHNNY took her to the station, but they didn't show any signs of affection until the train was pulling out. Relenting, JOHNNY jumped on the steps of the moving car and planted a resounding smack on LUPE'S ruby lips. They embraced and then JOHNNY nonchalantly stepped from the moving train and lit . . . RIGHT ON HIS NOSE! The last thing we heard was LUPE telling the train conductor what she thought of heem—in the most approved LUPE manner.

Ouch!

THE best gag of the month—and see if you don't think so too, is the one about NED SPARKS. Some wag remarked that his dead pan reminded him of nothing so much as an ALUM COCKTAIL!

Big Plans for Ruth

RUTH CHATTER-
TON'S many loyal fans will be delighted to know that HARRY COHN, of Columbia, has many plans for RUTH'S triumphant return to the screen. RUTH is now in Spain taking a vacation, but when she returns, COHN will have plenty of stories from which to select her first new picture.

Cantor Wants an Heir

THE Warner lot got a laugh the other day when MERVYN LE-ROY received a telegram from EDDIE CANTOR which read: "Please send Ida and me the formula." MERV, you see, is the recent proud father of a boy while the CANTORS have five girls.

Falling For Freddie

GARBO has a new boy friend and this time it's not publicity. The new flame is FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW, the boy [Continued on page 15]



C. S. Bull

If Mary Carlisle were entered in a bathing beauty contest we would expect to see her wearing a sash across her suit inscribed "Miss Fearless." The sun will tan Mary's shoulders—but tan blends with her apple-green suit

Motion Picture for July, 1935

Slender women

should value it for
HEALTH and BEAUTY

Beauty and slenderness owe much to proper food and drink. BUDWEISER belongs in the diet of the woman who chooses wisely. BUDWEISER in itself is not fattening. Its calorie count is lower than that of milk and compares favorably with that of soda water.

BUDWEISER is invigorating and strengthening. It stimulates with a pleasant, friendly glow, but it does not dissipate. It has a vivid, spirited taste that is found only in BUDWEISER. It makes good food taste better.

Outstanding reasons why BUDWEISER is
the most famous beer in the world

1. Its distinctive taste and delightful tang have made it America's first choice for three generations.
2. Its quality has made it the biggest-selling bottled beer in history and built the largest brewery in the world.
3. Brewed by the same formula since 1876—always uniform—everywhere.
4. Not artificially carbonated—BUDWEISER is *twice* fermented for *natural* carbonation and sparkle.
5. Brewed from the cream of the barley crop and the choicest selection of domestic and imported Bohemian hops.
6. One brewery that makes its own Malt—Anheuser-Busch never buys it from outside sources.
7. Pioneers in pasteurization of bottled beer—every bottle sterilized.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH ST. LOUIS

Order BUDWEISER by the case for your home.

Budweiser

KING OF BOTTLED BEER

© 1935, ANHEUSER-BUSCH

Everyone looks at
your *Eyes* first



Make them attractive
with
Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS



BLACK,
BROWN
AND BLUE



BLACK AND BROWN



BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GREY,
VIOLET AND GREEN



COLORLESS



BLACK OR WHITE BRISTLES

● You cannot be really charming unless your eyes are attractive, and it is so easy to make them so *instantly* with the harmless, pure Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

First a light touch of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended softly on your eyelids to intensify the color and sparkle of your eyes, then form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Now a few, simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline Mascara to your lashes to make them appear long, dark, and luxuriant, and presto — your eyes are beautiful and most alluring!

Care for your lashes by keeping them soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream — to be applied nightly before retiring, and be sure to brush and train your brows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Insist on genuine Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness.



Pretty Mae Clarke believes in using fragrant body powder on warm summer days!

Sun-Kissed Beauty!

by Gwen Dew

BRILLIANT suns can do lovely things to skins . . . if you're smart! July moonlight can mean romance in bloom if you have taken warning about the dangers, as well as the beauty, of that same warming sun.

Of course you want to have a suntan, for it's not only smart, but it's becoming to most girls, and brings health and vitality to the skin. But first of all summer axioms is: *get sun-tanned, nor sunburned!* Remember, thirty minutes a day under the bright rays will be all that is safe the first week or so.

To help you achieve the tan shade you want, without serious danger of drying your skin, one company has prepared a marvelous sunburn preventative. For two years the chemists of this plant have been testing the lotion, and last winter Miami was the final testing ground. It had been tried before under blazing suns of northern beaches, and under burning suns of the tropics. And now, regardless of how much or how little tan is desired, this lotion will give you just the right tone, and keep it even. Only the beneficial rays of the sun can filter through its creamy liquid. On a blonde fair type of skin it should be used generously and frequently, while the brunette skin does not require as much. The quantity used will determine the degree of tanning, and will *absolutely prevent sunburn!* The cost is only \$1!

There's a new russet make-up that gives a natural health-glow to the complexion even before your sun-tan is as deep as you wish. You use a foundation lotion or cream made by this company, blended smoothly all over the face. With this you have a

harmonizing russet cream rouge and russet-shaded face powder. There's even a matching shade of lipstick . . . and if you don't look like a charming sun-kissed beauty when you're all finished . . . there's no making you such!

Then your body must be kept fresh and sweet-scented, and to what lengths one cosmetic house has gone to give you this summer charm! They have taken all their lovely perfume scents, and made matching sets of dusting powder, eau de cologne or toilet water, and talcum powder. There's gardenia, lilac, mixed flowers, jasmine, violets . . . what do you like? Toiletries such as these are absolutely necessary to help keep your body cool and sweet-smelling when the thermometer climbs up, clothes get sticky, and you need the knowledge that you will waft the scent of delicate flowers as you pass along. The toilet water holders are so attractive you'll like them as ornaments on your dressing table. The sets can be purchased together, or each item separately. The prices hover around a dollar each.

Then there's that old bogey of body odors on warm, warm days. I really mean it used to be a bogey . . . but science and a smart company have solved all that, and I can wholeheartedly recommend this deodorant. You used to be afraid a deodorant would be too strong for your skin, but you can be sure that with this product there is no danger. Or perhaps you were of the school that was told that checking underarm perspiration was unhealthy. But you can take the word of the Journal of the American Medical Association which says: "No harm comes [Continued on page 68]"

The Talkie Town Tattler

[Continued from page 12]

star of *David Copperfield*—and he is taking up most of GARBO'S spare time these days. She gave him a rôle in *Anna Karenina* so as to get better acquainted.

No 'Best Undressed' for Kay

KAY FRANCIS recently received an invitation to become a charter member of a famous Eastern Nudist Club. In turning down this bare, and likewise handsome offer, KAY wrote that while she did appreciate the distinction of being the best-dressed woman in America, she had no ambition to annex the title of the best UNDRESSED!

His Last Round-Up, Maybe

AFTER all these many years as a hair-pants hero, it looks like RANDOLPH SCOTT is going to get a chance at some real rôles. Liking his work in *Roberta* so much, RKO is trying to buy his contract from Paramount and build him into a legitimate star. RANDY, a thorough American, is one of the most handsome men in pictures today, and here's hoping they give this tall, blonde lad a chance at last.

Brent Hears from "Boo"

AS a surprise birthday present, GEORGE BRENT received an elaborate cake with the inscription, "I hear today is your birthday, but I can't believe it,"—and signed "BOO." George doesn't know, or so he claims, whether it is from his ex-wife, RUTH CHATTERTON, or his ex-girl friend, GARBO. Or two other fellows. Who knows!

Katie Comes Across

KATHARINE HEPBURN gave her first autograph a few days ago when a radio car chased her into the RKO studio for running past a stop signal. There, in view of an amused crowd, HEPPY got her ticket and they were amazed when the radio officer asked for her autograph and GOT IT!

Garbo's Little Joke

GARBO, we hear, went over to DOLORES DEL RIO'S to play tennis with JOHN GILBERT and was asked to remain for lunch. DOLORES, thinking to honor her guest, served Mexican food. Two hours later, GARBO called on the phone: "I want you to know," she said, "that I am very ill from the Mexican food you served for lunch. I shall never come to your house again."

DOLORES was disconsolate for she likes GARBO, but GILBERT assured her that GARBO was only joking. Sure enough, a half hour later, GARBO called again.

"Forgive me please," she laughed, "I vass only joking."

Hands That Talk

ZAZU PITTS loves to play poker, but passes it up for a very good reason. Every time she gets a good deal she gives it away by the fluttering of those expressive hands of hers.

Just Fraands

FEW people know of the really sweet friendship which exists between JACK OAKIE and lovely TOBY WING. It was JACK who got TOBY her original Paramount contract—and he is her confidant and adviser. Whenever TOBY has a problem which she is unable to solve, she tells it to JACK who gives her advice. No, it isn't a romance, it's just one of Hollywood's rarest kinds of friendship.

Cheerios? Rawther!

HELEN VINSON, who, incidently, is one of the finest actresses in the fluttering flickers is now in England making a picture or three for G-B. Hollywood has cast her so often as the *other woman* that she grew tired of it all, and will no doubt wow them in Britain with her charm.

The Tattler's Choice

THE only girl we have ever seen whom we would stack up alongside BILLIE DOVE for beauty is a young miss named DOROTHY PAGE. She started fame-ward by winning an audition in a PAUL WHITEMAN radio hour—and has just been signed by Universal.

No Aid from Ann

THOSE in the know in Hollywood will tell you that the reason for MAURICE CHEVALIER'S departure for France, was because ANN SOTHERN turned him down as cold as a Greenland sunset. It was during the making of *FOLIES BERGERE* that MAURICE fell for the charms of little ANN—and he courted her steadily until, at last, ANN told him that she was more interested elsewhere. So off went MAURICE, bag and baggage, to zat ver' dear Paree—where he finds solace by the Seine, r-r-r-right now! We hope!

Madame X investigates:



the truth about laxatives
—as told to Madame X,
the Ex-Lax reporter

THIS is Madame X, the inquiring reporter on assignment for Ex-Lax, the world famous chocolated laxative.

The Ex-Lax Company said to me: "Pack a bag...hop a train...go here, there and everywhere. Get the real folks of this country to tell you what THEY think about Ex-Lax. We want the plain facts. Go into any town, walk along any street, ring any doorbell. Get the story." Here are a few jottings from my notebook.

"EFFECTIVE"...*"I used everything but nothing relieved me until I took Ex-Lax."* Frank H. Port, 118-48 — 154th Street, Jamaica, Long Island.

"GENTLE"...*"It is, therefore, very important when I take a laxative that it be one that is not harsh, yet it must be effective."* Mrs. Anne E. Stadt, 7401 4th Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

"EASY TO TAKE"...*"I prefer Ex-Lax to all laxatives because it's easy to take and I like the taste."* Pilot William Warner, Floyd Bennett Field, Brooklyn, New York.

"NON-HABIT-FORMING"...*"I don't think one should take laxatives all the time, but only when one needs it. With Ex-Lax I get the desired result and don't believe it forms a habit."* Miss Bessie M. Bean, 5687 Hub Street, Los Angeles, California.

Ex-Lax comes in 10c and 25c boxes—at any drug store. Insist on the genuine, spelled E-X-L-A-X.

When Nature forgets—
remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Preview Flashes FROM

**YOU'LL HOLD YOUR SIDES
AS WILL HOLDS HIS WIFE
from crashing the stage!**

THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! "Doubting Thomas" is just what the family ordered. It's the laugh round-up.

You really see *two* plays for the price of one. Because all the hilarity centers about an amateur production, with Will and his son facing the same woman trouble . . . A & C . . . Art and Culture. But do you think Will lets the Bugaboo of Art bust up his happy home? Do you think he lets the Halo about Culture break his son's heart? Not if you know your Will, you don't!

• WATCH FOR THE OPENING DATE.



WILL ROGERS in **'Doubting Thomas'**

A B. G. DeSYLVA PRODUCTION

with

**BILLIE BURKE · ALLISON SKIPWORTH
STERLING HOLLOWAY
GAIL PATRICK · FRANCES GRANT**

Directed by David Butler



"Well, Thomas, why aren't you just pelting your wife with flowers?"

"What! Say listen, if I didn't lose my mind watching that show, I couldn't go nutty if I tried."

"Goodness, what happened?"

"Your husband fell downstairs. dear . . . THAT'S ALL."

"Shall I call a doctor?"

"Come, come my child, be brave. THE SHOW MUST GO ON!"



2 ROARING HITS!

BY JERRY HALLIDAY

He rides like the wind and loves like the whirlwind!

Carramba, but this is one grandioso picture! And as for Warner Baxter . . . ah, be still, fluttering heart. What a man! What a lover! He's even more tempestuous than as "The Cisco Kid." So prepare for fireworks when Baxter, a gallant gaucho with the swiftest horse, the smoothest line, the stunningest senoritas on the pampas, meets a gay m'amselle from the Boulevards of Paree! And to add to the excitement, there's a feud, a thrilling horse race, a glamorous cabaret scene in romantic Buenos Aires.

If your blood tingles to the tinkle of guitars . . . if your heart thrills to the throbbing rhythms of the rumba, to the passionate songs of the gauchos, to the sinuous tempo of the tango, then rush to see this picture — and take the "love interest" with you!



"I have a very good name with the women . . . a bad name perhaps, with the fathers!"

Warner BAXTER · Ketti GALLIAN 'UNDER THE PAMPAS MOON'

A B. G. DeSYLVA PRODUCTION

with **TITO GUIZAR**

Radio's Troubadour of Love

VELOZ and YOLANDA

Internationally renowned Artists of the Dance

Directed by James Tinling



"Your fragrance is like a garden. Your mouth a red carnation. And your lips, oh, your lips, to kiss, to kiss again."



ACCLAIMED BY SOCIETY ON TWO CONTINENTS, VELOZ and YOLANDA bring their superb talent to the screen in a breath-taking creation, the exotic COBRA TANGO.

HOLLYWOOD NOTES

Leave it to the fans of Hollywood to think up a new one. This time they're playing a game called the Triple "S" Test . . . studio, star, story. And here's how it works. Fans rate a picture on these three counts *before* they see it. Then they check their judgment *after* the performance. And it's simply *amazing* how high Fox Films rank!

But then, that's to be expected. For Fox Studios have the ace directors, the leading writers, the biggest headline names.

So take a tip from Hollywood . . . when you look for entertainment, look for the name . . .



READ FREE OFFER BELOW



Now AN IMPROVED MASCARA

*New Emollient Winx Widely
Welcomed. Gives Your Eyes
Alluring Beauty*

MY final achievement in cake mascara, my new emollient Winx is a nationwide sensation. It brings women everywhere the finest lash beautifier my experience can produce—one with a new, soothing effect that solves old-time problems.

It has three virtues, this new emollient Winx, which I can prove:

- (1) It has a greater spreading capacity, overcoming the artificial look of an ordinary mascara.
- (2) Its soothing, emollient oils keep lashes soft and silky with no danger of brittleness.
- (3) It cannot smart or sting or cause discomfort. It is tear-proof, smudge-proof, absolutely harmless.

I'm so confident that I've won leadership in eye make-up that I can afford this offer—your money back, without question, if you don't agree that I can beautify your eyes.

Give your lashes a long, silky effect with my Winx Cake Mascara. Shape your brows with a Winx pencil. Shadow your

lids with Winx Eye Shadow. The result will delight you, giving your face new charm.

Buy any or all of my Winx eye beautifiers. Make a trial. If you are not pleased, for any reason, return the box to me and I'll refund your full price, no questions asked.

Louise Ross

Mail coupon for my free book—*"Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them"*



FREE

Mail to LOUISE ROSS,
243 W. 17th St., New York City M.P.-7-35

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ Black or ☐ Brown.

How the Readers Rate Them!

GREAT MELODIES ENDURE

(\$15 Prize Letter)

VICTOR HERBERT has long since returned to the dust from which he came, but his immortal melodies go on forever, will endure, I verily believe, as long as life itself. But it has remained for the sound track of the modern talkie to give us the scintillating works of this genius at his best, films like *Naughty Marietta*, which introduces Nelson Eddy, a handsome baritone with a wealth of screen presence, and whose glorious voice enhances the magic of Herbert's deathless songs. Our acquaintance with beautiful Jeanette MacDonald is here renewed too, and she is superlative. In the closing scenes of the film, wherein Miss MacDonald and Mr. Eddy sing *Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life* as a duet, they literally carry you away with their sincerity and genuine emotion, and there is a sob in your throat. But when the show ends, you leave with a heart as light and carefree as the priceless Herbert melodies themselves.—Maurice Jacobs, 937 N. 42nd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald are getting tremendous ovations for their part in the revival of the famous Victor Herbert operetta.

NEW CYCLES DEMANDED

(\$10 Prize Letter)

THE CINEMA seems to run in cycles. Blatant, movie-musicals have been too dead to skin for at least a year. We've suffered, too, with the late gangster cycle, and an appalling inaccuracy in the recent newspaper cycle has left many a strong reporter crying in his beer. Now it is my profound conviction that we rate a new cycle of pictures, built around travel, geography, industry. What could be more fascinating than showing graphically where and how nitrate, gold, platinum, rubber, sugar, coal, and oil are obtained. And travel. Think of the breath-taking shots waiting to be taken in Tibet, Brazil, Siberia, Alaska, the Congo, and even in America! So, Mr. Producer, won't you just once—as an experiment—release at least one interesting and instructive travel or industrial cycle of pictures? If you're looking for a place to begin, may I recommend James Hilton's *Lost Horizon* which harbors infinite potentialities for both realistic suspense and masterful photography?—F. H. Kennedy, 1946 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

A straight tip, and one that should pay well. Your suggestions cover a wide field.

SHE COLLECTS PHOTOS

(\$5 Prize Letter)

I STARTED collecting photographs when I was twelve years old. It is now ten years later and my collection of photographs is my greatest pride and

joy. Perhaps MOTION PICTURE readers would be interested in knowing a little about them. The only photographs I ever received that were autographed to me personally were those from Jean Harlow, Madge Evans, and Bela Lugosi. The only stars in my gallery who appear wearing film costumes are: Dolores Del Rio, Myrna Loy, Bebe Daniels, Pola Negri, and Ruby Keeler. The loveliest photos that I have are those sent me by Norma Shearer, Madge Evans, Jean Harlow, Ruby Keeler, Bebe Daniels, Evelyn Brent, and Joan Bennett. The shortest length of time that elapsed between the time I asked for a photograph and when I received it occurred when I wrote for George Brent's. That took only six days. It was exactly a year to a day before Katharine Hepburn's reached me.—Adriana Leynaar, 6210 Patterson Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Here we have a new side light on Mr. Brent and Miss Hepburn. It must be an interesting hobby that Miss Leynaar describes.

THE TRIAD OF STARS

(\$1 Prize Letter)

HAS Garbo the Great a rival? When Marlene was first heralded as Garbo's rival, I laughed. Not at the lovely Marlene, but at the idea that there was any comparison between the two. Marlene is secure in her own niche, but she isn't Garbo's equal. Katharine Hepburn is called Katharine the Great, and she is a great artist in her own right, but no more like Garbo than a wind-swept pine forest is like the mysterious northern Aurora Borealis. While no one will ever occupy Garbo's unique pedestal, there are, nevertheless, three truly great women on the screen, each one individual and unique.—Katharine the Great, Elisabeth (Bergner) the Great, and Garbo the Great. And I think that each one of the Greats only adds luster to the other two.—A. F. Brown, 185 St. Botolph St., Boston, Mass.

Among the stars of the screen, it is difficult to say who are the greatest.

Prizes for Letters!

Your opinions on movie plays and players may win money for you! Three prizes—\$15, \$10 and \$5—with \$1 each for additional letters printed—are awarded every month for the best letters received. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Address your entries to Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



Merle Oberon

Only one star from abroad ever has had as much advance ballyhoo as Merle Oberon. That was Marlene Dietrich. And Merle, like Marlene, has lived up to all the headlines—not only as an actress, but as a startling, style-setting personality. She is eagerly awaited in the title rôle of Vilma Banky's one time hit, *The Dark Angel*



Del Rio Dances

Dolores Del Rio used to be the tragic type. But now she is enjoying life—combining dancing with dramatics. And that is as it should be, considering her Spanish accent. *In Caliente* gives her a chance to return to her native Mexico in dazzling style, while she dances the *Muchacha* for the gay customers and her own bandit, Phil Regan



Jean Parker Relaxes

If they gave a special acting award for ingenues, Jean Parker should win it. Certainly, she has what it takes to be a winner—of big contracts, good rôles, critical audiences. And if there is any girl more natural in films—who is she? She has just treated herself to a new home, while Metro has treated her to the leading feminine rôle in *Murder in the Fleet* in which she shines again

These stunning new styles in swim suits are worth a second glance if you wish to look your best at the beaches and pools this summer!



—Richce

Three modern mermaids—quite in the modern manner—are these pretty Paramount players. Grace Bradley is wearing a turquoise blue Krepe-Tex bathing suit, Toby Wing decks herself out in one of shell pink most becoming to her blonde hair, and Iris Adrian chooses fern green with white stars accenting the front. These snug fitting U. S. Rubber bathing suits are in high favor at the beaches and swimming pools



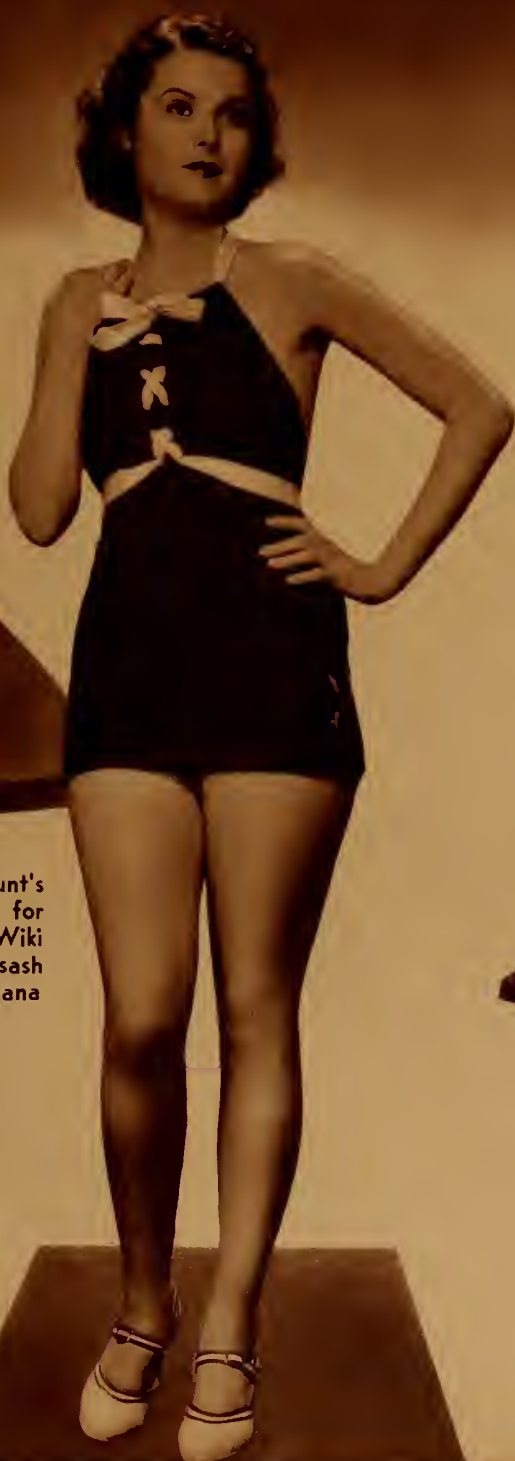
Maxine Reiner, Paramount's new "baby star" wears this sleek and simple U. S. Rubber suit of Krepe-Tex, its color is a turquoise hue

—Richce

Look before you Leap



Grace Bradley, one of Paramount's featured "baby stars," leaped for this stunning Gantner Banda-Wiki with its gay serpentine stripe sash and that high-in-front bandana



Ann Darling, one of Universal's newcomers, looked before leaping and chose this smart Jantzen streamline model with its white ribbon forming a belt and halter. This suit, surely, is worth a second glance



Patricia Ellis, the blonde beauty of Warner Brothers pictures, leaps into the spotlight in this new Catalina suit with its touch of Spanish in the especially narrow fringed serape

How Men Have

By
EDWIN
MARTIN

MOTION picture columnists are admitting that Katharine Hepburn, in making a complete "about face," has become a regular fellow! The change, they say, has been coming on gradually, until today, the newspaper photographers she has chased, her fellow workers at the studio, and even the press agents, whose ears she has pinned back are beginning to call her *Pollyanna*!

The film city is accustomed to sudden changes, because in Hollywood (sometimes called Cinemania) anything may happen—but the cinemaniacs are still a bit dazed that the fiery Hepburn has become a kind and thoughtful soul.

If we were still doing the press agent work on her pictures, we would oil up the old typewriter and make it croon in this manner: "the wild heart of the gypsy has turned to the humble heart of the prophet!" But we are not Katharine Hepburn's press agent any more—we're just one of the many ex-publicity men who tried to find words in Roget's Thesaurus that would attempt to blaze the skyrocket trail of a star who didn't need publicity—and didn't want it. Maybe this fact should give us a different perspective—we don't know—one never knows about Hepburn. All we know is that the fiery petrel of the films has changed, has done an about face. You wouldn't know her!



—Bachrach

SOME say that it might be because of her friendship with Charles Boyer, the handsome Frenchman, who played opposite Kate in her latest picture, *Break of Hearts*. Now don't get ahead of us and jump to conclusions. This friendship is a splendid thing—like the frank, wholesome admiration a small girl might have for a good-natured, generous uncle, though it probably is hard for you to think of Miss Hepburn as a little girl, or of the romantic Boyer as an uncle, but the friendship is as harmless as that—sorry, folks! But anyway, it is one of the three friendships that are re-

Changed Hepburn

Katharine Hepburn has made a complete "about face" and become a regular fellow, according to her ex-publicity man. He talks plainly about the star who was once Hollywood's fiery petrel. Read this all-revealing story. Get the inside facts on Hepburn!

ported to have done something for the sometimes vitriolic star. There is a new light in her eyes.

Boyer is a Continental, and, naturally, was born with the knowledge that life is very brief. He is kindly, thoughtful, interesting—and, above all, a gentleman. His finer qualities have reflected on the Hepburn personality. (You may read about him further back in this issue). Katie is reported to have been happier while making this picture than any other during her meteoric career. She doesn't mind telling the world that the young actor who succeeded Francis Lederer in her picture has much to do with it.

We have seen her sit for hours at Boyer's feet—looking up at him in wonder as he told her stories of his beloved homeland—of his picturesque career. It is strange to find Hepburn, who sometimes had a tongue that could clip a hedge—and who has always done the talking—a quiet listener. Just like a little child hearing a bedtime story.

YES, Hepburn has changed—and Boyer isn't the only one who is responsible. There are other friendships enjoyed by this new Hepburn, the woman who, until

this year, has only allowed a select few into her circle of friendship. John Beal, the earnest young stage actor who soared upward as her leading man in *The Little Minister*, and for whom she battled to get a good break and another fine role in her *Break of Hearts*, is one member of the circle—and Leland Hayward, her agent, is another.

Hepburn, John Beal and Hayward went together the other night to see Boyer's performance in the preview of *Private Worlds*, and sat with the Frenchman's attractive wife, Pat Paterson, the English actress. Boyer wouldn't sit with them—he sat over in a corner and lamented over what he considered his own terrible performance. He would not believe the enthusiastic praises of his friends until the next morning's preview notices which told the world that he was a sensation and surely going places.

The Hepburn we left behind when we departed from RKO studios was a Hepburn softer, gentler, more tolerant . . . indeed a different Hepburn from the one we met a few years ago. She's regular.

FIVE meetings with Katharine Hepburn will always hang heavily on our memory. The first time we saw her was on a balcony during the filming of *Morning Glory*. She was clad in a faded kimono and was hurling strange, strong words down at the late director, Lowell Sherman. She was telling him in bold language just what she thought of the person who had stolen her favorite costume, a pair of ragged, soiled overalls from her dressing room. She threatened to stay away from the set until they were found.

The next morning she found a brand new pair draped over the frame of a picture on the set. They were the gift of Sherman, who had grown tired of the others, and had an assistant steal them on purpose. She soon accepted the spirit of the joke, but the

(Continued on page 66)

Hollywood says Charles Boyer had something to do with the change in Hepburn or it may have been two other fellows



—Bachrach



The tome in Freddie Bartholomew's hands above gives you a good idea of the weighty books he reads. And the skate beside him is proof that he is all-boy. Having got his screen start in the picturization of one great fiction masterpiece, he now is enrolled in another—Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina*, in which he plays Garbo's son. From a *Copperfield* to a Cossack is not difficult for him

One of 10,000

Freddie Bartholomew, with the faith that moves mountains, traveled across an ocean and a continent to try for the role that later took him into a million hearts as *David Copperfield*!

BY KATHARINE HARTLEY



Freddie Bartholomew is learning to be a real American boy, but although his chaps are made in the United States, his fine horsemanship is English!

A MOTION Picture Studio wants a boy—slender, wistful, gentlemanly. Must have English accent or be of English parents." This amazing advertisement appeared in newspapers throughout America and England—and was read hourly over small radio stations. It was the basis of the greatest search ever made in the history of motion pictures for an actor.

Over ten thousand boys applied for the job; every one of them was interviewed by studio officials, and several hundred tests were made. MGM had special camera crews for tests in San Diego, New Orleans, Detroit and New York City—as well as in Hollywood. The search for a boy to play the rôle of *David Copperfield* lasted for over three months, and not one minute of that search was phoney. There was no publicity "gag" about it. Out of

these thousands of applicants, MGM could not find a suitable boy to take the part.

In Warminster, England, Freddie Bartholomew, a small boy, aged 10, read the advertisement and knew that he should be allowed to play *David Copperfield* on the screen. He had read most all of Dickens' works, and next to *A Christmas Carol* he liked *David Copperfield* best. He thought that he knew *David Copperfield*, and that he, himself, was like him. He told his aunt, Mylicent Bartholomew, whom he calls "Sis," about it. She tried to dissuade him from entertaining such a hopeless dream as this one seemed.

"But," she said, "my doubtful thoughts on the subject had no impression on him, whatsoever. He was certain that he should be, and could be, *David Copperfield*. Regardless of how I would try to turn his attention elsewhere, he would not give up the idea. It became an obsession. So to keep peace in the family, I had to agree to do something about it."

ALREADY, at the age of ten, Freddie was somewhat of a local celebrity. He had been living with "Sis" and his grandparents since he was a small boy, and "Sis," a dear little English lady, had given him his education. She, herself, like most English women, had loved the classics—Shakespeare and Dickens were, of course, among her favorites. So the boy had been taught long passages from each as the years passed.

At the age of seven he could recite *Portia's* famous speech, and the *Mark Antony* oration over the body of *Caesar*. He had been invited to speak at the local teas, and the little town of Warminster was very proud of him. His fame had even extended to London, where he had gone at one time to appear in several plays and motion pictures. But he had small parts—most of them were not even speaking parts.

SO NOW it was only logical that "Sis" should take him to London. But when they arrived there, they found that David Selznick, of MGM, who had gone to England searching for a youthful *Copperfield*, had already left, and there was no one there who could give them any satisfaction. They were advised to go to America if Freddie was to have his chance.

Mylicent Bartholomew said, "I still had no hopes that Freddie would get the part of *David Copperfield*. But I figured it would be an excellent trip for us both. It would be a vacation and an education. In New York, the MGM office told us we would have to go to the Coast. When we arrived in Hollywood it was on Freddie's insistence that I sat down and wrote a note to Mr. Selznick. At that time MGM was frantic. They were interviewing everyone. After our interview they arranged to make a test of Freddie. The quest was over and Freddie was told that he would be *David Copperfield*."

How did Freddie take the [Continued on page 79]

Why GARBO'S Friends *Dare Not Talk*

Richard Cromwell changes the subject—George Brent has nothing to say—for when Garbo's friends are quizzed about her, she has "gone home" as far as they are concerned! Just try and make them talk!!

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

"THE thing I like best about Hollywood," Greta Garbo said the last time I talked with her, "is that here is one place in the world where you can live as you like and nobody will say anything about it, no matter what you do!"

I haven't had many chats with Greta lately. As a matter of fact the last one was nine years ago, but I am afraid the poor girl has discovered that she was a trifle hasty in her judgment. She has lived as she liked, certainly, but a good many people have had something to say about it, from her servants, milkman, neighbors (often changed) to the man who sells her shoes, and the lad who delivers her newspaper. More words have been written about her than any other star in Hollywood—words of conjecture, gossip, guesswork, fantasy and nonsense. Not many of these were facts in any sense of the word.

Everybody has talked about Garbo—except Garbo's friends. And don't for a moment think that this lady of carefully built-up mystery, this exotic recluse hasn't any friends. Greta Garbo has one of the fullest social lives of any star of the screen. And what's more she is good company on any occasion from a Svenska clambake to a formal dinner party. Like "the flutter-budget" in Noel Coward's song she may "regret she's unable to lunch today" when the Crown Prince of Sweden comes to town (her historic remark was "I'm not hongree"), but she won't turn down a struggling young juvenile who invites her to go on a picnic with him—and eat sandwiches out of a paper bag.

BUT not one of Garbo's friends will admit that they even know her! They look at you blankly when you ask them about her. "Garbo?"—their attitude seems to say, "now where have I heard that name? It *sounds* vaguely familiar. In the movies, is she?"

Salka Viertel, one of her most constant companions, never mentions her at all; even when the studio calls Mrs. Viertel to ask her whereabouts. The answer is always the same, "I'm sorry.

I know nothing about Miss Garbo's plans. I have no idea whether she is in town or not." If, goaded to sarcasm, the studio suggests that perhaps she is in India, Garbo's most intimate friends reply suavely, "That is very possible." Leading men who have been to her home to dine the evening before, will look you straight in the eye and tell you blandly that they have never talked with her. Richard Cromwell, once known to be a frequent caller at Garbo's house, hurriedly changes the subject when asked about her by anybody.

A strange spell falls with the syllables of her name on those who share Greta Garbo's confidence. Huge sums

The new Garbo as she appears in *Anna Karenina*



As Garbo looked while still the recluse of Hollywood

of money have been offered even her more casual acquaintances for stories about her sayings and doings, although the tale of the seven thousand dollars refused by one man to allow a photographic syndicate to bore a small hole in the wall of his office and take her picture in an informal pose on her next visit, seems to belong to the realm of Garbo legends.

YET only when she is working on a picture is she the mysterious Garbo, the solitary walker in lonely canyons, the hermit who hides away from human sight behind high walls and drawn curtains. The rest of her days are spent in the company of friends, directors and cameramen—new friends made on boats or trains, old friends she knew in her own country, extras, stars, all sorts.

With them she shops, strolls, lunches, dines and dances like any other popular girl, shielded from the public by a passionate loyalty of silence which is more eloquent than the most enthusiastic words the most diligent press agent could find to describe Garbo's charm and attraction.

"When she finds that you have been talking about her she does not reproach you," a former leading man told me. "She does not storm or scold. She does not even give you a chance to explain or apologize. She simply disappears out of your life. You never hear from her again. She has 'gone home' as far as you are concerned. And all of us who are granted her friendship value it too precious to risk losing it."

It was from the late lovely Lilyan Tashman that Garbo learned the art of hostessing which now makes her small intimate parties she gives her friends on Swedish festal days among the most perfectly planned in Hollywood. For her delight Lilyan spread her table with its best lace and linen, silver, glass and dishes of ceremony, while Greta, entranced as a child, clapped her hands and cried, "Oh Leel you do everyting so nicely! I don't know how. Teach me to do just like you!"

At the house of a mutual friend Garbo met Fifi D'Orsay and took an instant fancy to the vivacious French girl who made her laugh so heartily. Believe it or not, Garbo loves to laugh! In natural delight over her new acquaintance Fifi mentioned it aloud. It is related in awed



A warmer, more vital and glowing Garbo will give her genius to the dramatic story of *Anna Karenina* in which young Freddie Bartholomew will play the part of her son

whispers in Hollywood that she never heard from Garbo again after this episode.

There is said to be a set rule for everyone who works on a Garbo picture that they will not speak of the star off the set. From directors, actors, cameramen, carpenters, and extras no one violates the pledge. Another current Garbo legend has to do with the luckless bit player who quoted the star to a newspaper reporter—and *was never seen or heard of in Hollywood, thereafter.*

"I'm sowey," lisped four-year-old Cora Sue Collins who played in *Queen Christina*, "but I'm not 'lowed to talk about Miss Greta." [Continued on page 74]

Can CHAPLIN Come

BY
JIM TULLY



Chaplin still affects baggy trousers, makeshift coat and derby hat in his new picture

The most outspoken American writer of today asks this question about the only star who has remained silent. You may agree with what he says—or you may not. But you won't skip a word of his article!

Charlie Chaplin and Jim Tully have been close friends and they have had fiery disagreements. The last remaining silent star and the redheaded American novelist have much in common. Both are independent thinkers; no one dictates what their thoughts should be. And, in turn for their having their own opinions, they expect the world to have its opinions, too. Which it probably will, after reading this article. It is presented—not as a reflection of any sentiments on our part—but as the purely personal sentiments of a man who has been close to Chaplin.—Editor.

IT HAS been said that Chaplin is a persistent kiddier, that the person who on meeting him dares to take him seriously, instantly becomes an attractive target for his sly raillery. In his time Chaplin has kidded the most profound intellectual into believing that he is a deep thinker. He has kidded clergymen into believing that he is spiritual as a nun.

and radicals have been kidded into believing that he believes in the revolution. If all this be true, he is now kidding himself that he can push back the waves of talking pictures—and remain a Napoleonic mute that he was in silent films for many years.

Many who have seen the short silent films that made him famous, and which are still showing over the land, are dubious about his future in this talkie era. After a lapse of twenty years the spontaneity is gone from them. In spite of everything they are as "dated" as the hats Edna Purviance wore while playing in them.

What is said to be his first film in about four years will soon be released. It is tentatively called *The Masses* and will be, so far as one can learn, of the same pattern as those that have gone before.

Though he has been lauded to the skies, Chaplin, in

Back?



Antrey



Paulette Goddard, who is reported married to Chaplin, plays opposite him in the new picture

my estimation, is not a genius. If he is, then so was the child, Jackie Coogan, who played with him years ago, and who is now emerging into manhood.

TO BE fair to him, however, Chaplin, is a highly talented actor. While not deeply emotional he has managed to impress the screen personality of a tragic figure on a generation of men.

Though his irony is that of a street gamin, he has been likened to Anatole France by those who know little about the great Frenchman, and even less about Chaplin.

In years to come, Bill Fields will no doubt be rated a greater clown. All this will have to be when the hubbub has died down. For the echo of Chaplin's early publicity will linger in the world for some time to come.

If it gave him a Napoleonic complex, it should be for-



Rhodes

A studious study of Chaplin as he appears four years after making *City Lights*

given him. Just as great heads or greater than Chaplin's have been swayed by the career of the great Corsican.

HAVING spent eighteen months as a more or less welcome "yes man" of Chaplin's I learned considerable about him. His moods are many and varied.

He has no antagonisms toward race or creed. Once, on the subject of Negroes, he said to me, "I never laugh at their humor—they have suffered too much—it seems to me—to ever be funny." And he was sincere.

He has the gift of ready wit.

Madame Elinor Glyn was said to have remarked upon meeting him, "You don't look nearly as funny as I thought you would."

"Neither do you," was the comedian's reply.

He has a definite human streak. [Continued on page 64]



Rhodes

Will ROGERS— Public Favorite No. 1

There's no one in pictures, or out of them, who is such a public idol as Will Rogers. It's because he is real and talks the same language as your next-door neighbor

CLEAR and unmistakable, Will Rogers' voice sounded above the subdued hum and bustle as I stepped inside one of the big sound stages at the Fox Westwood studios where David Butler was directing America's best-loved humorist.

"Aw Dave," Rogers was protesting, "I don't need anybody to catch me. I'm not gonna fall and crack my head." His tone was persuasive.

Butler's answer was inaudible, but Rogers' voice could still be heard, objecting violently to something the director had suggested.

"Naw, I don't need any cushions either. I ain't gonna get hurt. Just put another lens on that camera and let's get going."

When they finally started the camera grinding, Will was having the last word as usual. Day in and day out there's never a dull moment on a Roger's set. He keeps things moving from the minute he steps on the stage until the director yells at the

electricians to "wrap 'em up" and Will heads for his Santa Monica rancho.

Loaded with good humor, wisecracks, and pointed observations on everything that goes on, Rogers' happy outlook on life is more contagious than the measles—more valuable than a raise in pay. And everyone, from the lowest "grip" on the set to the director, himself, loves it. They all like Will.

A job on a Rogers' picture means plenty of work—but Will makes it seem like one grand and glorious holiday. He may howl to the high heavens about working late, poke fun at the electricians, joke with his fellow players—but underneath it all he's a trouper from way back—and the picture goes right along. Will hurls broad hints at Butler about quitting early—but so long as there's work to be done he'll be found right on the job. He only grumbles in fun.

BY LLOYD BROWNFIELD

IT'S hard to realize, watching Rogers on the set or talking with [Continued on page 80]

BOYER— Hollywood's *new* Heart-Throb

Hollywood forgot it had Charles Boyer until, as leading man to Colbert and Hepburn, he set a million hearts athrob! Look out Mr. Gable!—and you too, Mr. Raft!!

By GORDON CROWLEY

OF COURSE you remember a film produced by Metro, two, three years ago, starring Jean Harlow? It was called *Redheaded Woman*. But few will remember the quiet, dark, foreign-looking chap who appeared briefly as her chauffeur and muttered a few almost unintelligible words in very decidedly broken English.

That man was Charles Boyer, who is today the male rave of the screen. For years an idol of France, he was to Frenchmen on the dramatic stage and screen what Chevalier was to comedy. He had given on the French stage what was considered one of the master performances in the history of French drama—that of the Japanese admiral in *The Battle*. It was Chevalier, in fact, who sang his praises and induced Paramount to bring him to America for the first time. In spite of the fact that it meant a drastic decrease in his earnings, Boyer came, hoping that success in American films would make his name as famous throughout the entire world as it was in France when he left.

But Paramount put him in small rôles in French versions. Disillusioned, he returned to France, but later accepted a Fox contract to return to this country.



Charles Boyer has a technique all his own. He tames Hepburn in *Break of Hearts*

He was given a gypsy rôle in *Caravan*—a rôle he didn't care for. When his brief contract expired, Boyer made up his mind to whip the Hollywood game. We sat in an office in the Wanger studio, where he is under contract for two pictures a year and he told me a strange story about that small rôle in *Redheaded Woman*.

[Continued on page 62]

Seven Stars Tell How *They Got There*

Have you wondered how Cooper, Gable, Crawford, Shearer, Cortez, Madge Evans, and Sylvia Sidney broke into pictures? Here is the inside story!

BY
HARRY T.
BRUNDIDGE

HOW DID they get into pictures? Thousands of readers ask that question. Well, how DID they? What did the girl who ascended the heights in Hollywood have that her failing sisters lacked? What did the triumphant boy possess?

I wrote down the names of the 14 outstanding personalities in Hollywood, put the slips in my hat, and picked out seven slips. I had determined that with the aid of these seven names I would pierce the veil of ballyhoo that enfolds all stars and get the absolute low-down on how each and every one of them "did it." Luck was with me, and you'll doubtless be amazed at the answers. If you want some real low-down, inside-facts never before revealed—here they are. I will tell you of the devious ways, the subterfuge, the will that won.

"HOW did I break into the movies?" Gary Cooper, the shy, tall, modest star with the boyish smile and the wistful blue eyes, asked himself. "Well," he continued, "It's rather a funny story and it dates back to 1925 and the day I resigned as cartoonist from the Helena [Mont.] *Independent* to go to Los Angeles to seek fame and fortune with some advertising agency. I could draw fairly well and my ambition was to become a knockout advertising man. I arrived in Los Angeles Thanksgiving Day, 1925, with \$200 in my pocket and promptly blew myself to a turkey dinner.

"Soon I learned that conditions were bad in California for the bottom had dropped out of the boom. I couldn't get a job with an advertising agency, so I tried the newspapers, seeking a connection as a want ad solicitor; I failed. Every one was firing, not hiring. With little money left, I found employment making a house-to-house canvass for a portrait photographer. I averaged two dollars a day at this and then finally broke into the

How They Did It!

Gary Cooper "crashed" because he was hungry. And could ride a horse!

Norma Shearer "coughed" her way into pictures.

Joan Crawford wanted to be a dancer. But became a star! She clicked in spite of herself.

Ricardo Cortez became an excellent bodyguard. And then a good actor!

Sylvia Sidney screamed. And won a part. And climbed to the top.

Madge Evans lied, made the grade, succeeded.

Clark Gable worked hard, then harder still. He persevered and triumphed.

advertising business—selling space on theatre curtains. I sold material for drapes and stage effects as a side-line and was doing fairly well when the company went on the rocks. Once again I tramped the streets, seeking work. Finally I decided to send Dad a telegram asking for a loan, but the telegraph companies refused my collect message. Down to my last dime, I decided to save the dime, and went hungry for two days.

"On the third day I met a man who told me a Western Avenue studio was hiring a lot of extras. I went out there and, on the way, walked into a bakery and spent my last dime for a large loaf of bread and,—ducking behind a convenient billboard,—I wolfed the bread. And that loaf of bread was one of the finest meals I have ever eaten, believe



Gary Cooper and Ricardo Cortez overcame many obstacles before climbing to the top of the ladder



Clark Gable, above—not forgetting the Misses Crawford, Shearer, Evans, Sidney at the left—had many quaint experiences in reaching stellar roles

me. I reported to the studio, and was hired. Now, to tell the truth, I didn't like the business and it seemed a silly way of earning a living.

"I was just smart enough to realize that a few people had made fortunes in this business, so I decided to try my luck in earnest and to work hard for a year and see what happened. For many months I labored as an extra, riding in westerns mostly, but now and then appearing as a 'dress extra' in borrowed clothes. . . . A lot of unimportant things happened and eventually I was given a bit in *Wings*. Some of you readers may remember me as the boy who died in the plane crash at the training field. That 'bit' did more good than anything else, although it was only 200 feet of film, but it got me the job of leading man in *Children of Divorce*,—and here I am."

NORMA SHEARER tells a most amazing story about her début in films. On a cold, raw day in December 1923, Norma and Athol Shearer, lovely daughters of a charming mother, sat in a small room in a New York boarding-house, discussing the problems presented by gnawing hunger and a lack of funds. Just then Norma received a telephone call informing her that the New York studio of Universal Pictures needed eight girls. There was a possible chance!

"We reported early next morning," Norma told me, "but found fifty girls ahead of us. We stood in line as an assistant casting director walked up and down, looking us over. He passed up the first three and picked the fourth. The fifth and sixth were unattractive, but the seventh would do, and so on, down the line, until seven had been selected—and he was still some ten feet away from us. I did some quick thinking. I coughed loudly and, when the man looked in the direction of the cough, I stood on my tiptoes and smiled right at him. Recognizing the awkward ruse to which I had resorted to attract his attention, he laughed openly and walked over to me and said: 'You win, sis. You're Number Eight!'"

JOAN CRAWFORD'S story is entirely different, for Joan had no interest in motion pictures. She wanted to be a great dancer. On the day she was graduated from the back row, after having "gotten the lead out of her feet" to a position as a "pony" in the front line of *The Passing Show of 1924* she was so proud of her spot she wouldn't even speak to the principals in the cast. And thus, when Nils (Granny) Granlund, the stage manager, tried to interest her in a screen test, pointing out how many chorus girls had been graduated from Winter Garden shows to stardom in pictures, she whispered "Ix-nay." That was at first.

"In the end, however, he prevailed upon me to take a test. I took it, and here I am," Joan said to me. And saying it, she smiled. [Continued on page 78]

Why Two Successful

You've been told that movies and marriages don't mix, but Dixie Lee and Arline Judge know better. They are not letting their careers upset the domestic apple-cart!

When glamor stars like Joan Crawford and Carole Lombard give up marriage in favor of careers, Hollywood barely lifts a surprised eyebrow. But when two of our most successful wives come out of retirement to resume their screen work, that is something different. Dixie Lee Crosby and Arline Judge Ruggles have everything marital happiness can offer—famous and generous husbands—beautiful homes—healthy, happy children and devoted friends. Now read their separate stories of why they abandoned their lives of luxury and leisure for the hard-working world of the studios.—Editor.

THE most independent fellow in Hollywood is Bing Crosby—and his wife, Dixie Lee Crosby, is runner-up.

There, in a nutshell, is the plain, unvarnished reason why "the luckiest girl in Hollywood" has abandoned a gay social life . . . why she is hurriedly kissing Gary Evan Crosby and the twins a hectic good-by in the mornings to return to the annoyances, delays and draughts of the Hollywood sound stages every day.

Dixie could lie in bed until noon the rest of her life instead of getting up at daybreak. She could spend her days shopping to her heart's content for everything from fur coats to new motor cars since Bing is a generous husband. But all she's been spending for the past three months since



Although happy as Mrs. Bing Crosby, Dixie Lee also finds time for a movie career

starting work in *Love in Bloom* and *Red Heads on Parade* is cigarette and lunch money. Nothing more!

Because the Crosbys are socially popular and in demand for almost all Hollywood parties she could wear a lovely new gown to a different affair every night in the week. But she's been going to bed at nine o'clock for so long, she can't remember her last social event.

I SUGGESTED it must be her love for her art. But I was wrong. "Art?" laughed Dixie, "I hope you feel well!" she added.

When Dixie laughs heartily her eyes almost shut tight . . . like a happy kid's. Even the slinky, blue satin gown that fits her figure like [Continued on page 75]



Wives Want to Work

BY GEORGIA STANLEY



Marriage and her family are the most important things in the life of Arline Judge, but there is also room for work and a career outside of the home. Inset shows her with her husband, Wesley Ruggles

“GENERALITIES about working wives are just as much the bunk in Hollywood as they are in Podunk Center,” said Arline Judge (Mrs. Wesley Ruggles) to the society editors. Arlene is known as “Junior” to the production staff of *College Scandal*, her present picture at Paramount—Mamma to an adorable little brown-eyed boy who waves her away from their twenty-room mansion in Bel Air every morning—and just about the cutest trick in Hollywood to everyone else. As Arlene explained it: “Every marriage is an individual experiment. If I thought for one moment I was jeopardizing my marriage to Wes by working in the movies I’d give them up so fast they couldn’t see me get out of the studio for dust!”

That’s the way Arline talks and so far no one has been able to do anything about it. They don’t call her “Junior” on the set because she’s such a staid soul. On the contrary she’s as pert and fresh as a magazine cover . . . and twice as pretty. You have actually to see that two-year-old youngster of hers to believe she’s a mother to anything more tangible than a doll or a woolly teddy bear.

You have actually to see the whole five-feet of her presiding over the Ruggles estate (one of the show places of the town) to believe that anyone who looks like Arline in her *Cleopatra* costume from George White’s Scandals . . . could actually do it so efficiently. And it wouldn’t do any harm if you could see the pride and devotion that shines in Wes Ruggles’ eyes when he looks at his little streamlined wife to realize how she clicks with him. If Arline wanted to go in for a flag-pole sitting contest it would be okay with Wes. But considering she only wants to act on movie sets . . . that’s beside the point at the moment.

SHE went on in that husky “little girl” voice of hers as we sat in her dressing room, lunching: “I not only think I’m *not* jeopardizing our happiness by accepting screen rôles now and then, but I actually believe I am contributing something to it. The movies give me a life of my own—interests of my own—ambitions of my own that aren’t just dulled [Continued on page 77]

An Open Letter to **ROBERT MONTGOMERY**

from J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

Western Editor of MOTION PICTURE



DEAR BOB:

Here I am, after nearly eighteen months of writing these open letters to the stars, getting around to you. Don't be gun-shy, Bob, we're friends, or, at least, I hope we still are, for this is a letter written in the friendly spirit. I'm writing it mainly because we are getting so many letters from fans, asking about you, and I want you to keep those inquisitive fans of yours in mind when you answer.

Let's see, you've been in pictures more than six years, have you not? And if my count is right, you've made 33 or 34 pictures. That's a load for any star to bear, but your shoulders aren't bent. You are just as boyish as you were in your first big hit, *Untamed*, with Joan Crawford.

I wonder if you remember how we first met, back in New York in 1929? You were just another juvenile then, playing a part in the play, *Possession*. One day while back stage, I met you in your dressing room. I had no idea that we would meet again a couple of years later in Hollywood, and that I was meeting a future great figure of the talking screen. The play was a failure, and if I am correct it was while you were playing in it that Joseph Schenck saw you and offered you a test?

I know something of your early Hollywood [Continued on page 60]

DEAR EUGENE CHRISMAN:

You have me on the spot. In your letter you didn't take me over the coals, and so I can't fall back on the old stand-by of defending myself in such a gallant manner that tears would have come to your eyes—tears of remorse and pity that you had so misunderstood me—

As for the reason that you have not panned me—you say you do know me well enough to know my faults—secretly I'm glad—I have many horrid ones that you would despise. It is so much better to be liked—so much more of an uplift to one's morale that I am going to see to it that you never really know me.

However, you did say that you remembered me in *Bad Sister* and yet, in the same letter, you say you do not know my faults. From that little exhibition you saw in full view—fault number one—self-consciousness. The wonder is that you ever wanted to see me again—or maybe you didn't—it was probably forced upon you—

As to what had happened to me to make *Cabin in the Cotton* possible—the faith that Daryl Zanuck had in me—another great fault of mine—my belief in myself is of a weaker sort—I can perform wonders if I know that someone else [Continued on page 60]

BETTE DAVIS

answers

MR. CHRISMAN'S JUNE LETTER



Extra! Crooner Goes SHAKESPEARE!!

Dick Powell is tired of singing—he prefers acting—he will marry for love and not for publicity—he was thrilled in making *A Midsummer Night's Dream*—considering it the most interesting film ever made

BY JACK J. SHER

SHE: "I just can't imagine that guy playing Shakespeare!" She was emphatic.

"Why not?" I wanted to know.

"He's a crooner," she replied, "and you can't croon Shakespeare." Which was quite right!

The young woman to whom I was talking is an ardent Dick Powell fan—and, incidentally, is very fond of old Will's scribblings. So I sat me down in the California hills and began talking to myself something like this: "What will Dick Powell's fans think of his part in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*? Did Dick enjoy making it? Was Reinhardt easy to work for? Does Dick like the rôle himself?" Question after question, until my curiosity got the better of me, and I started in search of the illustrious Mr. Powell. Finally I found him.

He was working on a picture called *Broadway Gondolier* which will probably be released before the Bard's great fantasy. I found him sitting on an old camp chair with a dreamy, faraway look in his eyes.

"Dick—" I began:

"Wait a minute," he interrupted warily, "is this going to be something about Mary Brian?"

"I should say not," I replied.

He lit up like a light, and settled down to answer the questions I began to hurl at him.

"Did I like working in *Dream*? You bet I did! Of course it was a bit difficult at first getting into the feel of it, but once you master just the right technique in the delivery of your lines everything swings smoothly. "Many people wouldn't believe we were following Shakespeare to the letter, but we were. Max Reinhardt," and when Dick mentioned his name I noticed his eyes were giving out genuine admiration, "rehearsed us almost as if the old master himself were on the set. That is the reason it was so tough on all of us at first. We were used to *ad libbing*, and you can't *ad lib* Shakespeare."

THEN Dick went on to tell about the swell performance Jimmy Cagney has created as *Bottom*; how funny Joe E. Brown was as *Flute*; the pluck of Mickey Rooney, and the incident of the broken leg; the fairylike quality of Jean Muir; in fact, it was necessary to get him back to talking about himself. [Continued on page 69]



To croon or not to croon
—and Dick Powell answers
by playing Shakespeare
without a song in sight

In Person

By
Samuel Hopkins Adams

The famous author of "It Happened One Night" brings this exciting romance of a movie star in disguise to a dramatic climax in a hidden mountain retreat!

Illustration by EDWARD COUSE



Part IV

EMORY MUIR, a person of political importance in Washington, finds it advisable to hide away in the mountains for a week. He arranges the details with his friend, Judge Parke, in a hotel dining room.

"I'm going with you," are the words he hears the minute he is left alone by the Judge.

Standing beside him is an ugly young woman with a lovely voice. Emory feels it is safer to take her with him than leave her behind knowing all of his plans. She is so extremely homely that he feels quite safe in letting her go with him to his retreat.

Unknown to him, this strange-looking girl is really Caris Corliss, idol of a million hearts, who has suffered a severe nervous breakdown following a personal appearance at which she is mobbed by admirers. She is under the care of her famous doctor uncle, Dr. Sylvester, trying to overcome her horror of crowds in the cities.

The morning following their arrival in the deserted mountain cabins, Emory discovers by mistake that he is

really with a beautiful young woman under her horrible disguise. He also learns by long distance phone who she really is. This makes him furious, and he orders her to do the cooking, cleaning, and washing.

In return she makes him go fifteen miles for some groceries he has forgotten, and is alone in the cabin when she hears a voice say: "Stick them up!"

Now go on with the story . . .

V.

A FINER specimen of young American manhood than Mr. Sanderson Smalley, if one accepted his own estimate of himself, was not to be found within the limits of Washington. Physically he was, indeed, above the average. But upward from his downily moustached lip, which was rather like that of a sensitive tapir, he had never progressed far beyond his tenth year. Being the only son of rich, doting, and nervous parents, he had been brought up exactly as he wished to be. His loftiest ambition was to loom heroically in the public prints.

In Emory Muir he saw opportunities of publicity. Friends of his father's who were in the oil business had unwittingly given him the impression that this Muir was a pestilent fellow without whom the world would be a better place. So he decided to do something about it. Fate, which had denied him brains, had compensated by a superior animal instinct for the trail. He decided upon kidnapping. Having acquired a costume suitable for the enterprise, he succeeded, not without the exercise of ingenuity and patience, in locating the quarry.

Thus it was that Caris Corliss's astonished regard rested upon a tall, broad young man, in whose fringed buckskin jacket-front was a bulge about as inconspicuous as a wart on a statue's nose. He fixed her with a terrible eye as he spoke.

"Where is he?" he demanded.

"Who are you?" she asked haughtily.

"I'm Sanderson Smalley. And I always get my man," he answered, blustering.

"He's gone," she said defiantly.

During the dialogue Caris had been doing some swift thinking. Whatever this strange creature might

be up to, it plainly boded no good to Emory. Well, she could wait and scream a warning when she heard the car. Maybe this weirdly dressed lunatic would shoot her. Then wouldn't Emory regret all his meanness to her,—all his rudeness!

"I reckon I ought to gag you."

"Gag me? What for?"

"So you can't yell or something."

"What would I want to yell for?" she fenced.

"To keep me from getting the drop on him."

A plan leapt to life in her brain. "That'd be all right by me if you did."

"Huh?" His mouth opened.

"I'd be glad for you to get the drop on him."

"Why—why—"

"Don't you understand? He's kidnapped me."

"GEE!" said Mr. Smalley, assimilating the news with some difficulty. It struck through to his torpid perceptions that this girl, flushed and untidy though she was, was decidedly pretty.

He peered at her hopefully. "Is he holding you for ransom? I suppose you're an heiress."

"Ever hear of Caris Corliss?"

"Huh? *What?* You can't kid me, sister."

"Well, look at me." She struck a pose.

"Holy snakes! You do look like—I believe you are, at that! Caris Corliss. In person. And kidnapped. Say! Let's go." He *would* be a hero now!

"Where?" she asked.

"I'm rescuin' you."

"But—but I thought you were after him."

"This is better. Boy!" He visioned himself on the front pages; double picture, the famous screen beauty and her gallant rescuer.

Caris was trying to figure out her next move. Again she thought with dismay of that lump beneath the buckskin jacket, and that was followed by another thought. Her own pistol! Where was it?

"Mr. Smalley?" she queried.

"Call me Sandy," he said.

"Sandy, then." (With her best camera smile.) "Let me get a few things together and I'll be ready."

"Sure. The car's down the road."

"My clothes are in the other cabin."

"Atta girl! You and me are going to get along swell."

He escorted her along the row of ruinous buildings until they reached her domicile, where he seated himself at the porch table while she stepped inside. The revolver was beneath some clothes on the shelf. Only when she picked it up was she smitten with a disastrous recollection; the cartridges were still in the pocket of Emory's runabout Well, there was nothing for it but a bluff. She would try.

"STICK 'em up!"

With a startled snarl Sanderson Smalley obeyed. Indeed, from his viewpoint there was nothing else to do. The bead was drawn upon the centre of his shrinking stomach. His face became a mask of ludicrous discomfiture.

"Caris Corliss!" he commented in bitter disillusionment. "She said she was Caris Corliss. And now look at her!"

This annoyed her unreasonably. "Are you going to make me out a liar, too?"

"I'll do the counting!" A gaunt old face appeared, looking with manifest disapproval from one weapon to the other



she snapped. "I am Caris Corliss, even if I can't get anybody to believe it."

She strove to recall the next step in a hold-up. What did one do about a man with a gun? Oh, yes; make him give it up. Unfortunately in the perturbation of mind consequent upon her discovery of her own unloaded gun, she got mixed on the formula.

"Take that revolver out of your coat."

"Huh? Did you say—"

He took it out, his jaw drooping with mazed incredulity. He could hardly believe his ears.

"Put it down on the table."

HE GRINNED. "What'd I want to do that for?" he inquired. He turned the muzzle upon her. "How about that, Sister?" he growled.

"Ouch! Don't!" she exclaimed involuntarily, frightened.

"Well, you pulled yours on me." He was angry.

"Yes; but I never meant to shoot you."

They stared at one another. The situation began to be embarrassing. Caris found a possible solution. "I'll put mine on the table if you'll put yours," she said.

"You do it first."

"No; you do it first."

"If I count three will you—"

"I'll do the countin'," announced a new participant unexpectedly.

The muzzle of a formidable rifle was thrust out of the laurel patch at the corner of the cabin. A gaunt old face appeared, looking with manifest disapproval from one weapon to the other. "What is this? A love's spat? Heah I drop in foh a friendly call an'—"

"I'll bet you're Mr. Twing," cried the girl excitedly.

"So I be. Would you-all kindly lay down them weepens?"

They did so. And he proceeded.

"Now what seems to be the trouble?" he inquired benignantly. "Mebbe I could redd it up."

FREQUENTLY before Miss Caris Corliss had had men on her hands under difficult and delicate conditions, singly, in pairs, and in droves. But the present situation was unparalleled in her various experience. She did not know what to do.

Old Man Twing took charge of the tabled armament. "Speak up," said he encouragingly.

Mr. Sanderson Smalley flaunted his mobile upper lip. "This lady" he began—

"Shut up!" said this lady crossly.

"Now, now!" protested the arbiter.

"I was trying to act like a gentleman," asserted the aggrieved Mr. Smalley.

"That's a right purty spirit. I'm sure the lady aims to act like a lady."

Caris flashed a sunny and diplomatic smile. "Of course I do." She was ingratiating.

"Then I'll be goin' back across the mount'in'. I'm expectin' you-all can fix it up betwixt you. But

just in case one or otheh of you might get o'nery again. I'll take these heah guns along with me, an' fetch 'em back lateh when you've kissed and made up." He reached for the weapons.

Mr. Smalley mopped his brow with his bandana as the ancient of the mountains left. "I'm willing to kiss and make up," he stated ingratiatingly.

"Not me," said Caris with vigor.

"Just as I thought I was making a hit," he lamented and lapsed into sentimental retrospect. "Gee! Were you swell in that last picture! Say, What do you know? Your picture's on in Lynchburg today."

She evinced a dawning interest. "Is it?"

"I saw the posters when I came through."

We could take it in this evening. After

I get you rescued."

She shook her head. "The rescue thing is off."

"Sa-a-a-ay! What's the idea?"

"I've changed my mind."

DEEPLY wounded in his most chivalrous feelings, Mr. Smalley became sulky. "I'll go when you go with me."

"Then you'll stay forever." She was angry.

The clatter of an approaching car broke the silence, with a crash.

"Now you've done it," snapped the girl.

Laden with bundles the emissary appeared around the corner. Smalley arose, alert for defence or defiance. Emory halted.

"Hel-lo" he ejaculated. "It's you again."

"You—you better let this lady go," Smalley demanded.

"What's stopping her?"

"I don't want to go, and I won't."

"Which seems to settle that point. Anything further?"

The Smalley eyes blinked in perplexity. "I'll tell the newspapers."

Emory shot a silent query at the girl, then endowed his countenance with an expression of innocent wonder. "The newspapers? I don't think I get you." He was puzzled.

"Oh, no! Sure not! They wouldn't lick up this story, would they! Caris Corliss kidnapped and kept in the mount—"

A pained smile distorted the histrionic lips of young Mr. Muir. "Did you tell this poor fish that you were Caris Corliss?"

"Yes; I did," she retorted defiantly.

Grave and a little sad, Emory took the visitor by the sleeve persuasively. "Would you mind walking down the road a bit, Mr. Smalley?"

"Don't you do it, Mr. Smalley."

"Now, Martha," reproved the other. "My sister," he explained, "hasn't been a bit well lately. She has these unhappy delusions." His voice declined to a confidential undertone as he bespoke the other's finer feelings on behalf of an afflicted young woman. Smalley was visibly affected.

IT WAS altogether too much for poor Smalley. But he rallied and put a good front on it. "I knew all along there was somethin' [Continued on page 56]



"Caris Corliss. In person. And kidnapped!"

Wear a Pretty Face With your new Summer Wardrobe

The pretty face comes into its own again with the return to feminine charm in the new modes. Max Factor tells you how to fit your face to the smart styles worn so charmingly by milady of the movies

By
DOROTHY MANNERS



Black and red poinsettias on a white background make up the colors of Mary Astor's printed frock shown above



Bette Davis, at left, wears a smart, black taffeta gown. Note the halter front and fringed edges on the pleated peplum and hemmed skirt



Patricia Ellis wears a frock of palest pink satin. Note the dolman sleeves and the new slashed kerchief neckline

PRINTS are as inevitable as summer. But vivid one-flower patterns are this month's NEWS from Hollywood. Even the simplest sports frock or morning dress without its corresponding jacket or knee-length coat is bare, indeed . . . and flounces, either in one piece, or in rows and rows are definitely the most popular motif for skirt fullness. They're so truly feminine.

And now a fashion tip for your *face*! Old-fashioned "prettiness" . . . magazine-cover-candy-box faces are decidedly in the mode again!

This last is not the observation of Orry-Kelly, clever Warner designer who created most of the styles illustrating this article but of Max Factor, Hollywood's own beauty authority who has supplied as much glamour *via* greasepaint, lip rouge and eye-



The chic cocktail dress of pink and black worn by Ann Dvorak features a boxed jacket with cuffs of black fox



take up every exaggerated style fad. At the present moment there is a so-called beauty fad for shaving off the eyebrows and painting looping pencil lines in their place. Some actresses can get away with this startling fad, just as they can get away with exaggerated clothes. But let the average woman beware or she'll be ridiculed!

"In make-up as in gowns remain true to your type. Don't try a Marlene Dietrich make-up if you are a Janet Gaynor girl. Avoid the use of three or four different colors of rouge and powder that you use with different gowns. Remember there is only one perfect make-up for your skin and type . . . and it is correctly varied to fit the hour and the costume only by *how much* or *how little* you use."

HE PICKED up the picture in which Ann Dvorak is so charmingly gowned for evening in the heavy dull surface nap crêpe gown—with its trio of coral clips and coral drop earrings matching the vibrant color of the gown. "This lovely symphony in coral is charming on Ann . . . the authentic brunette" he approved, "and even a photograph reveals her face to be as smart as her gown. Notice how true she has remained to her type in her make-up. And if *you* are a brunette of the vivid Dvorak type I should like to recommend the following make-up for this costume in evening wear:

"Natural powder; carmine face rouge; vermilion lipstick; Rachele foundation; brown, not black eye-shadow and eyelash make-up. The more harmonious the make-up in evening . . . the smarter."

A daisy pattern in black and white is the motif of Ann Dvorak's smart morning dress

I CALLED Mr. Factor's attention to the three stunning print dresses illustrating the use of this favored material in the morning dress, and

lashes to screen close-ups as old Mother Nature, herself!

Inspired by Orry-Kelly's designs, and with such widely varied types to work with as Ann Dvorak, Bettie Davis, Mary Astor and Patricia Ellis . . . brunette . . .

ash blonde . . . titian and golden blonde, respectively, Mr. Factor had graciously consented to give MOTION PICTURE his authoritative beauty tips on keeping your face in tune with the fashion times! The scene was the business offices of Factor's Hollywood shop—and the pictures of the newest gowns worn by Warner stars were spread before him.

As he shuffled and re-shuffled the photographs Mr. Factor commented: "These smart summer ideas only serve to emphasize the picturesque return to femininity that is paramount in the present mode. And with the revival of quaint styles, the *pretty face*, so long neglected in preference of the mask-like faces of last year's mode, comes into its own again! By this I mean the return of the discreetly tinted cheek, less emphasis on exaggerated eye and lip make-up. But before we take up these fashion models in detail let me suggest a few general hints:

DON'T take up every face fad that comes along . . . anymore than you

The crêpe evening gown worn by Ann Dvorak features a draped shoulder. Coral clips and earrings heighten its color scheme



cocktail suit worn by Ann Dvorak, and the dinner frock worn by Mary Astor. Here are intensely vivid and colorful examples of the popular one-flower theme. Ann looks quite "as fresh as a daisy" in her morning dress of black-and-white print featuring its solo-daisy pattern. The butterfly bow at the neckline finds itself extended in the peaked shoulder silhouette of the elbow length sleeves. The *chic* cocktail suit is equally vivid in its circles-pattern in black-and-pink featuring the severely-styled wide-crushed belt, the boxed jacket and the three-quartered length sleeves with black fox cuffs.

Mary Astor's dinner frock of black-and-red poinsettias on a white background—with its definite Grecian trend, only serves to illustrate with the other two gowns just how important prints with bold patterns have become in the "all day 'round" wardrobe. I wondered if the intense colors of popular prints offered any particular obstacles in make-up coloring. One must be in harmony!

Mr. Factor replied: "Not particularly to the brunette who is at her best in vivid colors. But an authentic titian type, such as Mary Astor, must be careful of the color harmony in her new print dresses. The greatest danger is a 'warring' effect with her hair, and her face and lip make-up . . . particularly, if red is prominent in the print as it is in the gown Mary is wearing. For this particular ensemble on a titian girl I would recommend an evening make-up along the following idea:

"Natural powder (tones of both yellow and pink); very little face rouge (if you must, tones toward the definite red and not to the orange); Vermilion lipstick (also to the red . . . away

The three-piece boxed herringbone suit worn by Bette Davis, at right, features a white plaid pullover blouse. Smart?



Mary Astor wears a one-piece bibbed front of navy wool—and white, green and navy plaid coat



Ann Dvorak affects a suit of navy crêpe, with a vestee front and a flaring coat that features the brand new circular stand-up collar. Dashing?

from the orange-yellow) and black eyelash and eyebrow make-up, used sparingly.

NOW let us go on to the blondes and the brunette types for evening wear. The golden blonde, Patricia Ellis, was wearing a shimmering evening frock of palest pink satin showing a lovely scrolled metal design. It stressed a molded empire line and its dolman sleeves were slashed from shoulder to wrist to stress the unusual slashed kerchief neckline. Taking Patricia's type and the colorings of her gown into consideration, Mr. Factor recommended the following evening make-up for the golden blonde—who wants to look her best:

Flesh powder (toned definitely toward the pink); a vivid rouge (which, when applied discreetly to the face, has decided tones of pink in preference to dull red or orange); Vermilion lipstick; brown eyeshadow if your eyes are brown . . . blue if they are blue; and black pencil and eyelash tinting—and the pencil must be deftly applied.

WHEN Mr. Factor picked up the picture of Bette Davis in her black taffeta dance-frock, he not only followed it up with a charming evening make-up chart for the ash-blonde type, but passed on a masculine endorsement of blondes in black that should be a real hint on how to intrigue your favorite escort these Spring evenings. Bette's charming taffeta frock that won't (Continued on page 72)

The TALK of HOLLYWOOD

Who's who in Hollywood and who is doing what? Here's a chance to know all the latest inside answers!



—Sasha

It's laces and graces and romance for Clive Brook in *Loves of a Dictator*—And does he act! See his film yourself. You will agree!

ever to 13,000 feet and shown in this length at a \$2.00 top—which isn't so much-a-much at the box-office, considering the running time—two hours. Remember the Bard wrote it and it presents an all-star cast.

METRO is getting ready to team William Powell and Myrna Loy in *Masquerade*, the famous musical. It will be directed by Robert Z. Leonard and will include the entire musical score. Powell will play the rôle of the great artist who is a devil for and with the women until he falls with a crash for Myrna, a simple country girl.



All Hollywood and the rest of the world are waiting to hear the golden voice of Grace Moore singing *Love Me Forever*

GARBO is shooting on *Anna Karenina*—and it was she who won the race for Basil Rathbone (lately *Romeo* to Katherine Cornell's *Juliet* on the stage) as her leading man. Also in the cast, to date, are Constance Collier, Maureen O'Sullivan, Freddie Bartholomew, May Robson, Reginald Denny and Reginald Owen.

WHEN at last you see Mae West's new picture, it will be shown under the title of *Going To Town*. The picture was made under the title of *How Am I doing?* but no star has so much title trouble as Mae. The censors jump every time her name is mentioned. Don't miss the chance to see Mae wearing cowboy chaps and sombrero in this one. She's a scream—and no mistake!

MAX REINHARDT has completed the Shakespearean fantasy, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, at Warner Brothers studio. It consisted of 27,000 feet of film in its original form, but will be cut, how-

Taking a bow is Maria Gambarelli, who in *Hooray for Love* displays the toe dancing that brought her fame in the eyes of her admirers





—Wm. E. Thomas

There are many touching scenes in *Les Misérables*, made memorable by Fredric March and Marilyn Knowlden



—McNulty

A fashion note for bicycling—first get a bike and then a white and yellow knit suit. You'll be tops like Cecilia Parker who looks as if she were going to town



When Noel Coward heard Mae West utter her line—"come up 'n' see me sometime"—he took advantage of her invitation when he arrived in Hollywood. Cary Grant, who first heard Mae's plaintive plea, arranged the meeting

BECKY SHARP, starring Miriam Hopkins, and the first feature-length film to be made with the new three-color Technicolor process, is ready for its début. Many experts predict that this film will start an avalanche of color films, and that within two years a black and white picture will be as obsolete as a silent film. Time and *Becky Sharp* will tell.

A SHORT time ago the great comedy team of Laurel and Hardy was broken up because of dissatisfaction on the part of Laurel about the stories they were being forced to make. Despite the fact that their professional association was broken, the two remained close friends. When the news spread, Hal Roach became deluged with protesting letters, wires, cablegrams and what not. Break up the team of Laurel and Hardy? Might as well separate *Punch* and *Judy* or *Frankie* and *Johnny*, or *ham* and *eggs*. The world wouldn't



—Wide World

When Colleen Moore's famous dollhouse arrived in New York on its world tour it was viewed by thousands of children and grown-ups—who included Mrs. James Roosevelt and former Governor Alfred E. Smith

stand for it and now, Allah be praised, the two boys are to continue their famous comedy characterizations together.

CHARLES CHAPLIN's picture, which bears only the title, *Picture No. 5* at the moment, will be finished by the time this reaches print. Paulette Goddard, whom Chaplin admitted at a small party, has been Mrs. Chaplin for more than a year, is his leading lady. He has a habit of marrying them, you know.

MORE about Chaplin. When Jackie Coogan, now much taller than Chaplin, recently visited Charlie at the studio, the great comedian learned that although it is sixteen years since he played in *The Kid*, Coogan had never seen the film. Stopping all production, Chaplin ran the old masterpiece in his private projection room and Jackie, now almost of age, saw himself as the beloved little urchin of *The Kid*, for the first time.

SOMEHOW we can't get all in a spouter about these pastoral films which have been crowding the cinema canvas of late. We haven't seen a chicken coop in ages and don't want to. John Beal, in *Laddie*, tells us that the real way to live is to get back to the land and plow a deep furrow, but we'll ask John how he expects us to find a furrow to plow when most of the land is floating in the air.



—Pan Pacific Press

Here are sun tans that are sun tans! Carl Brisson and Verna Campbell got that way by beach patrolling at Waikiki

ON THE set at Metro the other day, Joan Crawford tossed a bomb into the rumors of the thousands of dollars a year she and other stars are supposed to spend for clothes. Joan laughed and admitted that for her usual frocks and semi-formal gowns, she never pays more than \$16.50, and tries to do better if she can find any sales handy. For formal wear Joan admits she pays more, but



It ain't gonna rain no more says Shirley Temple—who has oodles of circus fun with all the clowns in *Our Little Girl*

she reminds us that she never buys more than ten frocks a year—enough for variety.

AT LAST one fan has crashed a Garbo set. To see the great Garbo at work is a treat few outside the studio crews ever enjoy, but even Garbo smiled at little four year old Ruth Voight when she spied her atop a high board fence watching her. Ruthy smiled back and continued to sit there.

DESTROYING another illusion, when a producing com- [Continued on page 68]

So You Think *You Know* Mae WEST!

You've read stories and stories about Mae West but now her producer, William LeBaron, appears with startling, new revelations. You'll really know her better when you read this vivid story

By EDWARD CHURCHILL

WHO HAS the toughest job in Hollywood? The answer is Mae West, the woman. And what's so difficult about her work? Being the screen Mae West.

We have this and other startling information about the glamorous star from William LeBaron who, has produced all four of her pictures—*She Done Him Wrong*, *I'm No Angel*, *Belle of the Nineties*, and her forthcoming *Goin' To Town*. He knows her better than any other person in Hollywood.

"There never has been in screen history a player who is as definitely two people as is Mae West," LeBaron told me the other day. "She is one of the greatest show people ever to invade Hollywood, but the real Mae West will never be seen on the screen, and in Hollywood life is rapidly becoming as legendary as Garbo."

According to LeBaron, the real West is a hard-working, modest, shy person. She is canny about the people with whom she comes in contact while making her pictures and has to be "sold" on them. Once she has gotten to the base of their characters, however, and is satisfied that they can be trusted, their names go down as friends. And she never forgets them.

While the famous producer tactfully dodged this issue, it is known that Mae West when she first came to Hollywood had little confidence in (Continued on page 70)





Frances Dee adds the finishing touch to her make-up by lightly powdering her neck



Frances brushes her hair a hundred strokes, morning and night. This keeps the gloss



By giving her lashes the "up and up" treatment, Frances keeps them in a natural curl

The My

Frances Dee's Helpful Hints to Beauty

In spraying a liquid hair lotion on her hair Frances succeeds in keeping waves in place



Mirror

BY FRANCES DEE

Frances Dee, appearing with Miriam Hopkins in *Becky Sharp*, is this month's star to write intimately and frankly of "aids to beauty" for MOTION PICTURE. Next month—each month—another star will tell you of her own beauty treatments. No feminine reader can afford to miss these revelations. They will pay dividends in added attractiveness. And remember they are found only in MOTION PICTURE! —Editor.

MAKE-UP is so much a matter of individuality these days that my secrets may, or may not be, of interest to you. In days gone by, all beauties seemed to look alike. If the mode favored pale skins, everybody tried to have pale skins. If the fashion was for dark skins, as in the past summer and the summer before, everyone acquired darkest sun-tans whether it was becoming or not. Just as fashions were uniform, so were faces.

But that day has passed, and, naturally, we in the business of motion pictures like to think that our efforts have been responsible in many ways for showing women throughout the country that individuality in looks, in dress, and in manner, is the thing that makes for attractiveness. Individuality pays huge dividends in a movie career. And why shouldn't it be of equal value in a woman's personal career?

WHAT I am trying to lead up to—since it is the timely subject at this time of the year—is sun-tanning. To tan—or to burn? That is the question. For it is true that not every skin takes to tanning. You should know from past experiences with old Sol whether you tan a rich golden brown, whether you burn and blister, or whether you just don't "take." All I can say is, let your past experience be your guide for this year and the years to come.

The natural thing to take into consideration is whether or not you are going to have a lot of opportunity at the sun, or, more to the point, whether or not the sun is going to have a lot of opportunity at you! If you are going away to the beach or the mountains for the summer—well then, it would be easier for you to tan gracefully than to stay out of the sun, altogether. But, if you're only going to have occasional week-ends in the sunshine, wouldn't it be better to side-step the tan entirely?

However, if you simply must acquire that precious sun-glow this year, go about it safely and sanely. Tan slowly, and do not spare the oil—or whatever other good ointment you favor as a protective agent. Do not stay under the sun for too long a period at a time. Keep in mind, at all times, that the more even your tan, the more becoming and natural it will look.

ALSO, be sure to watch your hair! The drying tendency of the summer sun demands extra-spe-



Frances Dee applies perfume to her lips after they are made up. It aids the color to "set"—and puts a bit of perfume just where she likes it—right under her nose

cial precautions to see that all your careful grooming through the winter isn't undone. An oil treatment once a week helps to keep it from becoming too brittle.

I cannot stress too much the importance of brushing the hair. How it does help that enviable gloss, no matter to what brutality we may subject our locks through a siege of summer activities—swimming, tennis, golfing, beach-romping, and the rest! A hundred strokes morning and night with that good, old hairbrush does wonders!

Another discovery I've made recently about hair is that if you can shampoo it one day and then have it set the next, the operator is better able to follow your natural wave, because by the second day it begins to fall into its own. Fancy waves and dozens of unnatural curls are really impractical. It's much better to have your hair set in a simple way, and to have lasting waves, than to use exaggerated effects which lose their smartness after a day or two. A tiny net worn over your hair at night is a grand thing to adopt. It can be pinned over your head in a dainty skull-cap effect—maybe tied in place with an attractive ribbon and bow in satin or, perhaps, silk.

I find that a bit of liquid, greaseless hair lotion, sprayed on my hair with an atomizer, helps to keep the waves in place, and when light falls on your hair, the lotion helps bring out the highlights. Some lotions of this type are delightfully scented, too, which makes them especially pleasant to use.

THE eyelashes, in my opinion, deserve every bit as much attention as the hair . . . so never dismiss them with a swish of the mascara brush, and a dash or dab of this and that, here and there. There are various products on the market to day which are necessary to perfect eye make-up . . . eyeshadows and brow-pencils, etc. In my own case I [Continued on page 65]

The Picture

Film fare this month features edy, grim tragedy, a story Arctic, and *Oil for the Lamps*



In *Les Misérables*, Charles Laughton and Fredric March star



Mae West brings another typical film out in her *Goin' to Town*



Jimmy Cagney and Margaret Lindsay meet in Warner's *G-Men*

Les Misérables —AAAA—There never has been a greater picture than *Les Misérables*. The story, dealing with the life of *Jean Valjean* who steals a loaf of bread, serves ten years as a galley slave, and is haunted for the rest of his life by the spectre of a foolish French law, is a powerful human document. Faithfully following the Victor Hugo original, Fredric March plays the Christlike leading rôle with understanding that far surpasses anything he has previously done. Charles Laughton as *Javert*, the police inspector, whose fixed purpose is to follow the law to the letter, is superb. Rochelle Hudson, John Beal, Frances Drake and Sir Cedric Hardwicke are particularly noteworthy in the supporting cast.

Highlights of the picture are the escape of *Jean Valjean* with *Marius* (John Beal) through the horror-lit sewers of Paris and the stirring reformation of *Javert* who kills himself.

Les Misérables cannot help but be the best picture of 1935—and no performances can ever surpass those of Fredric March and Charles Laughton. (20th Century)

Goin' to Town —AAAA—This refutes definitely the prediction that Mae West is slipping. She is at her voluptuous best here but the weak plot and the tawdry production values are not in keeping with her appealing performance. Nevertheless, Mae's swivel hips, used as they have not been since her first film, and the snappy conversation, (mostly hers!) bring the picture to a high entertainment level.

The plot is too long, and too complicated to detail here, but suffice it to say that it concerns the story of a cow-town dance hall girl who wins a rich cattle-rustler and his property in a crap game. He is killed and the court holds her winnings valid. An Englishman, Paul Cavanagh, strikes oil on her property and she follows him to South America, taking her pet race horse with her. She marries Fletcher Colton, (Monroe Owsley) to gain social prestige so that she can snare Cavanagh, which she does after Colton is killed. (Paramount)

The G-Men —AAA—Again Warner is first with a new type of picture, honoring for the first time the federal agents who war on crime. *The G-Men* is the noisiest, most startling celluloid thriller since *The Public Enemy*, and any movie-goer who can leave the theatre without an instinctive fear that each passing sedan is loaded with gangsters and machine guns is completely incapable of imagination.

Jimmy Cagney has the rôle of the poor, straight-shooting lawyer who goes into federal service when a friend is murdered in the attempted capture of a desperate criminal. As the man who was befriended in his youth by a Broadway racketeer, Cagney has the drop on the underworld, but his friendship gets him into trouble, and he helps wipe out the arch criminals only after blood has been spilled and the screen spattered with bullets to the last reel. Other excellent performances in the picture are delivered by Margaret Lindsay, Cagney's hard-to-get sweetheart; Ann Dvorak, who dies at the hand of the gangster husband she exposes; and Robert Armstrong. (Warner Brothers)

(Other current and recent

Parade

historical drama, gay comedy of the "Federals," a tale of the *of China*, an Oriental picture

Call of the Wild —AAAA—Here is a Jack London tale so well retold on the screen as to make it one of the best entertainment films of the year. Buck, the dog, almost steals the show from Clark Gable, Loretta Young and Jack Oakie, but they all work together in a plot filled with drama, danger and romance in the wilds of the frozen North. The plot of the London masterpiece is too familiar to all to need retelling here. Darryl Zanuck has taken many liberties with the original, but nothing is lost in screen values.

Gable and Oakie accompany Loretta Young, whose husband has been lost on the trail, into the Yukon in search of a fabulously rich mine which her husband's father has discovered. They are followed by a gang of crooks and as the trail lengthens, Gable and Loretta fall in love with each other. The missing husband is with the crooks, being forced to try to find the mine.

Gable portrays his part superbly while Oakie keeps the audience in an uproar. Loretta Young is splendid. (20th Century)



Clark Gable and Loretta Young as lovers in *Call of the Wild*

Oil for the Lamps of China —AAA—This film inclines to dullness in spots but is, nevertheless, a powerful and diverting piece of work on the part of both cast and Director Mervyn LeRoy. The cast, Pat O'Brien, Josephine Hutchinson, Jean Muir, Lyle Talbot, Arthur Byron and others, are employes of an oil company whose problem is the distribution of oil in the more remote parts of China. The self-sacrifice of these people for the sake of the company, is slightly unbelievable at times, but the Chinese stuff is grand.

Pat O'Brien and Josephine Hutchinson play the principal rôles and somehow you cannot but feel sorry for them in their helpless struggle against the fixed policies of the company and the impenetrable silences of China. Two Chinese actors, Willie Fung and Keye Luke, help make the picture enjoyable. There is a slight trace of melancholy in the entire film but perhaps you will like that mood. It will give you an insight into the real soul of China as never before. (Warner Bros.)



Josephine Hutchinson, Pat O'Brien in *Oil for the Lamps of China*

The Informer —AAA—This film is based on the Irish rebellion of 1922, and it is without question one of the most unusual pictures ever to reach the screen. Either you will rave about it, or hate it; there is no middle ground.

It is not for the masses, but for those who can appreciate the great performance of Victor McLaglen as the giant with a pigmy's brain—who is a bully and a roughneck and who needs twenty pounds to take himself and his girl, Margot Grahame, to America. To earn it, he informs the Black and Tans where his best pal, Wallace Ford, is hiding. Ford is captured and killed and McLaglen receives his reward. But instead of going to America, he spends it on drink and other women.

Preston Foster, head of the Irish Patriots, suspects McLaglen as the informer and has him followed. He is caught, taken for trial before his own friends and condemned to die. He escapes but is later captured and shot.

One of the picture's strongest scenes is when McLaglen staggers into a church and dies before a crucifix. (RKO)



Victor McLaglen and Margot Grahame embrace in *The Informer*

films are reviewed on page 10)

Be Our Guest in Hollywood

When the Motion Picture Movieland Tour arrives at Universal, Phyllis Brooks, in foreground, will act as the official host. Will you be in this group of happy sightseers?



Motion Picture Magazine cordially invites You to attend Our First Hollywood Trip, Aboard THE MOVIELAND TOUR TRAIN Leaving Chicago Aug. 4, and Returning Aug. 18, 1935 R.S.V.P.

BY JACK SMALLEY

Western Manager of MOTION PICTURE

THAT invitation is directed to you, and you, and you—your neighbors, your friends!

Here is the vacation outing of a lifetime, organized by MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE; a tour to Hollywood aboard a special chartered train, with a program chock-full of thrills and surprises, packed into two weeks of glorious fun, excitement and thrills!

And you're especially invited. Won't you please R.S.V.P. and make it P.D.Q.? I'll explain the plan briefly. A special train, to carry about 150 people, will leave Chicago August 4; destination—Hollywood and return. All costs of the trip are paid before embarking, so that you have no arrangements to make for hotels, meals, baggage and so on, and with a large group the cost, despite stopping at only the best hotels and without sparing on luxury and entertainment, naturally is very small compared with the cost of a personally-organized vacation trip.

You will be the ultra-special guests of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE at the famous million dollar resort

owned by the publishers at Breezy Point Lodge, rightly known as "the Deauville of the North Woods," and again when you reach Hollywood, where a grand variety of entertainment has been planned. From Breezy Point, in Minnesota, the train goes to Seattle, then along the beautiful coast of California to Hollywood.

Universal Studios has joined with us to make this first Movieland Tour a long remembered event, by opening its gates to our guests, where you will actually see pic-

tures in the making, hobnob with the stars, and visit all the world-famous sets on this, the largest Hollywood studio ever built.

We asked Phyllis Brooks (recently borrowed by Paramount for *McFadden's Flats*) to be Universal's official host and show you in the photos accompanying this article how you will be guided through the studio. Arrangements have been made to serve a delicious luncheon at the studio so that there will be ample time to see all the sights, and Universal's famous stars will attend the luncheon party.

[Continued on page 72]



When dining at the Universal studio cafe, you'll have Phyllis Brooks and Henry Hull for company

The Master of the HUMAN TOUCH

If a story has something to say, Frank Capra will make it human. He has a genius for making his characters real—and injecting life-touches. No wonder he is called Hollywood's ace director!

BY PAULA HARRISON

FRANK CAPRA doesn't believe in publicity for directors, nor that fans are interested in the men who make their movies. I knew it was through an objective sense of fairness that he had consented to see me. And out of this knowledge I'd built up an image of an ogre who swallowed magazine writers with his orange juice each morning.

True, I couldn't reconcile that image with the sunlit gaiety of the moods reflected in his pictures. It must be, I argued, drawing an imaginary line, that on this side of the line stands everyone else's Capra, warm and approachable, Capra, the director and boss, the friend and colleague—while on the other side, all alone, stands my Capra, stern and forbidding.

When I finally met my ogre I saw a pair of dark eyes that held nothing more terrifying than a faintly quizzical smile—and a face for which the Europeans have a word, though we have none—"sympathetic" they call it in their various languages, when they mean a face to which people are drawn instinctively. Olive-skinned, vigorously moulded, quiet on the surface, it had a vibrant quality which made it seem more alive, even in repose, than does the average face in animation. Not the face of a fire-eating dragon, at any rate, but of a man who should prove easy to talk to—provided you stayed within the bounds of what, legitimately, concerned you.

HE MADE no bones about discussing his dislike of interviews. Walking back and forth, a slight frown between his eyes, he talked with characteristic straightforwardness.

"Publicity's part of an actor's job—not a director's. A director's job is to make pictures the best he can—apart from that, I don't believe the public gives a rap about him. Besides, my story's been told so often—'from rags to riches'—that sort of thing—'poor boy



Rhodes

Frank Capra won the Academy award for *It Happened One Night*—the best of 1934

makes good.' What's the sense in ringing the changes on the same old theme? All it brings me is a flood of mail.

"Every time the name of my birthplace appears in print, I get hundreds of letters from the hometowners who want me to read their scenarios or put their children into pictures. If I tried to answer half of them," he concluded grimly, "I could make up my mind to shut up shop, and devote the rest of my life to correspondence."

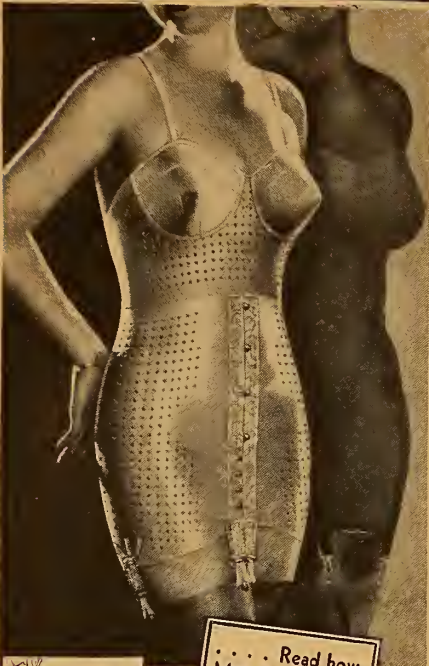
So reasonable was his point that I felt an uncontrollable impulse to say, "You're right, Mr. Capra," and give the interview back to the Indians. In self-defense, I changed the subject—and Capra changed. Suddenly he was the man I'd heard about—friendly, responsive,—with a genius for putting the other fellow at ease. It was as though the sun had come out and banished a chill in the atmosphere.

For now he was talking about pictures—on which topic he could discourse gladly and freely to anyone. I could all but hear the sigh of relief with which, seating himself, he plunged into clear waters.

"HOW do I choose my stories? I'll tell you. I ask myself two questions. First, has it possibilities for entertainment? Then, has it an idea to put over, anything to say? If the answer is yes to both questions, I ask myself another. Would you like to work on it? If I feel I would, then I feel—I hope—" he corrected himself, dark eyes and white teeth flashing in a smile that was all the more disarming for being so unexpected—"I hope the audience will like it, too—one must please the audience, you know."

He sits quietly and talks quietly, yet creates an impression of power under control which is curiously stimulating to the listener. He says what he has to say, and stops—no dangling phrases, no "you see-s?" or "you know what I mean-s?," no bids for agreement or approval. Yet there's nothing dogmatic [Continued on page 76]

The SUMMERTIME is the Ideal
TIME TO REDUCE



... Read how
Miss Jean Healy
reduced her hips
9 INCHES!

"I read an advertisement of the
Perfolastic Co. and sent for
their FREE 10-day trial offer."



"They actually al-
lowed me to wear
the Perfolastic for
10 days on trial ..."



"and in 10 days,
by actual measure-
ment, my hips were 3
INCHES SMALLER"



"In a very short time
I had reduced my
hips 9 INCHES and
weight 20 pounds!"

WE want YOU to test the Perfolastic
Girdle and Uplift Brassiere at our
expense! Test them for yourself for ten days
absolutely FREE! We are so sure that
you, too, can reduce your waist and hips
without diets, drugs or exercises, that we
make this unconditional offer ...

REDUCE Your Waist and Hips
3 INCHES in **10 DAYS**
... or no cost!

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly

■ Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the
tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as
the gentle massage-like action removes flabby,
disfiguring fat with every movement, stimulating
the body once more into energetic health!

Don't Wait Any Longer — Act Today

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely
in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle
and brassiere will reduce your waist and hips
THREE INCHES! You do not need to risk one
penny ... try them for 10 days ... at no cost!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 77, 41 EAST 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing
and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle
and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber
and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name _____

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City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Post Card

In Person

[Continued from page 42]

phony," he asserted with a sagacious
wag of the head. "They can't fool
an old bird like me. I was just jollyin'
her along into thinkin' she was puttin'
it over." He laughed.

They returned to the cabin and its
fuming occupant in perfect mutual
understanding. "I'll be seein' you both
again sometime. G'bye, Miss Corl—
Miss—Miss—well, g'bye."

Quite forgetting his captured wea-
pon in the exalted turmoil of his
emotions, he stalked nobly from the
scene.

That evening, since Old Man Twing
wanted to go to Lynchburg, Emory
and Caris drove him there, dropped
him, then went to a movie where a
film featuring Caris was playing. Tak-
ing Emory by surprise, Caris made a
personal appearance on the stage at
the theatre to convince Emory that
she really was Caris Corliss. After
leaving the theatre in triumph, she
looked up at Emory by her side, as
he started the car.

"Well?" she queried self-conscious-
ly. What would he say?

"All right. You win."

"You took a lot of convincing."

"I knew all about it from the first
morning at the Springs."

"You didn't! You scrub. Why did
you pretend?"

"I was afraid you'd leave."

"And you didn't want me to?"

He became thoughtful. "You cer-
tainly faced that crowd without a
quail." He spoke in a monotone.

"Because I was so furious. I didn't
think of anything else but making you
own up." She pouted.

"I've owned," he answered.

"Aren't you a little ashamed of the
way you've treated me?"

His brows went up. "The way
I've treated the high-and-mighty,
pampered and petted movie star, Miss
Caris Corliss? Huh!"

"You don't have to grunt to be
like a pig. You were a pig, you know,
to bully a poor helpless girl as you
did. Making me cook!"

"At that, you weren't so bad," he
allowed generously.

"And wash dishes," she added.

"There you only get a Grade B."

"And mend your clothes."

"Anyway, you're cured now."

"THERE'S no reason why I
shouldn't go back to work, is
there?" she cried exultantly.

"Not the slightest." There was a
notable lack of responsive enthusiasm
about him as he spoke.

"What'll you do?"

"Oh, I'll be all right. You don't
have to waste any thought on me."

"You needn't be so cocky about it,"
said Caris, not so altogether pleased.

"Besides, we've forgotten Old Man
Twing," she remembered.

"So we have. Lucky you thought

of it." He turned the car.

"Take me to a long-distance first."

He drove her back to the hotel.
There he went in with her as body-
guard and paced the hallway, while
snatches of excited talk came to his
ears. When she emerged, her face
was alight. She rushed upon him,
cast her arms about his neck, and
kissed him exuberantly.

At that caress, so gay, so light, so
impersonal, Emory's heart froze and
with it what small, subconscious hope
he might still have retained.

"I got 'em," she twittered. "The
New York office. Gargantuan Won-
derfilms. They think it's grand.
They're sending here to Lynchburg
for me tomorrow."

"I see. Then you'll stay here to-
night." He was troubled.

"Here? How could I? I haven't a
thing with me. We'll go back home." She
stopped and considered him. "Home,"
she repeated. "Doesn't
that sound funny! And natural. You
won't think I'm a short sport now
because I'm leaving, will you? Every-
thing's so changed."

"Yes. Everything's changed," he
agreed disconsolately.

"Why, look who's with us."

MR. SANDERSON Smalley was
approaching. Lynchburg had
been the headquarters of his abortive
man-hunt, and he was planning to
leave the hotel in the morning. He
had gone to the picture that evening.

"You told me she was your sister."

"Why not?" returned Emory. May-
be a bluff would work.

"And she was Caris Corliss all the
time. What's the big idea, you two?"

"Suppose, Mr. Smalley," said
Emory with ominous quiet, "you go
on about your business."

Caris's hand was on his arm. "Wait,
Emory," she warned. "Mr. Smalley
has the wrong slant about us, I'm
afraid." She was decisive.

"Oh, yeah? Brother and sister,
huh?" His leer was far from agree-
able, and Caris had to step swiftly
in front of Emory's advance. "I
guess this won't make a hot story for
the newspapers!"

"Now, Mr. Smalley—Sandy. I mean
—I know you wouldn't be mean
enough to do anything like that.
"Oh, by the way," she added brightly.
"I've got your automatic at ho—at
the Springs. Why don't you run over
tomorrow and get it? Come to lunch-
eon. And of course you won't say
anything to the newspapers or anyone
until I've had time to explain."

Mr. Smalley accepted!

EMORY was distinctly less pleased:
"That was a bright little idea of
yours," said he morosely as the other
retired, all grins.

[Continued on page 58]

*"I want my sleep to be
beauty sleep — so I never let stale
cosmetics choke my pores all night"*



says **CAROLE LOMBARD**

"YES, I use cosmetics," says Carole Lombard, "but thanks to Lux Toilet Soap, I'm not afraid of Cosmetic Skin!"

This lovely screen star knows it is when cosmetics are allowed to *choke the pores* that trouble begins — tiny blemishes appear — enlarging pores — even black-heads, perhaps.

**Cosmetics Harmless if
removed this way**

To guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin, always remove cosmetics *thoroughly* the Hollywood way. Lux Toilet Soap has an ACTIVE lather that sinks

deep into the pores, safely removes every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you put on fresh make-up during the day — ALWAYS before you go to bed at night — use the gentle, white soap 9 out of 10 screen stars have made *their* beauty care for years.



Lyle Talbot PICKS MOST APPEALING LIPS IN INTERESTING TEST



HERE ARE THE LIPS LYLE TALBOT SAW



Here's
the reason
Tangee lips
won with
Mr. Talbot



● "I may be old-fashioned," said Lyle Talbot, "but I like a girl's lips to have a fresh, dewy look. That's why I don't like paint." And millions of men must feel the same way. For more and more girls now have natural-looking lips . . . Tangee lips.

Tangee is an amazing lipstick that gives your lips color *without* painting them. It contains a magic color principle that changes on your lips to a warm shade of blush rose. There are two sizes: \$1.10 and 39c. Try Tangee today. Or for a quick trial send 10c and coupon for the 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

• Lyle Talbot makes the test between scenes of "Oil for the Lamps of China," the Cosmopolitan Picture released by Warner Brothers.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK
USE TANGEE CREME ROUGE
WATERPROOF! ITS NATURAL
BLUSH-ROSE COLOR NEVER FADES
OR STREAKS EVEN IN SWIMMING



★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY MP75
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10c (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.

Cheek Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name _____ (Please Print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

In Person

[Continued from page 56]

"Please don't be grouchy," she pleaded. "Don't you see we've got to keep him quiet?"

"As if all the papers won't be headlining the sensational reappearance of the famous movie star, Miss Caris Corliss, tomorrow. I'll bet the wires are hot with it by now."

"They'd be hotter if they knew where we've been spending the last few days—and nights," said she quietly. He was nonplussed.

Emory made a wordless remark. "Oh, you can grunt. Did you ever hear of such a thing as Hollywood's morality clause?"

"No; I haven't. But if you've got any idea that yours have been endangered—," he began.

"I should say they hadn't," she retorted with what might have been regarded as superfluous emphasis.

"Oh, well; it doesn't matter now." He was still gloomy. "When do you leave?" he asked.

"I thought you'd drive me over to meet the New York crowd late tomorrow afternoon. There'll only be three or four vice-presidents and maybe a couple of supervisors," she chuckled merrily.

"And you're going to drive back with them?" he questioned.

"Yes. Next morning. Oh, I forgot to tell you. Just to make sure, I called up Uncle Syl—Dr. Sylvester, you know—to tell him about this evening. He says I'm no longer in a state of what was it?—oh, yes; unstable emotional equilibrium."

Even Old Man Twing, when they picked him up, might have sensed a lack of fellowship between the two young people, had he not been celebrating too enthusiastically his family reunion. Strong drink had upon that ancient and rugged spirit a double effect; it roused his chivalry and stimulated his moral principles. In the course of the evening he had given some thought to the situation at Old Bluewater Springs, and the suspicion had grown upon him that all was not as it perhaps should be.

"What became of the other young felleh?" Twing was befuddled.

"Oh, he quit me," said Caris.

"The other felleh's pearteh lookin'," ruminated the mountaineer. "I reckon that counts with a lady. Didn't go away without his weapon, I hope."

Unthinkingly Caris said, "He's coming over to get it tomorrow morning." A casual remark.

Until they delivered him at his mountain path, Mr. Twing had no further word to say. The pair were equally silent until they reached camp where their goodnights were quite painfully polite. A courtesy equally chilling was served up with their breakfast the next morning.

Caris would like to have said, "For Heaven's sake snap out of it and

stop acting like a sulky schoolboy," which might have resolved the whole difficulty. But she did not and presently was glad she hadn't. For Emory casually inquired:

"Why don't you get Smalley to take you back?"

"Back where?" she asked.

"To Lynchburg," he answered.

"What are you going to be doing?" she asked, not yet recovered from her surprise at this development.

"Fishing. Trout, you know. Thought I'd try the East Fork for a change." He spoke indifferently.

"I see, and you won't be back for luncheon?" She arched her brows.

"Afraid not. You'll have plenty of company. And Smalley will get you back in no time in that big car of his. Of course if you insist on my coming—," he added, slowly.

"Insist? I, insist? Don't make me laugh," she implored. "You go right ahead with your fishing, and I hope you have a swell day's luck."

"I'll pack up now and we'll get away right after luncheon. So this is goodbye." She held out her hand with a smile so friendly and cheerful that he couldn't quite bear to look at it. "Send my account to Gargantuan Wonderfilms, Hollywood studios. Goodbye—Billy."

"Now, I've had about enough of this Bill stuff," declared Emory with superfluous violence. "Who and what and why the devil is Bill?"

"He's hard to explain," she answered after some reflection. "Bill's a magic. When I was little and used to have bad dreams—you know, the kind where things chase you and your feet bog down when you try to run—I was all right as soon as I could get my voice and call Bill. He always came and chased away the hoo-hoos or whatever they were. Very considerate and convenient, wasn't it?"

"I see. And I expect I'm just a stooge for Bill. Well, your present troubles are past and gone. The same for me practically."

"That isn't exactly what I meant. But—goodbye." She hesitated.

He answered dully and walked with the firm military tread of one approaching a forlorn-hope attack, to his car. No sooner had he rounded the corner than Caris turned upon the camp chair which he had occupied and kicked it violently in the seat.

Over on his side of the mountain Old Man Twing had spent a restless night. As the drink died out of him, the conviction of his moral and social responsibility remained and took firm root in his simple and righteous soul. In the morning he saddled his mule, and rode along the range to see his old friend, elder and Justice of the Peace of Calverton, Lunk. To him he outlined his perplexities.

[To be continued]

How beautiful New York models keep their teeth lovely



CATHERINE WEARY

(above) Winning a Western Beauty Contest led Miss Catherine Weary of Chicago, Ill., to success in atelier and photographers' studios.

ELIZABETH RUSSELL

(left) Elizabeth Russell, most photographed of N. Y. models, has been "snapped" at least 5,000 times.

JOEYLYN REYNOLDS

(left) Pressed into service during a shortage of models in a Fifth Avenue Shop, Joelyn Reynolds has prospered ever since.

PEGGY LADEN

(right) Whenever a photographer gets a call for a "sweet sixteen" type, out goes an SOS for Peggy Laden.

DOROTHY WALLACE

(left) Dorothy Wallace of Dallas, Texas, is highly successful in her work, but her real ambition is for the operatic stage.

There are no sterner judges of tooth paste than these women. Since their jobs depend on their good-looks, they cannot afford to take chances on doubtful preparations. For them only the best will do, and it must produce results. That is why so many of them use Listerine Tooth Paste, year in, year out.

They have found, as more than two million other women have discovered—that Listerine Tooth Paste accomplishes quick results that are simply amazing. Dingy-looking teeth made brighter . . . lustreless teeth given a wonderful sparkle after a few brushings . . . unsightly discolorations disappearing after a week or two . . . all without harm to the precious enamel of the teeth. Safety is one of the appealing factors of this truly remarkable dentifrice.

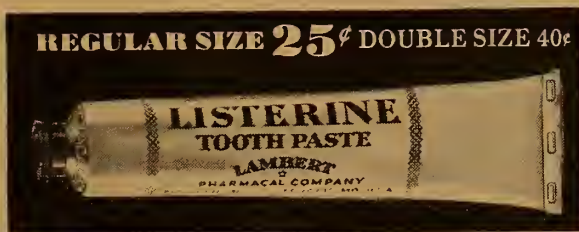
Undoubtedly the tooth paste you

are now using is a good one. But we would like you to switch to Listerine Tooth Paste for the time being and try this dentifrice from the famed Listerine laboratories.

See how firm it makes your gums . . . how quickly it combats film and discolorations. Note how it attacks tartar. Observe how thoroughly clean it makes your teeth feel. Note the bril-

liant sparkle it gives them after a few days. And then look for that wonderful feeling of mouth freshness and invigoration following its use—like the delightful effect of Listerine itself.

Get a tube today at your nearest druggist or department store. In two sizes: Large Regular, 25¢, and Double Size, 40¢. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.



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Your druggist has a new, quick-cleansing, gentle-acting, entirely soapless tooth powder worthy of the Listerine name.

Listerine
TOOTH POWDER
25¢

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Motion Picture for July, 1935

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New Corn Plaster—Relieves pressure at the proper points. This professionally designed shield from the Red Cross Laboratories excels old-style plasters.

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BOX OF 12
25¢

**RED CROSS
DRYBAK
CORN PLASTER**
(Also Drybak Bunion and Callus Plasters)

An Open Letter to Robert Montgomery

[Continued from page 38]

experience, too. I know how discouraged you were when you made *Three Live Ghosts* for one of the studios and of the strategy which made you step into it with the old Montgomery glow. I came to Hollywood before you did and I saw you on the set of *Untamed* when I visited Joan.

But all in all, Bob, hasn't Hollywood been good to you? Do you suppose that Broadway would have ever given you that old farm in New York State? Do you suppose stage salaries would have given you that trust fund?

We have had one thing in common, Bob, the fact that we were both thrust out into the cold world at an early age.

You should be a very happy man. You have a charming wife, a lovely home, a child who will one day grow to be a beautiful, charming woman. You have the knowledge that you will never be in want. You have a farm in New York State on which you will some day lead the existence of a country gentleman. You have friends by the score and everyone respects you. What more can a man want?

You are not thinking of leaving the screen soon, are you, Bob? You'd break the hearts of millions.

They are talking of Ronald Colman for the part of the English guardsman in *A Tale of Two Cities*. I would like

to see you cast in that dashing and romantic rôle of the debonair guardsman, disgraced in England, who goes to fight in a foreign land. I think you are wasted in many of the rôles you are given. I think you should be given more romantic, adventure rôles. I should like to see you in the type of rôle that Novarro had in *Scaramouche*. I would like to see you in some of the swashbuckling parts which you could do so well, instead of always in a drawing room in the dignity of *soup and fish*. I'm sure, too, that your fans will agree with me.

I want a frank answer, written with your fans in mind. More than a million of them, in all parts of the world, will read this letter and more than a million, your answer. My open letter to Dick Powell, a few months ago, brought more than five thousand fan letters direct to him, and twice that number to our office. Sit down and answer, Bob, frankly; we open the book to you for whatever you wish to say and nothing could be more fair than that!

Sincerely your friend and well-wisher.

Eugene Chrisman

Bette Davis Answers Mr. Chrisman's June Letter

[Continued from page 38]

has confidence in me—

I THANK you very much for liking my marriage. I am proud that we have been able to weather all the various storms of ridicule and slander that we have been subjected to for almost three years now. The best way to weather such storms is to laugh at it all—then it can never become serious to you—

I have marveled many times over those parts of "shady ladies." It is the last thing on earth I ever expected to do. How true that is in the careers of many people. My upbringing was so truly New England—my thoughts—my appearance—everything about me is so foreign to the girls that I depict on the screen, but as Miss Pickford said "good women are never interesting," either in life or in fiction. Who are the people that we gossip about? Who do they write about in the papers every day? Not the good people. Not only my bosses, but the people who pay our salaries—our audiences—seem to be in favor of the bad Davis—so maybe I'm on the right track at last. I hope so—I had been wandering aimlessly for so long until *Human Bondage* came along and brought me out of the fog—We have such reverence for the chance

that this picture gave my fast-disappearing career that everything in our family dates B.B. (before bondage) and A.B. (after bondage).

AM GLAD that you thought me brave the night of the Academy dinner—if I looked it. It was a miracle because my heart was like a lump of lead when the great moment had come and gone. Lots of you reading this letter were no doubt among those who were kind enough to write me and express their sympathy that I was not the winner. I was as disappointed as you were—probably more so—but don't forget the best man always wins—and in this case Miss Colbert was the best man—

Thanks, Mr. Chrisman, for not spanking me. I always did detest spankings. Who doesn't? I will try to behave myself so that you won't have the opportunity in the future—

Your letter has given me lots of encouragement whether you know it or not. Sorry I didn't have any more to reveal about my real self—but as we have all agreed, what is there interesting about a good woman—

Bette Davis



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W'GHT. 120 Lbs.
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Boyer—Hollywood's New Heart-Throb

[Continued from page 33]

"**T**HALBERG decided he wanted to see what I was actually like in a rôle," Boyer smiled at the recollection, "and he persuaded me to take that small part as the chauffeur in his film. My English was bad, but I was learning and since I had almost no lines, what difference did it make? What difference did it make, indeed, when I thought of France, my native land? What difference did it make for them to see Charles Boyer, playing not even a bit in an American film. My pride rebelled and I said to Thalberg: 'I will play that rôle only on condition that you sign a contract with me, guaranteeing it will never be released in France at any time!'"

Mr. Thalberg signed that bit of paper which accounts for the fact that although *Redheaded Woman* was a box-office smash in America, England, Germany, and every other foreign country in which it was shown, the French have never seen it. When Thalberg learned of the records it was making abroad, he importuned Boyer to release him from his agreement. He pointed out that not to show the film in France would cost Metro a vast amount of money. But Boyer was firm.

AT LAST Walter Wanger, an astute producer, saw the real talent in Boyer. He signed him to make two films a year and Boyer listened to this quiet man who talked so convincingly to him about his future.

The first was *Private Worlds*. Claudette Colbert, even then mentioned for the 1934 Academy Award, was to play the feminine lead, while Joel McCrea and Joan Bennett were competition of the strongest nature. However, it was Boyer who stole the honors from Colbert, McCrea and Bennett.

But the astounding thing about the picture was the almost unbelievable appeal he had for the women of the audience. Indeed, women left the theatres, no longer thinking entirely in terms of Clark Gable and Fredric March, or the other masculine idols of the screen, but of this total stranger, Charles Boyer. I could sense this appeal, but I could not understand it. I went to a highly intelligent woman of my acquaintance.

"Yes, he has a virile appeal to women," she sighed, "and I think it is the appeal of quiet strength which all women so admire. There is a threat to his character which would keep any woman guessing what he might do next, and hoping that he would. She would know that no woman could ever dominate him, that he would always be master of himself, of her, and of any situation which might arise. She could trust him and fear him, just enough to make life for any woman fascinating."

THE producers of *Private Worlds* feared that the tall, broad-shouldered Joel McCrea would dominate Boyer, but when the first rushes of

their scenes together were shown in the studio they showed that Boyer held complete dominance of every scene.

Private Worlds gave a splendid actor the opportunity he had so long needed to establish him on the American screen. No more French versions in America—no more bits as Harlow's chauffeur. Charles Boyer had "arrived" as a star in his own right.

Katharine Hepburn saw him in *Private Worlds* and, in the best Hepburn manner, demanded him as her next leading man in *Break of Hearts*. The men and women on the set of that film were astounded at the respect and deference that Hepburn paid this new leading man. Soon they, too, recognized his great appeal and his genius. Those who have seen his picture with La Hepburn, say that Boyer is even more of a heart appeal than in *Private Worlds*.

BUT if Boyer was at last to win the hearts of America's women, a girl had already won his. Her name was Pat Paterson and she had been married before, but it made no difference to either of them. Six weeks after their first meeting on the Fox lot, they eloped and were married. But their two vastly divergent picture arrangements held up their honeymoon. Boyer was called back to France to fulfil a contract. Pat was under contract to Fox. He went back alone, leaving his bride of less than a week in America.

"I had an idea," Boyer told me in his quiet voice, "while I was a star in France, that when I came to America, I should like to play opposite such stars as Crawford, Hepburn, Chatterton, Dietrich and Kay Francis. I have already played with Hepburn in *Break of Hearts* and now I am to play with Kay Francis in *Shanghai*. Perhaps after that, some of the others, and my ambition will be fulfilled."

In *Shanghai*, Boyer is to play the rôle of a half-cast Chinese and it is to be expected that he will give a performance equal to that of the Japanese admiral in *The Battle*. There is, when one pauses to think about it, something almost Oriental in his appeal to feminine hearts the world over.

In some ways, the Charles Boyer of the screen reminds one of George Raft and in some ways of Clark Gable. There is a lingering suggestion of Raft's deadliness in his manner, and something of the threat which pervades Gable's allure. And yet he is a distinct individual in himself—an individual who will, if things break right within the next year, set a million feminine hearts aflame in America.

"Gambling is my one great passion," he admitted, "*chemin de fer*, roulette, horses, anything on which I can wager sums as large as I can afford. I have taken a great gamble with my career by coming to American films, but then I have always been a favorite of the fickle goddess of Chance."

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Try the New Deodorant Powder... QUEST, for personal daintiness. Available wherever Kotex is sold.

Can Charlie Chaplin Come Back

[Continued from page 31]

HE OFTEN liked to tell the tale of a little girl he met.

"She worked at a soda fountain and I was in having an ice-cream soda. I had no necktie on—and my shirt was open at the throat, and I hadn't shaved in three days—I was very low and didn't know what to do with myself, so I'd strolled into the place and finished my soda just as the girl was going off duty. She'd smiled nice at me before, and I jokingly said—

"Can I walk down the street with you?" I asked.

"She said, 'Surely.'

"We walked out of the store together and finally the little girl asked, 'Where do you work?'

"Over at Robinson's in the shoe department—I'm on my vacation now," I told her slowly.

"Gee—you've got a good job, haven't you?" she looked admiringly at me.

"You bet I have—I'm getting thirty a week the first of October—I came out here from the East and fell right into it a year ago."

"Gosh—you were lucky," said the girl. "My brother didn't get work for four months after we came here. Work's hard to get here—when you don't know anyone."

"I'll say it is," I replied.

"We looked at some hats in a window. 'That's a peach,' I said, 'for six dollars—'

"Gee, it is a dandy, but there's no hat in the world worth that much—not when you jerk soda for a living—I make all my own hats."

"Is that so," I said—"The hat you have on looks nice—did you make it?"

"I sure did."

CHAPLIN placed a knife and fork in the form of a pyramid. It fell down. He resumed.

"I've never seen a prettier girl than that little girl—she had beautiful auburn hair and a little doll mouth and big blue eyes that always seemed to be asking questions. We went over to Pershing Square and sat down, and I kept my cap low over my eyes so's no one would notice me—and the little kid talked on just like she was hungry to tell someone her troubles. 'You like California?' I asked her hesitantly.

"Yes—we had so much trouble back in Iowa I was glad to get away. Father owned a big farm there—then everything happened at once." She shuddered, and I didn't press matters, but changed the subject.

"I'd like to see you some evening," I suggested. "I think we'd get along fine," I added.

"She said, 'Yes, I'd like you—as long's you were kind to me.'

"She looked so sad when she said it I turned away from her, thinking the tears might come. 'I may have to go back to Iowa any day now—my father—they put him away—he got sunstruck one time and never got quite over it.'

"Gee, that's too bad—I understand—really I do." She looked at me, a hundred questions in her eyes.

"I made up my mind right then to be her friend. 'Let's go an' have something to eat,' I suggested. She was willing, and we walked along Fifth Street, and when we came to Boos Brothers' cafeteria near Broadway, she kind of sidled toward it.

"I told her we weren't going there—that I knew a better place. She said, 'Where?' and I said, 'The Alexandria.'

"She gasped right out and said, 'Gee, no—it's too swell. It'll cost you a week's wages for a meal there.' I told her I wanted to celebrate and that one of the waiters roomed where I did—so it would be all right. 'But you have no tie on,' she told me. I told her we'd sit over in the corner. Finally she went in with me timidly.

"She soon forgot herself and began to talk to me about her life on the farm and her driving a Ford to high school every morning.

"I told her how one time I came near buying a hog ranch in Texas and settling down to raise hogs. I intended to do that one time just before I went into pictures—and I came near letting the cat out of the bag—forgetting that I was just a shoe clerk to her, when she said, 'It takes money to buy hog ranches in Texas. Then I came down to earth."

"We sat there a long time and kept getting chummier and chummier till finally Norma Talmadge came in, and came running up to me, yelling, 'Hello, Charlie Chaplin,' and the game was up. The little girl looked startled and tried to stammer something when I introduced Norma to her. She excused herself for a minute," Charlie looked around wistfully—"and she never came back," he concluded.

THE time arrived to select a leading lady for *The Gold Rush*. Dozens of screen tests were made of ambitious young ladies. I often accompanied Chaplin's higher salaried men to the projection room, where we watched the faces of these inane beauties flashed upon the screen.

A Mexican girl arrived one morning. She had played some years previously in *The Kid*. Chaplin was not yet at the studio. The girl was about to depart, when, lo,—the little jester met up with his destiny. A screen test was made of the girl that day.

Chaplin watched her features on the screen the next day. In silence we watched him. He rose from his chair.

"That's the girl," he exclaimed. A silence filled the little room.

I walked to my office and allowed the others to argue the great question. Chaplin joined me a few minutes later. He entered my office as tragic as *Hamlet*, hands held behind his back, a frown on his face, as though his next decision would rattle the stars from the sky.

"WHAT do you think of her, Jim?" he asked me then.

Knowing he would choose her anyhow, I parried with, "I don't know, Charlie," and said no more.

Chaplin began to pace up and down, his hands still behind his back.

Suddenly the door opened. The girl entered. She was cheaply dressed. Her eyes were bright, her teeth were even, her body was so round and supple that one soon forgot the ugly black dress which clothed it.

Chaplin smiled benignly.

She stood before him and asked, "Well, what is it, Charlie? Am I hired?" She was smiling.

The comedian looked at her and then down at his spats, which, actor-like, he always wore.

The girl watched him, round-eyed, round-faced, full of life.

Chaplin answered at last, "You're engaged." Simply that.

The girl leaped into the air with joy, even though, as a leading lady, her salary was small.

Together they walked out of my office—into matrimony. But if his marriage was a farce, his divorce was tragic indeed.

During her stay at the studio, the officials from the Board of Education often called, but she had no interest in books. And to this girl was given by the Fates in marriage, Mr. Charles Spencer Chaplin, a complex human being.

Just why he remembered Miss Grey from her childhood, and insisted upon making her his leading lady is a problem for Freud or some other prober of human actions.

IT HAS been considered by many that the woes of his marriages cut him deeply. They are undoubtedly incorrect, although his pride may have been touched to the core.

One thing stands in the comedian's way in regard to making, what Jack Dempsey would call, a "comeback." That is his indifference or inability to keep up with the procession. The man who seeks to be a great ironist must be of superlative genius. The Dean Swifts are rare in the world. The travels of Lemuel Gulliver are read with delight after many generations. The *Gold Rush* and even *City Lights* could hardly be used as a "trailer" in a first class theatre today.

As an artist, Chaplin was created for a small canvas. He is constantly thinking in terms of "epics" when all he needs is a mangy dog, a flat-footed policeman, and himself in an alley.

His new picture, *The Masses*—as the tentative title implies, is said to be a comprehensive social study, by one, who as an artist, still affects baggy trousers, a derby hat and a shuffling walk—who spends much of his time discussing the woes of the poor in the parlours of the rich—and trying to remain the silent Rock of Gibraltar in the turbulent and progressive land of the talkies.

In My Mirror

[Continued from page 51]

work on the lashes and brows with a fine brush and warm olive oil. You can do it, too. After the oil has remained on the lashes and brows for a short time, close the eyes and place the middle finger of each hand beneath the eyelashes and brush them back and up. You'll be surprised in what a short time your eyelashes will acquire quite a natural curl.

Here's another little "professional" eyelash trick which may be useful to you. Instead of brushing the powder off the lashes and brows, after you've finished your face patting just apply a little more powder *purposely* to the eyelashes, and put the mascara and eyebrow pencil right over it. This prevents the lashes from clinging together, and holds the mascara, firmly, to the very ends. In fact, so much so, that you can be as emotional as you like at a sad movie.

Right here I might say that I do not think any of us should ever be self-conscious about the use of mascara. A good brand will not only encourage lash growth, but the continual "up and up" brushing keeps them in a fine, healthy condition.

Don't forget, when you put finishing touches on your make-up, to pow-

der your neck every bit as carefully as you do your face . . . as carefully, but not as generously.

SKIN tonics are indispensable to every woman's complete complexion care. It is a good idea to keep these tonics in a cool place so that their freshness will take the place of ice for those whose skins are too sensitive for direct use of ice. Wash the face well with lots of soap and water, apply a bit of cleansing cream, and, after removing, splash a bit of the cool astringent over the face.

Incidentally, have you ever tried using a bit of skin tonic on your scalp? It's grand for that tired feeling. Just pour a bit of the lotion in a cup, and, after dipping the tips of your fingers in it, give your scalp a vigorous massage.

THIS is important! One of the greatest beauty aids is learning to relax. "Nerves" are awful things, and, unfortunately, too many of us are forced to admit them. But this won't be necessary, if, out of your busy day, you can save just a few minutes for relaxation. Here are a few things which I have found help

me to "let down." Never eat hurriedly, enjoy your food, and you will find a renewed energy. Try to approach every day calmly, no matter how many demands are made on your time. If you can't take a daytime nap, then, at least, close your eyes for five minutes after lunch.

When I first entered pictures, I remember I was so anxious to keep up with schedules that I never relaxed for a moment. This began to tell on me . . . on the outside as well as inside. After losing some precious vitality I learned my lesson—to let nothing disturb me.

ANOTHER thing I am very sure of is that most of us do not walk enough. I mean real *brisk* walking in the open air. When I am working and can take no other form of exercise, I like to walk early in the morning, or just before retiring at night. You will probably say, "a walk is the very last thing I want to do at night, when I am tired from a long day's work." Well, if you can just manage this last spurt of ambition and step around the block for a few minutes, I can assure you that you will sleep much more soundly.

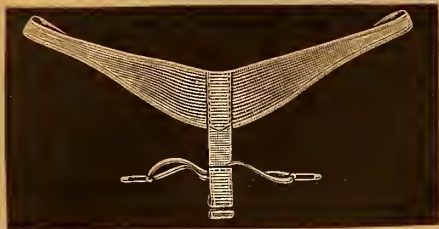


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How Men Have Changed Hepburn

[Continued from page 25]

next morning appeared at the studio dressed in another pair even more dilapidated than the ones she had lost!

THE NEXT meeting nearly ended disastrously. We had brought our smelly old pipe on her small, intimate set one day, just as Hepburn was making a difficult and dramatic scene. She was standing on the sidelines, poised like a saucy bird, waiting to go on as we puffed at our pipe. Suddenly she looked around, sniffed and said: "You'll have to open those doors and let some fresh air in before I go on . . . there's a foul odor in here!"

When the doors were opened we knocked the ashes from our pipe and slipped it into our pocket. An innocent "grip", trying desperately to make the remnant of a five-cent cigar last until noon, got the worst of this encounter. An attaché discovered him standing near Hepburn, thought his cigar was causing the odor, and made him throw it away.

WE FIRST noticed the change in Hepburn when we returned recently from a two weeks' trip to San Francisco. During the time we had been off the picture, another lad had handled the publicity and had written a story that displeased her.

"Hey you!" she said (it was always "you", even to the time we left). "Did you write that story in this morning's paper?" Before we had time to answer, Eddie Kelly, who has been her assistant on almost every picture, came to our rescue and told her we hadn't written the story. "Okay!" she said, impulsively, "I wasn't going to give you any of the cake I baked, if you did!"

Yes, Hepburn was getting softer—she had made a cake for the cast and crew, and they were sitting around eating it. That was the first time we noticed that the screen's enigma woman was changing—when we first began to suspect that her defiant attitude had always been just that—a pose!

IT WAS intriguing to study this restless, electric person, even in the madder days—a self-made woman even though she denies it. "None of us are really self-made," she once said. "We just use the materials given us at the beginning. I had red hair, freckles and a temper to go with them . . . I merely lived up to them!"

There was no hokum about this Hepburn girl—we heard that she once had William Muldoon's famous motto hanging in her dressing room: "A champion is a fellow who gets licked two or three times a week and keeps right on calling himself a champion!" And her career proves that she lived up to it. She believes in fighting her own battles and has made the grade by her superb faith in herself—as you know from her work in *Bill of Divorcement*, *Christopher Strong*, *Morning Glory*, *Spitfire*, *Little Women* and *The Little Minister*.

LET'S hear a few more things about the new Hepburn, the softer Katharine of 1935 . . . a few stories from the intimacy of the set that you might not have heard, and which could not have been told until now. You have heard the one about her fight to get her old stand-in, Adalyn Doyle, a chance in pictures perhaps, but did you ever hear of the fight she put up to give a character woman, Mary Gordon, a part in *The Little Minister*? Mary got the part okay and was so good that Hepburn fought another battle to have the part enlarged. She fought a similar fight to have John Beal's part made bigger in this same picture.

There is a rule that no visitors are allowed on the Hepburn set—she still keeps this rule—though lately, when a poor blind woman, thrilled by her voice, came to Hollywood to "hear" her make a scene, Hepburn made a pretty gesture. She wouldn't break her rule and allow the woman to listen to her on the set. But she gave her her dressing room, installed a loud-speaker system, and let her listen all day to the picture being made. Every now and then she would go over to the microphone and explain to the grateful woman what she was doing. We also saw her pick a hungry-looking actor out of a crowd of extras to play a bit because she felt sorry for him.

There was a humorous gesture one day, too, when she protected the embarrassed John Beal from exposure when he tore his trousers in the studio restaurant . . . she held her skirts around him while he walked out.

THERE are hundreds of little incidents like this but none impressed us as much as the gallant gesture she made one day while working atop a high tower with director Richard Wallace. The latter was directing a tense scene in which Hepburn was not in for the moment, and he was wearing woolen, padded shoes to deaden the sound—as the microphone was right beside him.

Katharine, behind him, looked over and saw that the laces on the shoes had become untied and that Wallace was unconscious of it. One false step on those shoestrings and he might trip and fall down the 25-foot tower to his death. Without saying a word she crawled over to Wallace, knelt down, and tied his shoes. The scene never stopped—and she crawled back quietly and resumed studying her part.

YES SIR, Katharine Hepburn has changed, as sure as Hollywood won't move to Florida! Maybe, next week, she'll be different, and you will make us eat our words—because the old fire is still there—and you never know what she'll do next. She may change by then—but, that's Hepburn. "Like the mountain stream, she is quiet and deep sometimes—then torrential at others!"

ALLURING



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The Talk of Hollywood

[Continued from page 48]

pany gave consideration to putting *Helen of Troy* and *Paris* on the screen, actual research proved that the fair *Helen* must have been as old as Fanny Ward, at least sixty, when *Paris* fell for her and laid siege to Troy.

BARTON McLANE, who is staging a big fight scene with George Brent for a picture at Warners, hit his head on a nail in a fall, and it was driven more than an inch into his scalp. After dabbing on some antiseptic he went on working. He played a rôle in *G-Men* in which he drove a car into a machine gun which sent actual slugs through his windshield—and an other where he crashed a car into a wall and knocked himself out for two hours. Which proves he can take it.

YOU would never believe that Victor Jory, who plays *Oberon* so beautifully in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, was once a professional pug and that after his retirement from the ring he fought more than two hundred bare-knuckled fights, just to clean the bullies out of his home town, Pasadena.

DICK POWELL, who, incidentally, sings his first song in Italian in *Broadway Gondolier*, has asked Mrs. William Gargan to assist him in selecting furnishings for his new home. Dick, a recent guest at the Gargan home, admired her taste so much that he wanted her to help him. His new home is being paid for by his radio earnings on the *Hollywood Hotel* hour. Now he is excavating for a tennis court behind the house. Yep, the raddio is his fraand.

AN UNUSUAL feature in the home Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson are remodeling on their valley ranch is that on an upstairs floor it will have a complete hotel suite, consisting of a living room, two bedrooms and bath. The idea is that the entire Keeler clan will live in the new ranch home, and the suite gives Ruby and Al a place to retire for privacy.

IN THE PAST, only news reels have been distributed by plane but RKO-Pathe is starting something new when they plan to send *Becky Sharp*, the first film in the new Technicolor process, to distributors via the air lanes.

Sun-Kissed Beauty!

[Continued from page 14]

from stopping the perspiration under the arm."

If this preparation is used absolutely according to directions you need never fear body odors during the summer. At night rinse your underarms with soap and water. Apply this liquid deodorant. Allow to dry for fifteen minutes before donning the pajamas. Next morning rinse the armpits, and there you are! One or two applications a week is enough except in exceptional cases. You can also apply this on arising, but the other method gives you longer protection. Overnight application gives you 72 hours' protection, 15 minutes of drying gives 48 hours' protection, and 3-minute drying, 24 hours' protection.

And because I want you all to know the worth of this product, and because this company wants you to test it for yourself, I am able to offer you a FREE sample of this deodorant. Isn't that marvelous? Write me for it... and be rid of body odors!

Then I know you're going to be asking me about embarrassing hairs when bathing suits, short sleeves, and shorts become part of your life. Who doesn't hate the sight of superfluous hair on arms and legs? You can be sure a movie star takes steps to eliminate it... and it's just as important in your appearance. There is one white, creamy product that is as delightful as the choicest of cold creams. Simply spread it over

the surface from which the hair is to be removed, rinse off with water, and then see your beautiful hair-free skin!

And bright summer suns bring need for having your eyes look their best, so you'll be charmed with the new emollient mascara (and that word simply means soothing). This product has fine oils in it which keep the lashes soft and silky with no danger of brittleness... it cannot smart or sting... it has greater spreading capacity and so doesn't look artificial... and is tear-proof, smudge-proof, and absolutely harmless. Which just about means it's perfect!

So endeth my summer lesson... I want you to be sure there's no unpleasant body odors... get rid of unsightly hairs... use sun-tan make-up... avoid sunburn... and wear the scent of soft flowers... and you'll have a happy season!

BEAUTY ADVICE

I'll be glad to give you the name of any of these products, or any others about which you would like to know. It's my job to help you to be as lovely as the stars... so write Gwen Dew, 1501 Broadway, New York City, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope. And don't forget to request the FREE SAMPLE of the famous deodorant.

Extra! Crooner Goes Shakespeare!!

[Continued from page 39]

"Of course, as you know, I don't sing a note in the picture, and what a relief that was," he grinned. "I have been singing for years, orchestras, musical comedies, radio, and the pictures. A fellow is bound to become fed up after such a stretch. My work in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was almost a vacation!" He sighed.

As I sat there watching him turn on the personality, I came to realize the work and responsibility a young man has to contend with when catering to twenty million sweethearts. Dick is tired, he wants a rest, but the films must go on, and he must work.

WE resumed our conversation: "Yes, I got a tremendous kick doing *A Midsummer Night's Dream*," he stated. "It was different, the atmosphere around the set took me away from realities. I could wander around the woods on the gigantic set and really relax. It was nice working for a man who refused to be hurried by a production schedule.

"I am going to let you in on a little secret," he suddenly remarked, "I'd like to play a few straight dramatic rôles. Oh, I know just about every singer says that, and I don't pretend to be different, but I am serious. People are bound to become fed up with me—and then what? Just like every hooper wants to sing, and every heavy wants to become a comedian, so do I want to do a dramatic characterization. And some day I will!" he added firmly.

I liked the way he said that, for it carried a note of firmness. Underneath Dick Powell's affable nature there is a strong will. When he became tired of his job as master of ceremonies at a Pittsburgh theatre, he decided he would become an actor. When he reaches the point where singing nauseates him, he'll go dramatic. Dick is just that kind of a guy. He wants new things to do.

We sat there chattering idly for some time, and then miracle of miracles!! Out of a clear sky he turned to me and said: "I'll never marry for publicity's sake!" I don't know what prompted him to make a statement like that, perhaps it was because I was interviewing him about an altogether different subject at the time.

"Wait a minute, Dick," I ventured, remembering his fans, "that's a plenty interesting statement, and although this story is supposed to be along entirely different lines, it isn't fair of you to tease me. How about the why and where—if you won't marry for publicity's sake?"

I could see he was seriously considering answering my question, so I sat back and waited. Waiting had its reward. He started to speak.

"ALL right, as long as I'm in the mood, I may as well get it off
[Continued on page 73]

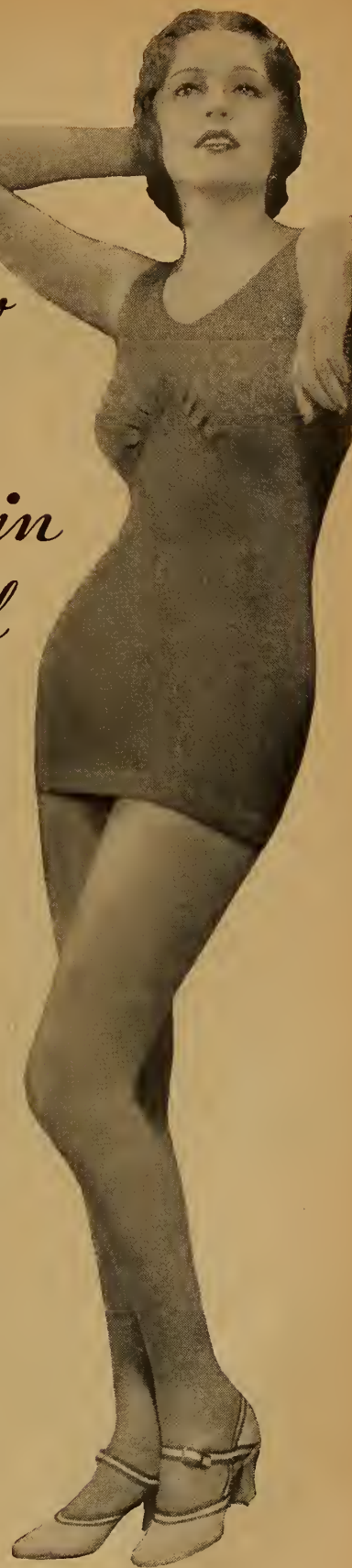
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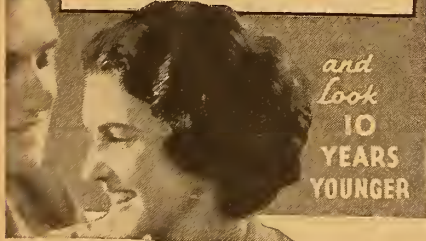
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So You Think You Know Mae West

[Continued from page 49]

her screen future. It was predicted that she would be a complete bust. She came out for a contract which was to last only a few weeks, but made a sensation in a comparatively small rôle with George Raft in *Night After Night*. Hollywood was jealous and when *She Done Him Wrong* was premiered, few luminaries were present to honor the woman with the colorful curves, the come-hither voice and the lifting eyebrows.

This experience made her fight shy of designing sycophants and in turn gave rise to the malicious rumor that she was "hard to get along with."

"Actually, Mae West is a very easy person to work with," LeBaron told me. "We're like the proverbial ham and eggs. We've never bickered, never have had a misunderstanding." Behind this statement is a story.

LEBARON first met a peppy, vivacious "tomboy" type of girl who was slight and very delicately formed (imagine that!)—some fifteen years ago. She sang two numbers in *A la Broadway*, a play he had written.

"Her hoydenish routine and her remarkable delivery of the songs stopped the show," LeBaron said. "She was a riot. I predicted stardom for her—and she won it. In later years we drifted apart. She was writing, producing, directing and acting in the East, and I went to the Coast to produce motion pictures.

"Then one day more than two years ago the door to my office opened. On the threshold stood Mae. Her eyes were flashing. Her face was lighted by more than a smile—it was an expression of joyous emotion. 'It is Bill! It's Bill LeBaron!' she exclaimed.

"It was during our subsequent chat that I realized just how the 'tomboy' Mae had changed into two people—one, the actress, the other, one of the most clever careerists in modern theatrical history.

"Mae's whole life is wrapped up in her screen personality. Every gesture she makes—every line that she speaks—every move that she takes—during the shooting of a picture is the result of almost agonizing study and concentration."

I ASKED LeBaron to give me examples of the way she works to achieve her effects.

"She gets right down to the most minute detail," he replied. "Take, for instance, the clothes she wears. She has a rare quality of analysis and visualization. She looks at sketches of dresses being designed for her. One sketch may show a tight-fitting gown.

"That's the one," she says, "that I wear when I walk upstairs. You'll have to make the skirt a little fuller. I'll be awkward if you don't."

"She eyes another sketch. The

dress has ruffles on the shoulders.

"You'll have to pull the ruffles off," she says. "I have this one on when I kiss Paul Cavanaugh. He's a good-looking guy. The ruffles would hide his face and spoil the shot for him."

"There is nothing that misses her eye during the production of her pictures. In running through the dialogue, for instance, she makes sure that no one either indicates or declares that she is 'tough.' Her very shrewd explanation for this is that she can seem to be as tough as she likes and be accepted by her audiences—but that the moment another character calls her tough, the line awakes in the mass mind of the audience the fact that she is hard-boiled—and this hurts her at the box office."

"ON THE screen," LeBaron continues, "men must always seek her. She never can run after a man and make a conquest, let alone run after him and not make one. She knows that a single scene of this nature would destroy an illusion which she has labored years to create. Often people have come to her with story ideas. She has listened up to a certain point and then has said: 'That's a good story, but it's not my type. I can't play such a rôle. But I'll bet Colbert or Dietrich can—and do a swell job. Go and tell it to them.'"

"Her acute mind breaks each scene down of itself. She analyzes the most minute dialogue, every expression, every gesture, every movement. She'll drift into my office. I'll be behind my desk. A director and one or two others will be seated around the room. She'll take a chair next to mine. We'll talk story. She'll listen, fight and agree up to a certain point—as long as she's interested in the story as a possibility for herself. Once anybody gets off on the wrong track she starts humming to herself."

"Stop it, Mae! I tell her.

"What am I doing?" she asks.

"You know," I advise her. But by this time the spell of the story has been broken and as far as she is concerned, the day is over."

"I'VE gotten so that I know when she's going to put her foot down. One fellow was outlining to her a sequence in a ship's gymnasium in her last picture. He described women doing stunts on rings and parallel bars, and tossing medicine balls around. He pictured Mae in their midst in a turtle-necked sweater and trousers.

"Forget it," she told him. "That's not Mae West."

Mae West always has received full writing credits on her pictures. Yet, time and time again the writer has heard around Hollywood the story that somewhere in her ménage she

has a couple of convenient ghosts who pop up and write her scripts for her.

"That's a lie," LeBaron said. "Mae lives with a story from the moment it pops into being as an idea. I've never seen such concentration in any other human. The first three screen plays were hers entirely from original story to finished script. For her fourth, she accepted an idea built around a Texas cattle queen, submitted by Marion Morgan. Mae liked the idea, itself, and the western character. I have worked with her on every word of each of the four screen plays."

I plied LeBaron with questions about Miss West's reaction to the "Mae West jokes" which have flooded the country since she has become famous.

"Paradoxically enough," he told me, "she doesn't mind them. We swap them. I tell her the ones I've heard, and then she tells me what she's heard. Remember, these are not jokes about the real Mae West but about that screen person. A perfect show-woman, anxious to take advantage of tremendous word-of-mouth advertising, she said to me the other day: "'Bill, those jokes are doing me as much good as they once did the Ford car.'

"On the other hand, she hates to have anyone think that the real Mae West even drinks or smokes. She does neither. Not given to worry over her bigger problems, she often comes rushing into my office with a couple of fan letters with apprehension written all over her face, and blurts: 'What am I going to do, Bill? This woman says she hears I get stewed all the time!' Or: 'Bill, this is terrible. A guy in Kankakee says that the word's gone around his town I smoke like a steamship funnel!'

"Here again you have her calculating divination between the colorful, daring West of the screen and the real West, who shudders at what people think about her personal life and habits."

I ASKED the producer to explain his statement that the real Mae West was becoming legendary. "She's seldom seen in Hollywood," he answered. "She often accepts invitations to parties because she doesn't want to hurt people by refusing—and then can't bring herself to go. I never can get her to go out. She spends most of her time in her apartment with her brother, sister and her brother-in-law. When she's not working I can get her there on the 'phone day or night.

"She takes long drives in her car, goes to prize fights now and then and either dines at obscure cafes or goes to popular ones early before the crowd arrives. She is seldom recognized because the publicly accepted picture of the actress doesn't resemble the real woman at all."

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Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
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Posed by **KAY GRIFFITH** QUEEN of CENTURY OF PROGRESS

Wear a Pretty Face with Your New Summer Wardrobe

[Continued from page 45]

wilt on even the warmest nights, features very narrow décolletage in back and a halter in front with fringed edges on the pleated peplum and turned up skirt hem (a brand new note . . . how do you like it?)

"I think most men have a weakness for blondes in dark clothes . . . and also a weakness for taffeta material. At least it is my particular favorite material for feminine wear. Maybe this feeling with the male sex is a hang-over from our youthful days when our mothers and sweethearts wore it so charmingly. But whatever the reason we love instinctively the rustle of taffeta."

For Bette's highly successful gown with only an ornamental clasp at the neckline for trimming, he advises the following becoming make-up on the ash-blonde: Rachel powder (tints to the pink); blondine or orange-red rouge; lipstick of the same color intensified; gray eyeshadow.

"Personally I prefer gray eyeshadow for the girl with very dark blue eyes because it is less obvious than the conventional blue. Also let the blonde beware, particularly, of gobs of eyelash make-up for street wear. For evening it is beneficial . . . when discreetly applied."

Amusingly enough, Bette looks as though she had already followed the Factor advice by the scrubbed-clean looking face she is wearing with that smart three-piece traveling suit she affects. The material is light herringbone wool. The skirt is cut in six sections and topped with a white plaid pull-over blouse and hip-length jacket.

And even though we have worked around through four types in four different make-ups (thanks to Mr. Factor's beauty tips) we can't resist telling you about a few more summer ideas worn by Ann Dvorak.

She looks very smart in an adorable sports suit of white Lona cloth trimmed with two bright green wooden buttons fastening the square shoulder yoke and a laced straw belt! Patch pockets and bell sleeves are jaunty touches in this headliner sports ensemble that is definitely going places this summer if the rest of us can only wear it as charmingly as Ann does.

And for a more formal mood what could be more charming than the dashing suit of sheer navy crepe (shown on page 45), the dress showing slashed pockets and a vestee front, garnished with a tailored bow of Irish crochet lace? The flaring coat fits snugly at the neckline and the circular stand-up collar is brand new!

Be Our Guest in Hollywood

[Continued from page 54]

Here's the studio where Claudette Colbert made *Imitation of Life*, where Boris Karloff filmed the *Frankenstein* pictures (he's just made a new one, you know), and where such famous stars as Margaret Sullavan, Herbert Marshall, Eddie Lowe, Chester Morris, Binnie Barnes, Sally Eilers and Irene Dunne (she's getting ready to make Universal's *Show Boat*) produce their pictures. John LeRoy Johnston, publicity chief, has arranged to show you an actual picture in the making, and busses will carry you over the miles of sets where Universal's noted pictures have been and are being made—the cathedral for *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, the theatre where *Phantom of the Opera* was filmed, the quaint German streets used in *Little Man, What Now?*—the sets for *The Good Fairy*, and so on.

And of course we want our guests also to see the homes of the stars, and one of Hollywood's famous players is to be host at a party in your honor. A tour by car through Beverly Hills, to see the magnificent homes, has been arranged. Drivers will point out all the points of interest, and you'll see on this trip sights which tourists miss.

THE entire trip is filled with thrilling sights. Coming out there'll be

the Magic Isles of Puget Sound, the snow-capped Cascades of California, the Golden Gate of San Francisco, the orange groves of Southern California.

The Roosevelt Hotel will be your headquarters in Hollywood, the world-famous stopping place of the stars, right on Hollywood Boulevard and only a block from MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE's western offices, during your stay here in the film colony.

Of course you'll want complete details of this entrancing trip, and these will come to you by return mail, in the form of a printed pamphlet containing the itinerary, costs, and all pertinent information, upon receipt of a letter from you sent to us as shown below.

Address your letter to:

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Movieland Tour Manager
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Please enclose a three-cent stamp with your name and address, and you'll receive full details at once. Now is the time to join our grand Hollywood party—applications will soon be closed. But there's still room for you—if you R.S.V.P., P.D.Q.!

Extra! Crooner Goes Shakespeare!!

[Continued from page 69]

my chest," he grinned. "When I marry a girl, I want her to know I love her. I don't for a minute want her to think I married her for a headline. In this game it's publicity or die, and while I am grateful for the interest people take in me, privacy in such a fellow's life is practically impossible."

His brows contracted seriously, and he paused for a minute. "The girl I marry will want a quiet private life, and if she doesn't, then I don't want her."

I interrupted again. "Dick you're talking as if you've never met this girl." He passed that crack up and went on...

"So much has been written about the house I supposedly built for this girl, the ideals I would expect her to have, the way she'll look, talk, and act, that I am just a little confused myself. I wonder where I could have been while all this dope was being passed around. You know there isn't a human being alive that could live up to all those printed expectations."

I felt sorry for him. It is quite a job for an unsophisticated, straight-from-the-shoulder, sort of fellow like Dick Powell to compete with the artificialities of this make-believe world. I turned to him and made some sort of a question from my thoughts.

He agreed with me and went on to say: "Marriage is really a very simple thing, if people aren't always sticking their uninvited hooks into it. I want to get married, but what the publicity world wants is for me to get married so they can get a story, and then get a divorce so they can get another story, and so on indefinitely,"—his eyes twinkled.

I decided it was time to swing the conversation back to Dick's work on *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

"DO you think *A Midsummer Night's Dream* will be a box-office success?" was my next question.

"Without a doubt," he replied. "This picture will be the most unusual and interesting film ever to be presented to an audience. It stands to reason that if an authority like Max Reinhardt"—again the admiration creeps into his voice—"is given unlimited capital and a professional cast, superlative creation will be the result." He tipped back in his chair with the exclamation, "Gosh I liked it!" and nearly tipped over.

"Here's a sticker, Dick." I queried, "What will your many fans, who are so used to hearing you break out that voice in every picture think of your nonsinging rôle as *Lysander*?"

This one had him stopped for a minute. He thought it over.

"Well-I," and it was a long one, "I don't think they'll be able to recognize me in those pink tights I was forced to wear!" He whistled, much as a small boy would who had just been relieved of a tedious job.

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Why Garbo's Friends Dare Not Talk

[Continued from page 29]

(Oo, Cora Sue! The garbolins will get you if you don't watch out!)

THEN how—if she is protected by this conspiracy of silence—can we reveal to you, now, the secrets of Garbo's social life? Her calendar pad does not list many big Hollywood occasions. She has never been to a Mayfair dance, a première or a cocktail party. You never read in the society column, "Among the guests was Miss Greta Garbo tastefully dressed as *Little Red Riding Hood*."

It is said that when she drops in to dine with some screen star neighbor it is more than likely that she will come in by the back door instead of being announced by the butler—and just pull up a chair which she may tilt back comfortably when the coffee is poured out for her.

BUT something startling is happening. Today Greta Garbo is emerging from her retirement. She is still shy of prying eyes. She has not yet become a familiar figure in Hollywood night life, but she has made her début into the orthodox social whirl. Several weeks ago she appeared without warning at the Trocadero in Max Reinhardt's party, and remained in full sight of the amazed diners for two hours, proving to a dazzled world that Garbo not only talks as the billboards had already revealed, but laughs, claps, and eats as well.

When other guests drop in at the Cedric Gibbons' garden where Greta is playing tennis with her host they find no female Hamlet, or hollow-voiced mystery woman, but a girl with flying brown hair and flushed cheeks who does not flee from them in terror, but remains awhile to listen to their chatter, about whatever picture people do chat about in a sun-splashed California garden.

Tennis is essentially a sociable game—one simply cannot play it alone! The fact that Greta Garbo has become an ardent wielder of the racquet proves that she is no longer a recluse. Dolores Del Rio and Cedric Gibbons may be her favorite tennis partners, but she plays on many movie courts, and swims in many a movie pool these days.

There is hardly an evening when she does not go somewhere in the company of one or two women friends, or less frequently with her current leading man or director. She attended every concert of the winter season, and almost every performance of the Russian Ballet. To be sure she did not enter with the be-diamonded, be-furred—sometimes be-fuddled—crowds by way of the foyer. Slouch hat pulled down, ulster collar high, she and her friends slipped into inconspicuous seats by way of the alley. And there she would sit by the hour, intent upon the performance.

THE cramped quarters of a Russian Art Theatre which most movie stars do not realize exists, know Garbo and her friends on their first nights. With a Polish actress she went to a tiny Beverly Hills bandbox and sat, evening after evening, watching this woman who had once been the toast of Warsaw. She is a familiar figure in a certain Santa Monica movie house where seats are reserved for Garbo twice a week. Patrons of the Filmarte, the only local theatre which shows foreign films, no longer turn to stare at the pale strangely arresting face, framed in its long, uncurled bob.

When she is not entertaining friends at home Garbo may often be found in a far corner of the Russian Eagle talking animatedly with her escort, or beckoning the courtly old Russian general, who runs the restaurant, over to her table. Or perhaps you may see her in a shadowy nook of La Golendrina on Olvera Street watching the Spanish girl who never stops smiling while she sings. When she decides to dine with some movie friend she does not choose an occasion when they are giving a big dinner, but drops in casually in sports clothes at odd times.

It is said that she was a frequent visitor at the table of Joan and Doug when they were first married. When Garbo comes to the home of Rouben Mamoulian for supper she sits at the head of the table, friends say, at the family's urging and talks pleasantly with the Russians, Armenians and other foreigners of the director's circle and acquaintance.

WHETHER it is going fishing with young Dick Cromwell, or having tea in George Brent's garden, with a stroll around Toluca Lake afterward, or joining a family of old neighbors, lately moved here from Sweden, in a picnic and clambake at Long Beach, Greta Garbo is doing exactly what she wants to do, for no other reason than that she wants to do it at the moment.

She turns down all invitations to meet visiting celebrities, but she spends many an afternoon rolling on the floor in rough-and-tumble frolic with the children of her cameraman. She refuses to be bored with great names, money or position, asking of her friends only to be amused. In her own social circle she is gay, childishly prankish, the center of the laughter. She may have her mysterious moments, but she does not share them with her friends.

It's a new aspect of the Great Garbo, this girl sitting at her telephone making dates and calling up her friends to plan for good times. Personally, though, I prefer this Garbo to the Sphinx of Legend, brooding under the weeping willows.

Why Two Successful Wives Want to Work

[Continued from page 36]

lacquer over a statuette (and look out Ginger Rogers, there's competition for you in those Lee lines!) and the elegant job of titian retouching on her hair, couldn't quite erase the fresh pertness of Dixie's natural manner.

She was, as she pointed out, "all dressed up like a movie star," but the effect hadn't rubbed out her buoyant personality. Dixie, in spite of possessing everything a girl's heart could desire—three husky sons, Bing, the Toluca Lake home, the San Diego ranch and her new screen career was still just Dixie . . . a pretty swell number if you ask me.

DIXIE'S eyes were flashing as she continued: "I don't care how much you make up your mind about settling down as the little wife and mother, you simply can't devote all your time to the management of a house that is running perfectly, anyway, or worry yourself sick over the problems of a husband and three male infants all of whom are the picture of health and contentment.

"It isn't entirely a matter of having your money problems solved, either. We could probably have struggled along nicely on what Bing made out of radio and records if the worst had come to worst, and Hollywood hadn't wanted him. I would probably have remained in the background of Bing's radio life and might never have had another thought about a career of my own again, being too busy.

"But the movies, as you know, are something else again. Photographers were constantly coming out to the house to photograph Bing and they'd insist that I get in the picture. The captions would read: *Bing, and his former actress wife, Dixie Lee*. Interviewers would come to me to get stories about Bing and when the story would come out I was played up in print almost as much as the crooner. Whether we wanted it that way or not I seemed to be leading a semi-private—and semi-professional life," Dixie added.

When I asked if Bing had ever voiced any objections to her return to pictures, Dixie smiled, but admitted honestly:

"There were a few mumbles in the beginning. Bing couldn't see why I should *inconvenience* myself with the hard work of studio life. He's a little on the lazy side, himself . . . and he couldn't see how anyone would want to get up at six in the morning when she could sleep until noon. But we never had a really serious argument about it.

"Now that I've actually thrown down the gauntlet and taken my stand," she added, "I really want to go on and make something of my work. I'm tickled to death with the opportunity I'm getting in this picture. I want to start singing and dancing lessons again immediately."

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YOU TOO CAN GAIN WEIGHT

The Master of the Human Touch

[Continued from page 55]

about his ideas—merely the sense that he's thought them out clearly enough to present them with clarity and force.

"For example," he continued, "what struck me about *Night Bus*—the Samuel Adams story from which we made *It Happened One Night*—was the novel background—the fact that the action took place along a bus route. That's why we took it. In more conventional surroundings, it might have been just another boy-and-girl romance, but the background seemed to hold new entertainment possibilities that made it worth doing. Incidentally, I think I enjoyed that picture more than anything I've done. The script was so beautifully written—the cast so perfect—everything went so smoothly—" There was a gleam of reminiscent pleasure in his eye.

I*T Happened One Night* has been called by the movie trade "an object lesson in the making of motion pictures as they should be made." I've read the story from which it was taken, so I know how much of its grace and sparkle was injected by Capra and Robert Riskin, the writer with whom he works. Each insists on crediting the other with its responsibility. It doesn't matter. The point lies in their perfect collaboration. They spend weeks in shaping the script before anything is put down on paper; they concentrate their efforts on those down-to-earth incidents which warm the hearts of people the world over by the human touch that makes them kin with all mankind.

"It's those incidents, I think, that make the story," Capra told me. "Those are the things people remember long after they've forgotten everything else. The catch, of course, lies in creating the incident. It's not easy. Sometimes you don't find what you want till you're actually shooting—sometimes not then. You know it's wrong, but you don't know how to make it right. You watch and wait, you rack your brains and finally—if you're lucky—you get it.

"In the original script of *Broadway Bill*, for instance, the horse didn't die. I kept worrying about the finish—afraid it was going to be just another horse-race. I kept wondering what we could do to make it different and still sound. It wasn't till we were on location that the idea popped." "Fortunately," he observed with perfect simplicity, "I'm so situated here at the studio that I can make what changes I like without asking permission." It was as though a ruling monarch, in all modesty, had declared himself fortunate to be able to govern his people without permission.

E*VER* since seeing *It Happened One Night*, I'd been wondering what it was that Capra had done to Clark Gable. He'd been popular enough before that—but with a limited popularity. For every dimple-worshipper, there had been three heretics who couldn't see him for

dust. Those three and thousands of others had been completely bowled over by the breezy reporter of *It Happened One Night*. "Can this be Gable?" they may have murmured during the earlier scenes, watching suspiciously for the return of the he-man. By the time the famous thumbing sequence rolled round, they didn't give a whoop whether he was Gable or not—they loved him.

Capra refused to take any credit for the change. "That's what Gable's really like," he informed me. "Like the fellow he played in that picture. The part was made to order for him. Why do they put him in the other kind of story? Because this kind's so hard to find, so hard to write." So hard to direct, he might have added, but didn't. "It's airy, insubstantial, a bubble. If it floats, fine, if not, you haven't anything to fall back on.

"With a more dramatic story, you don't gamble so heavily. If the audience doesn't like the characters, it may still be interested in the action. From that angle, *Broadway Bill* was a better risk than *It Happened One Night*. *Lady for a Day* wasn't. In *Lady for a Day* you had to concentrate on humor and human appeal, and handle your sentimental values with the lightest possible touch, else you'd have had a maudlin mess instead of a hit.

"BUT there isn't any formula. You can build up a picture according to the most logical theories in the world, and still have a flop. What I try to do is to treat my characters, not as types, nor props to carry the action, but as human beings. Make them real people and they're bound to get the sympathy of the other people watching the screen.

"I'm going to do a picture on Washington, for instance. To most of us he's a dead hero, a man with a halo round his head. We take a holiday on his birthday, we revere his memory, or think we do—but if the truth were told, he bores us. He's nothing much more than a picture in a boat crossing the Delaware. But Washington was a flesh-and-blood person, alive in the world as you and I are alive today. He had to eat and dress and wash behind the ears. There's nothing irreverent about showing him that way. On the contrary, it's the finest kind of tribute. History's killed him, fossilized him. The screen can bring him back to life, let us really know him."

C**APRA'S** eyes were alight and his voice vibrant with enthusiasm. He'd advocated the human touch so persuasively that I couldn't help but realize why his pictures are so irresistible—embroidered as they are with simple realities.

Why Two Successful Wives Want to Work

[Continued from page 37]

reflections of the interesting life Wes leads in the studio.

"Look," she continued, "as a successful director he is constantly thrown with interesting women—women who are doing and accomplishing things. He sees how girls like Carole, and Claudette and a vital woman like Mae West keep their minds alert and sharpened by the work they do.

"I don't care," Arline said, "how much a man—whose business is Hollywood—loves his wife and how he doesn't mind about her spreading waist line, I bet he gets a little mental shudder when the bride goes for that second helping of mashed potatoes. All day long he's been associating with women whose pride and profession won't allow for shoddiness in anything."

SHE laughed: "Someone said the other day: 'But the problems of modern marriage . . . the management of a home and the bringing up of a child is almost enough interest in the life of any woman without seeking outside interests.' And that's all very true . . . there's no doubt in my mind where my most important interests rest. Wes and the baby and our marriage are the most important things in my life. Nothing else could ever come before them. But the money and the life of ease that Hollywood pours into domestic coffers creates a slightly different slant on domestic problems here.

"With the baby, of course, that is different. There is no one—no matter how efficient or well trained—who can take the place of a mother with her own child. Something tells me that as our baby grows older I am going to find less and less time for outside interests. I want to have more children, too. That house is a pretty big place for just the three of us. But, in the meantime, while the baby is so very young that his life is mostly sleeping and eating I feel I can do several pictures a year without taking any time or devotion away from him.

"Because my marriage does come first I doubt very much if I would ever sign a really long-term contract with any studio. I would always want the privilege of freedom to be with Wes and the baby."

It was almost time for Arline to be back on the set . . . but she made one final observation that just about sums up her philosophy: "If I ever had to choose between my marriage and my work . . . there's no doubt which would be the most important. But as long as they continue to go along hand in hand like they have this past year . . . why shouldn't I have interests and a career of my own? I believe Wes and I are happier because of it . . . and if we ever feel we aren't, well it's so long to the movies!"

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Seven Stars Tell How They Got There

[Continued from page 35]

THERE'S a decidedly unusual twist to the narrative concerning the advent of Madge Evans into talking pictures. To begin with, Madge was a kid star, and kid stars, like Fourth of July skyrockets usually shoot up to the heights of the cinema world with a sizzling boom, burn out, and drop back to oblivion. That was Madge's trouble.

"After I had grown up, and had lived down my earlier reputation I had considerable success on the stage," Madge told me. "In the course of time, motion picture scouts began to call on me, and all of them would ask: 'Have you had any experience in pictures?' Always, I would answer, truthfully—'Loads of experience—I used to be a kid star.' Without exception the scouts would reply, 'Heaven save us from kid stars,'—and depart. Then one day a scout for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer called. He said I was wanted for a rôle with Ramon Novarro in *Son of India*. He asked if I had ever had any film experience and—this time—I said 'NO.' So I was signed. I made two M-G-M pictures before I was found out."

THE MANNER in which Ricardo Cortez (who picked his film name from two boxes of Tampa-made cigars) crashed the movies, is unique. This suave and polished chap was born on the East Side of New York, and—as a boy—would fight with the toughest of them, using fists, bricks, or whatever was handy. After a varied career he was employed as bodyguard by an actor. His job was to deliver this actor to a certain studio in a sober condition. This he did, and so was given a "break" at that studio. Once "in," he stayed.

A LOUD scream brought Sylvia Sidney into pictures. "I always wanted to be an actress, and can hardly remember when I didn't have an ambition to be a screen star," she says. "As a kid, I was an in-and-out, but got my first break in New York when I was given a bit in *Crime* with Chester Morris. After that I was a failure in one stage show after another. From

1927 to 1929 the story was the same. And then, one night, during a New York show, a motion picture director heard me scream on the stage. That scream was all I had to do in the play. But the director admired my scream and I was hired for the 'screaming' rôle in *Through Different Eyes*."

And now: Clark Gable. Country boy, road-gang laborer, office man, stage actor, oil-field worker, tramp, lumber-jack, movie extra—Gable has a background as varied and colorful as any man could have had. No man in the business worked as hard, or as long.

One day, Gable sat, stretching his long legs before the fireplace in the living room of his Spanish home in Brentwood. He packed his pipe, touched it off with a bit of burning eucalyptus, and began spinning his yarn. "Breaking into the movies, eh? Well, if any star in pictures had as tough a time as I did crashing the portals, I'd like to know his name. And if I did,—well, anyone can! I came to Hollywood for the first time in 1924, after considerable experience as a stock company actor. I thought it would be a cinch to crash the movies, and it was. I got a job as a soldier—one of hundreds of soldiers—in the first film version of *The Merry Widow*. I continued as a film extra. And starved. Then I got a fortunate break, a bit with a Jane Cowl show which was to tour the Pacific coast. When that came to an end I was signed to play *Sergeant Quirk* in the Hollywood stage version of *What Price Glory*. Boy, was I hot! I felt that would make me. But nothing happened. I didn't get a nibble. But when I learned that a studio was seeking a *Sergeant Quirk* for a movie I rushed out for a screen test. I took the test, but Edmund Lowe got the part.

"Hungry, I signed on as the reporter in the stage play *Chicago*, with Nancy Carroll in the leading rôle. The picture made her a star. Afterward, I couldn't even get work as an extra. Then,—this was in 1928,—I signed up for a stock company in Houston, Texas. My experience there enabled me to get started on the New York stage. I did a few good plays, and so figured I was a cinch for the movies. But again nothing happened. In 1930 I went to Hollywood to do the stage version of *The Last Mile*. I thought the play would be a hit, and that Gable would be in a position to sign his own ticket at any studio. The play *WAS* a hit, but I was a *BUST*. When the play closed I was happy indeed to accept a five-dollar-a-day job as a cowpuncher in a Pathé western. You can never tell what will happen in Hollywood. So, believe it or not it was that cowpunching assignment that led me to a bit in *The Easiest Way*. And it was my bit in that piece that won me a part with Joan Crawford in *Dance Fools, Dance*. Since then, it's been clear sailing. I'll repeat—anything can happen in Hollywood!"

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One of 10,000.
(Continued from page 27)

good news? When that question was asked him, he said simply, "We went back to the hotel, and 'Sis' and I joined hands and danced around the room."

"And what did you do then?"
"I went to bed—and went to sleep."

"**I**T ALL seems quite like a miracle, and, strangely enough, that is what most people think it was. We believe that it was Freddie's absolute faith, more than anything, that won him this job. He never for a moment doubted that he should have it. It was not conceit. It was merely his strong belief that the thing *would* happen. And when it did, he was not surprised.

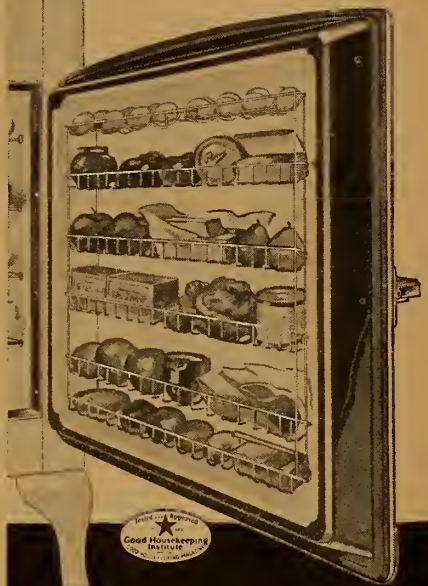
Freddie was so natural and unaffected when he arrived in Hollywood, that MGM decided that it would do everything in its power to keep him that way. The officials at the studio took Mylicent Bartholomew into their confidence and asked her to help them with this problem. First of all, they tried to keep him away from American children his age—because they did not wish Freddie to lose a bit of his delightful English accent, as it is a well-known fact that children under the age of fourteen will lose an accent almost completely within six months. Also, while he was working, no one was allowed to talk to him about his work—to compliment him, or to make a fuss over him.

His aunt was with him almost constantly. Even if she had wanted to "keep out of things" the law does not permit her to step aside. The legalities require that a child actor be accompanied by his guardian or parent while he is on the set. The State also appoints a welfare worker to look after him, and the studio appoints a tutor.

FREDDIE had fun, however, in spite of this front guard. Since he was allowed to work only four hours a day in front of the camera he had a stand-in, a boy his own age. The stand-in was also allowed to work only four hours, so he brought his brother in to stand-in for him, when he was required to rest. The two brothers and Freddie had wonderful times together.

He loved Americans; thought they were so friendly. He said that in England even children do not speak to each other unless they have been properly introduced. Here everyone spoke to him, and Freddie loved it. "Sis" allowed him a nickel a day for his allowance, and what do you think that nickel was spent for? *Chewing gum!* He had never had chewing gum in England, and it became an obsession with him—like the desire to become *David Copperfield*. One of the first things he bought with his picture-earned money was a small cheap camera. He made dozens of pictures with it, but, unfortunately, not one of them ever came out. Poor Freddie! It was the first disillusioning thing about America.

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The New HOLLYWOOD
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Will Rogers—Public Favorite
No. 1

[Continued from page 32]

him at lunch that he's rated tops at the motion picture box office . . . that his pictures draw more money than Garbo's or Gable's, or Shearer's, or Crawford's, or even Gaynor's.

Maybe it's hard for Rogers, himself, to realize just how much of a hold he has on the American public, for not so many months ago Will thought he was all washed up—THROUGH—done with talkies, for good and all. That sounds incredible, but I got it from the only man you couldn't argue with—Rogers himself.

Now, of course, he's sitting on top of the world. The box-office reports tell the story—and in Will's case there is no doubt at all. *He leads the field.*

I was having lunch with Richard Arlen in the studio cafe recently when Will came over and joined our table. He grinned at us; he had known Arlen for years and probably had a hazy recollection that he had seen me before. Somewhere, somehow.

That's enough for Rogers. He doesn't stand on formality or worry along in silence when he'd rather be talking. I suppose he's about the only man in the country who is entirely honest with himself and everyone else. Few really are.

"YOU know," he opened up right out of a clear sky, "I've always said that when the time came for me to quit pictures, or quit writin' or twirlin' my rope—I'd QUIT and not hang around tryin' to hold on to something that had passed me by.

"Well, a day or so before I was scheduled to start on that round-the-world trip of mine, I came over to the studio to see 'em run off *Judge Priest*, the picture we'd just finished. The story had been written by my old friend, Irvin S. Cobb, and I figured it was pretty good material for pictures, considerin' it all.

"I'm tellin' you," he continued, "after seein' that preview I thought MY TIME HAD COME. The picture was bad. We all knew it. You know the usual buzz-buzz of talk you hear in a projection room after a preview?" he added.

Dick and I admitted that we knew just about what he meant. Both of us had stopped eating to listen . . .

"Well," Rogers declared, "when they finished runnin' that picture there wasn't a sound. Everybody kinda sittin' around waiting for the other feller to make the first move. Pretty soon a few of 'em started easin' out and the first thing you know I was standin' with a couple of studio officials tryin' to think of something to say. But what could you do?

"There wasn't much any of us could say. I knew something was wrong. They knew it, too. The character that Cobb had written into the story



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Remember, it starts in August!

as *Judge Priest* just wasn't on the screen. I went through the motions all right, but there was somethin' missin' somewhere.

"Did a lot of thinking that night after I got home. Kinda figured out a few things and talked 'em over with one of the executives by telephone. Figured they had a lynching sequence that didn't rightly belong and thought they left out a lot of little, but mighty important bits of business that would have made the *Judge* a real character."

IT may be that other stars have felt the same way about some of their pictures but few would have the courage to admit it. As we went on with our luncheon, Will continued:

"I'd booked passage on a boat and had to leave right away. I felt pretty bad about it 'cause I'd figured the picture would be good even if it wasn't the best one we'd turned out, but I couldn't wait around to see what happened later.

"When I landed back in the States weeks later I got the surprise of my life. I kept hearin' reports that *Judge Priest* was settin' all kinds of new records . . . all over the country. Comin' through Chicago I sneaked a couple of hours off and slipped over to see for myself. I was curious.

"Honest, you wouldn't have known it for the same picture. They'd snipped out that lynchin' scene, which never did belong, put back in a few little bits that kinda make the *Judge* a real person and turned out a mighty good picture after all.

"You know," and Rogers grinned ruefully, "those boys up in the cuttin' rooms can just about ruin you if they want to. Never did figure just how important they were until they made over *Judge Priest* without us shootin' another foot of film.

AFTER watching Will go through his paces and attempting to keep up with the jokes and stories that he tosses around while he's working, I'm still trying to figure out just what it is that he has—something that "gets" everyone who sees or hears him. He's certainly not handsome and dresses as he darn well pleases.

Will's daily "piece for the papers" must net him a young fortune every year. His radio work should pay a tremendous sum and I'm pretty sure he's not making pictures for practice at this stage in his career.

But, whatever he earns, money hasn't changed him. Fame, to Rogers, means even less. He's real—just as real as the plains and hills from which he came. His opinions are those the average man is glad to accept as his own. His humorous articles and comments on the news of the day are read and enjoyed from one end of the country to the other. He's a "power for good" in the nation.

Rogers, believe it or not, is the voice—THE IDOL—the Public Favorite No. 1 of Mr. and Mrs. Average American everywhere.

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Between Ourselves

THERE may be nothing so dead as a dead letter. But the movie producers are discovering that there is nothing quite so alive these days as a dead *man* of letters. Particularly if he has been dead long enough so that his books can be turned into costume dramas.

Little Women—or, rather, *Little Women's* success—started it all. And so far the movie producers have been lucky. They haven't found the one that would finish it all.

If *David Copperfield* had failed to click, after getting a Hugh Walpole to adapt it for the screen, a George Cukor to direct it, and an all-star cast to enact it—that might have been the end of the disinterment of the classics.

But *David Copperfield* not only clicked, it was a masterpiece. So Hollywood decided to change Darwin's phrase about "the survival of the fittest" to "revival of the fittest."

WARNERS, not to be outdone by Metro, determined to do two Dickens stories—*The Tale of Two Cities* and *Pickwick Papers*. (They are both on the tentative schedule now.) And to prove that they could do some unearthing of old talent that was talent, they announced that they would make *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, with story and dialogue by Will Shakespeare. And if Warners' Shakespearean experiment works, watch the studios race to produce everything from *Hamlet* to *As You Like It*.

Fox, not to be outshone by either Metro or Warners, unearthed one of the noblest Romans of them all—Dante Alighieri—and set about producing *Dante's Inferno*. Paramount, unwilling to let the others tell all the good old stories, put Cecil B. De Mille and an army of "extras" to work on *The Crusades*. RKO-Radio began to get out the archaeology books and plan just how *The Last Days of Pompeii* should be filmed. And now the movies have acquired *The Green Pastures*, the opening scene of which shows the creation of the world. They can't go back any further than that!

CONSIDER the best pictures of the year to date—and you will have to admit that they were, almost entirely, costume pictures. Movie-goers apparently are starved for some real stories after dieting so long on trite triangle plots. And most of the real stories, since they have become classics or semiclassics, are of necessity costume pictures.

To mention only a few, there have been: *Clive of India*, *David Copperfield*, *Ruggles of Red Gap*, *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, *The Iron Duke*, *The Little Minister*, *Cardinal Richelieu*, *Les Misérables*, *Laddie*, *Mississippi*, *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*, *Naughty Marietta*, *Little Colonel*, *The County Chairman*, *Vanessa*, *Her Love Story*, and *Becky Sharp*.

And coming up are such stories as *Napoleon*, *The Empress Josephine*, *The Life of Cecil Rhodes*, *The Life of Samuel Pepys*, *Anna Karenina*, *The Mutiny on the Bounty*, *So Red the Rose*, *The Farmer Takes a Wife*.

THERE'S no denying that the children's hour has struck on the screen. Never before in the history of

acting have so many children made names for themselves at any one time. First and foremost are Shirley Temple six years old, and Freddie Bartholomew, eleven. But hardly less effortlessly real are Jackie Cooper, Frankie Thomas, Cora Sue Collins, Jane Withers, Virginia Weidler, Marilyn Knowlden, George Breakston, David Holt.

And the acting ability of the youngest generation is not only a happy augury for the future of films. It is healthy for the present adult generation. It takes super-technique to compete with natural-born actors and actresses.

IF YOU have not yet seen Noel Coward, run—don't walk—to the nearest theatre showing *The Scoundrel*. You will see an unusual picture; you will see an unusual person—the one authentic theatrical genius of today. Everything he touches becomes, almost by magic, a success. Certainly his screen debut—which was practically unheralded—is a success. In fact, I'd call it a sensation.

He is the same Noel Coward who wrote *Cavalcade*, one of the few authentic modern masterpieces. He is the same Noel Coward who, in three different moods, wrote *Private Lives*, *Design for Living* and *Bitter Sweet*. He is the same young Englishman who wrote the music for *Cavalcade* and *Bitter Sweet* and composed that famous ditty about "mad dogs and Englishmen" going out in the noonday sun. He is the same Noel Coward who is a stage star in both London and New York.

He had nothing to do with the writing of *The Scoundrel*—the brilliant script and the even more brilliant dialogue being supplied by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, who also produced the picture. But the performance that Coward gives is triumph enough for any one man.

As a cynical sophisticate, a self-centered sensualist, he has an unsympathetic part. Yet, like the women attracted to him against their wills in the story, the onlookers feel his fascination—which is mental, as well as physical. And when the devastatingly realistic story turns into a fantasy—when he dies and is told he can never rest in peace unless someone weeps for him—then the onlookers throw all scruples overboard and share his every emotion. Without their knowing it, he makes them do it.

I only hope the movies can hang on to him, now that they have won him for one picture.

INCIDENTALLY, *The Scoundrel* is a picture that has Hollywood doing some deep thinking. It was made in the East at a cost of approximately \$168,000. The average Hollywood picture costs twice—or even three—times that amount.

And if the picture interests as many customers as the average Hollywood picture—and if Hecht and MacArthur or any other producers can duplicate their budgetary feat in the East—who knows? Hollywood might move East!

Larry Reid

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No bothered nerves for Mrs. Allston Boyer

"Refreshing," says Mrs. Robert R. Hitt



"Flavor," says Miss Mary de Mumm

Mildness!

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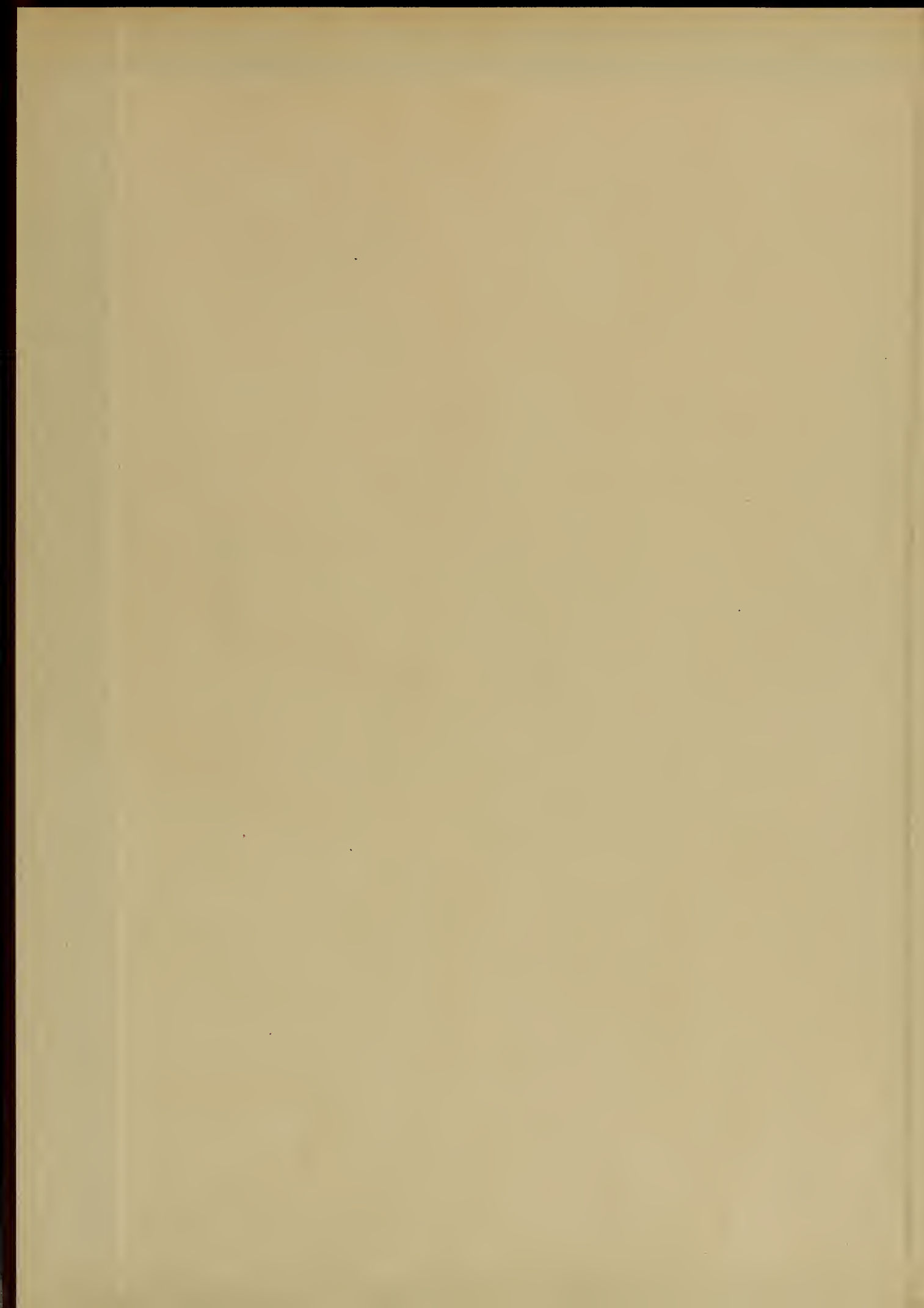
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